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UNCLE PAT'S CABIN

WILLIAM C. UPTON

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UNCLE PAT'S CABIN

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

By

WILLIAM C. UPTON

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THE AUTHOR

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DEDICATION

To MICHAEL DAVITT,

(Then) POLITICAL CONVICT, PORTLAND PRISON, ENGLAND.

Sir:

The painful position which you occupy today, and the story of your eventful career, have so deeply touched the sympathies of your race, that each bolt grating in its iron fastenings, each insult given you by your contumelious jailers, tortures as much your country's spirit as your own.

It is true, the lot of him who would attempt to improve the social or political status of Ireland's unhappy children is, not infrequently, far from desirable. His every act hedged around by misrepresentation; his good name sullied by calumny; and his liberty jeopardized by unscrupulous foes, are among the principal ingredients in the patriot's cup of bitterness.

Of these consequences you have drunk to the dregs, but sustained by that high strength of purpose, you grappled with a mighty institution—Landlordism—and, Samson-like, bore it down though it involved you in its ruins.

Standing among these ruins today, and tracing with perhaps an inadequate pen the ills and sufferings of the Lazarus of the world—the Irish agricultural labourer—I am borne away to another land, where, in the Bastile of your country's oppressor, you now lie, working out a felon's doom, pronounced by prejudice and sustained by tyranny.

Noble Felon! with the fire of past events yet burning; and my pen dipped deep into the bosom of that spirit of which you are the embodiment, allow me to dedicate the story of "Uncle Pat's Cabin" to your enduring memory, and subscribe myself,

Your respectful admirer,

WILLIAM C. UPTON.

February 13, 1882.

TO THE READER

THIS Story of Irish Life, entitled "UNCLE PAT'S CABIN," which I now place before the public, while it may be called a second edition of one of the same title I had published in Ireland, by Messrs. Gill of Dublin, in 1882, is really a first edition, as all the local features that made the original, characteristically written for a special purpose, are eliminated. Consequently, the present one is almost entirely new.

Of the original edition, I may say, immediately after its publication, the British Parliament, which it was meant to influence, passed a special law for the benefit of the Irish agricultural labourers, the like of which is not on the statute book of any civilized nation in the world, resulting in thousands of substantial sanitary homes for that much-neglected class, which dot today the landscape of rural Ireland in all directions.

That edition of "Uncle Pat's Cabin," though hastily written in six weeks, I am pleased to say, was fairly well reviewed by the Irish press, especially the "Nation." The admission of the "Ecclesiastical Record," the official mouthpiece of Maynooth College,

was most notable at that time, saying, "The agricultural labourers of Ireland owe an eternal debt of gratitude to the author of 'Uncle Pat's Cabin.' "

These recollections impel me after 32 years, to reissue the book again in a more entertaining form, confident that its readers will not regret their labour.

The dedication of the original I retain in this, for I know no character in Ireland's recent political history more worthy of the poor tribute than Michael Davitt; and, the preface is preserved to speak the motives then of the Author.

W. C. Upton.

PREFACE TO ORIGINAL EDITION

THE lovers of sensational literature and the students of romantic character may feel somewhat disappointed in the reading of these pages.

Around the life and social position of the Irish agricultural labourer there is very little romance. His life is one continued struggle against adversity; and, his lot is the lowest in civilized society. Around human beings of such a standard, it would be almost needless to weave the web of fiction. Truth requires no word-painting, and in the author's desire to tell briefly the story of "Uncle Pat's Cabin," the gloss and descriptive colouring may be found wanting.

To such readers, then, it may be fairly presumed, this work which now finds its way before the public, may hold few attractions. But, when one considers the stern realities of every-day life, and the ferocity of our common nature, whether illustrated in the pages of "Uncle Pat's Cabin" or in the pages of more pretentious works, the reader can arrive at no other conclusion than that the exhibitions of life are all the same, and that nature's ferocity is as irreclaimable as ever.

Since the earliest ages man has oppressed his fel-

low-man. He has loaded his brother's limbs with iron and pierced his flesh with steel. He has drugged the cup of friendship with poison, and with the dagger of the moral assassin he has stabbed the reputation of the humble.

Such is he who stands the frontispiece of progress today, and such is his brother, who in every land bends, nay reels, under difficulties cunningly devised for his destruction.

To say so much, without notably mentioning the case of the Irish agricultural labourer, would be simply a denial of the object for which these pages are written, for, to behold him either in his blighted youth, struggling to sustain his humble household, with his vital powers nigh exhausted, or sitting in his miserable abode after depositing the trifling price of his hard day's toil on the lap of his patient partner, looking into the future with the eyes of despair, it is he alone who can exclaim with the weeping prophet, "Whose sorrows are like unto mine?"

The writer of this story of Irish life is not so sanguine of success as to expect his humble efforts will be productive of the desired results, but, if in the slightest degree, they contribute to the calling of public attention to the miseries produced by the position the agricultural labourer is reduced to, then the object of the writer will be accomplished.

Of the many and serious drawbacks there is to this, as a work of literary significance, no one is more conscious than the author, who, in his zeal to befriend

suffering humanity, forgets the lines that hem in his own social position; and attempts to scale some modest height of literature, that the ear of an oblivious world may hear at least a portion of the miseries of the Irish agricultural labourer. For this purpose, the present story is written, and if it fails to amuse, it is hoped it will not fail to instruct.

All the facts relative to the labourer in these pages can be vouched for; and when the time will come that remedial legislation and the franchise will protect the Irish farm-labourer, men will be found to blush for the fate of many a Pat McMahon.

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UNCLE PAT'S CABIN

CHAPTER I

A WILLING SACRIFICE

It was the close of a winter's day in the early sixties of the last century, that this story of Irish rural life opened. The day was continuously dark with heavy clouds chasing one another across the vastness overhead, and boding ill for the oncoming night. The hills were curtained with dark masses of haze, which every now and then yielded their watery and freezing contents to the passing northern blast, as it swept down upon the already denuded plains.

In the shadows of the fast diminishing twilight of that day, and beneath the near-by hills, Gourbawn, in the south of Ireland, looked indeed a desolate place. There was no sign of life abroad among the agricultural community, for the inclement weather kept everybody indoors. The fields and gardens were long since cleared of their products; and, the long, low, rakish houses held the farmers' cattle. The trees that fringed the various homesteads were leafless and bare, and as the winds howled through the spectral net-work of their branches, one would think they intoned the miserere of despairing spirits.

It must be told, all in Gourbawn were not in-doors, for the furtive movements of a local farmer named David McMahon, could be noticed, as he wandered hither and thither about his homestead muttering incoherently words wrung surely from some deep affliction.

At length he stood and looking upwards to the gloomy vault above him, he cried out in wailing accents, "Oh God! what am I to do at all, at all, and what will become of my wife and children? To-morrow we'll be without house or home. Eviction then will be our fate, and the landlord's lock will be on our door.

"Oh God!" the apparently distracted man continued, "sure I didn't owe Pakenham much rent. I often owed him more and paid him when times would get good. He thinks he can treat me like a wild beast of the forest, but, as sure as God is above he'll suffer for it yet," and as the speaker paused, he seemed mentally confirming his vehement language by a silent vow.

Above the sighing of the wintry wind through the leafless trees that fringed that man's farm-yard, a female's voice broke forth, calling, "Davey, Davey, where are you?"

"I am here, Ellen," quickly responded he, and immediately she who called stood by his side.

"What on earth ails you, Davey?" she reproachfully demanded. "You can be heard all over the country threatening Mr. Pakenham. I only came out to the stile to see where you were when I heard you."

"Ah, Ellen, my darling wife, don't you know what

Pakenham means to do to us? Isn't he to turn us out of our home here in Gourbawn tomorrow? Yes, you, my delicate darling," and as the distressed farmer said so, he flung an arm around his wife's neck, and in broken accents piteously sobbed, "and our young children will be homeless wanderers, and can I be expected to stand it calmly?"

"Sure, Davey," pleaded she. "What can you do to prevent our eviction, when the agent wouldn't take the rent in instalments?"

"I suspect, Ellen, the agent would take my rent that way as he often did before, but that there is some one privately bidding for our home because we have no lease, and can be turned out, without one penny of compensation for that house which my grandfather built," and the half-maddened man pointed to his residence. "Oh God!" exclaimed the doomed Irish farmer as he raised his other hand on high, "the thought of the results of eviction makes me so distracted that I think I will do something desperate."

"But Davey, sure you wouldn't do anything that would make us more unhappy," and as Mrs. McMahon thus spoke, the words came only in parts broken with choking sobs.

"No, Ellen. Oh God! I'd not willingly do anything to make you suffer any more than you have done, but I do not know what my passion might lead me to, when I am a homeless man. 'Tis easy then to make one desperate."

With a subdued scream and a shudder, the farmer's wife cried out, "Oh Davey, you are killing me with such thoughts," and as the words were barely

uttered she sank unconscious towards the ground, which she would reach had not her husband grasped her, and laid her gently on a bank of fresh-mown rushes, cut from the waste places of his farm.

Davey McMahon did not realize, until then, the effect his language would have on the nervous temperament of his devoted wife; and, as she lay a half-living being on her primitive bed, he broke forth in the most endearing terms promising, Oh, promising, if she only spoke to him he would never again utter a protest against his eviction, nor harbour a revengeful thought against the grabber of his home.

The howling wind tore down from the adjacent hills, accompanied by occasional dashes of cold rain. The moon to the east seemed struggling between rifts of murky-hued clouds, which, combined, made a desolate background to the picture of this Irish farmer and his prostrate wife, under the sentence of eviction, which a prominent English Prime Minister in after years called "a sentence of death."

Perhaps Davey McMahon did not note this background in his eagerness to revive his unconscious wife; and as his pleading and the vitalizing effects of the falling rain gradually brought her natural powers into action again, by a supreme effort and recognizing her predicament, she moaned, "Oh Davey, take me in from here, I am cold, very cold."

"Thank God!" exclaimed her husband fervently, as he raised his trembling partner of thirteen years of joys and sorrows from her cold position, and then with a repentant promise on his lips, he bore her on his arms to their doomed home.

In that home there was very little disorder among the McMahon children owing to their parents' absence. Kathleen—the eldest—was seriously engaged singing her baby-brother to sleep, while Johnny, and his younger sister, were enjoying themselves playing hide and seek through the intricacies of the spacious kitchen, utterly ignorant of the fate that was fast spreading over them.

Like a ghost or the shadow of a ghost, so pale and so frail she looked, Mrs. McMahon entered, quickly followed by her husband. She, in a low voice, gave instructions here and there among the children, but into little Johnny's ear she whispered something which made him listen attentively, and which he appeared intelligently to understand.

The usual routine of preparing and partaking supper being gone through, and the customary nightly prayers and appeals to the God of the afflicted recited, the McMahon children retired to take their last sleep together under their own rooftree.

The consequent silence was certainly heavy on the sad-hearted parents of these children, as they sat by the dying embers of the turf fire before them. The strain could not last for long, judging from the eager glances cast towards Davey McMahon by his wife; and, when her words found utterance, she spoke with a strange emphasis. She strongly, and in fact eloquently, cautioned him against any violent act that would only surely intensify the impending ruin of the morrow, and wound up her words of warning by the suggestion of he at once emigrating to America.

"Yerra," said her husband at once; "is it where all the war is now?"

"The war is far away from New York," assured his wife, "and if you were with our friends, they would get you work until you could send for us, and I know Uncle Pat would not think us too much of a burden until then."

"Yes, I know," he admitted. "My mother and Pat would not think yourself and the children too heavy on them for a while, but Ellen," and the strong farmer's voice lowered tremulously, "I fear going away from you and the children, I will be so lonesome."

"Oh! do go, Davey, and my mind will be easy," she pleaded, "and with the help of God we will all be soon together again, and in a better farm with God's help than Gourbawn, where no landlord can evict us."

"If it gives you, my darling, an easy mind, I am satisfied. I'll go, but, believe me, the memory of my misery cannot be shaken off until ye are with me again," and as the self-doomed farmer yielded, the tears came copiously from his eyes, and as he was joined in this bursting of Nature's deepest reservoir by his wife, she inaudibly muttered, "Thank God."

CHAPTER II

AN IRISH EVICTION

A MOST unpropitious morning woke up to life and its activities the human population of the countryside for miles around Gourbawn. It was indeed a most

unpromising one for any lover of Nature to gather pleasing recollections from its reflection on the inanimate objects around.

The surface of the far-spreading fields looked beaten and sodden, after the previous night of drizzling rain and wintry wind. Yet, notwithstanding all this inclemency, there was unwonted activity at the police station of Ballytemple convenient to Gourbawn.

The dread minister of the law's execution—the Sheriff—had already arrived by an early train, and all his local sattelites in the person of bailiffs, accompanied by a horse and wagon laden with crowbars, sledges, and other paraphernalia, had also joined him, and were only waiting for a sufficient armed force to protect them in carrying out the eviction of Davey McMahon and family.

In a brief space of time, all the roads leading to Ballytemple were alive, delivering their quotas of armed forces of police, so that one unaccustomed to such scenes would think that some "rising" of the people was to be suppressed, or some such danger was imminent.

An hour had elapsed, and a procession by them organized, sufficient one would think for any sanguinary purpose, which soon started off in the direction of Gourbawn. On arriving in the neighbourhood of Davey McMahon's comfortable farm-house, the armed policemen deployed in two directions, which gradually brought them to the front and rear of the threatened abode.

Immediately the wagon laden with the crowbars, sledges, etc., drove up to the closed door, and the

bailiffs jumped to the ground. With an alacrity worthy of the worst incentives, they hauled from the wagon four formidable eight-foot lengths of gross wood. Three of these the servitors of the Sheriff erected on end, which meeting at the top and bound together, formed a substantial tripod from which they suspended horizontally with chains the fourth formidable piece of gross wood, completing a battering ram of powerful impact.

Just as these proceedings were taking place, Davey McMahon and his wife, accompanied by his brother Pat and his grey-haired mother came across the fields, and arriving on the scene, were at once accosted by the Sheriff, who demanded possession of his home in the name of the law.

"You will get it, Mr. Sheriff," calmly replied Davey, in an easy tone of voice, evidently suppressing his feelings, "and you'll get it so easy that you must feel sorry you went to so much trouble. You needn't bring your battering ram to break in my door, nor all those policemen with their guns and bayonets to guard you. I and my family are not going to resist the law you have come to enforce, so I surrender all which your writ calls for."

"I thank you, McMahon, for your very sensible disposition," replied the mighty official of the Law, in a most patronizing tone. "I was led to believe from late information, that you had organized resistance to me, so I took the steps that are evident before you. Again, McMahon, I thank you, and, as my business demands me elsewhere I must not delay," so turning on his heel, the Sheriff told some policemen nearby to de-

tain the McMahon's where they stood, and then ordered his sattelites to clear the premises.

One push of the battering-ram burst in the frail wooden door yet closed, which was answered by most piercing shrieks from the McMahon children within, who were quite unconscious of the terrible movement outside for their extirpation. The children's shrieks, above the crash of the battering-ram, were heard by their parents and relatives, which evidently so acted on their father, that with a corresponding shriek he attempted to dash past his armed guard to the rescue of his children, but was ultimately restrained by his wife's entreaties, and only calmed when he saw them emerge safely through the broken doorway.

With the alacrity of demons of destruction, these sattelites of the Sheriff's office soon broke apart every article of furniture that did not yield to ready effort, and, with dexterous swiftness soon piled the entire contents of the farm-house on the highway outside.

The effect of this wanton destruction was not lost on the multitude of sympathizing observers beyond the cordon of armed policemen. With a movement that seemed simultaneous, they seemed to close in, but an order from the officer in command to his little army to "fix bayonets" and, when ordered to "fire" to "shoot to kill" had such a deterring effect on the unarmed country-people, that there was no further interruption to the fell work of Davey McMahon's eviction, until the key of the house, now vacant, was placed in the hands of Mr. Pakenham's agent.

CHAPTER III

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS

PAKENHAM HALL—the residence of the landlord referred to in the foregoing chapters—is one of the many mansions throughout Ireland, that evidently saw better days. It stands in the centre of a well-wooded plain, having for its back-ground the wild and romantic Galtees, while here and there the land rises in graceful knolls decked in their hues of eternal green.

One might judge on looking at Pakenham Hall, that the architect who designed it held in his mind's eye the character of its neighbours; and, to construct a residence in Tipperary, for one who held a large portion of its confiscated soil, the structure should be based on defensive lines.

The openings for the windows, though being lofty and in keeping with the two-storied structure they illuminated, were well guarded with iron bars, and had heavy oaken frames and sashes in like proportion.

Pakenham Hall, was indeed, considered at one time fairly impregnable, but, the inevitable laws of natural decay were fast telling on the timbers of its doors and windows, and gave it the tell-tale impression of falling fortune.

In the interior of this mansion everything seemed well kept, for turning on either hand off its spacious hall and entering the parlour or drawing room, one would naturally be struck by the richness and variety of its furnishings.

From its walls were suspended the fading portraits of many of the elder Pakenhams, in civil, military, or ecclesiastical costume. Landscape paintings of pretty woodland scenery hung here and there at intervals; and profuse drapery well concealed the odious-looking windows, allowing the light to stream in dimly through its folds, on the dark mahogany furniture which well may be called antique. More recent decorations of Pakenham Hall, revealed the peculiar social traits of its present proprietor's character, for "moving pictures by flood and field," were an elaborate feature on its walls, while the huntsman's horn, which often woke up the slumbering echoes of the Galtees, was a spectacle easily discernible.

Such is a brief sketch of the principal portion of Pakenham Hall, as far as a stranger may be permitted to see, without being considered curious, but, judging from the evident comfort of the parlour and drawing room, the hand of care was yet making a good fight against the steady one of external decay.

The proprietor of this mansion Frederick Pakenham, Esquire, was long inheritor of the broad acres of his ancestors, but consequent on a long period of unwedded life and intoxicating pleasures, his acres and his wealth dwindled down to their present proportions, which consisted of the heavily entailed estate on which his mansion stood, and his Gourbawn property some miles away, before he married Caroline Fitzgerald, the amiable and benevolent lady who was then mistress of Pakenham Hall.

Mr. Pakenham, though considered deep in financial difficulties, was not reckoned among the worst or

most illiberal of neighbours. Among the farming community, he was ever ready to lend or borrow the utensils of agriculture; and, indeed, it was never known that he was ever deaf to the voice of poverty. Yet, this man was notorious for his political faith. His ideas in that direction were entirely antagonistic to those of the surrounding peasantry; and, so they should be, for he was the hereditary possessor of a name and lineage which for them were full of painful memories, and, after many, many years then there was no blending of national characteristics—no harmony between the kindly people of Tipperary and himself.

Notwithstanding this political difference, there was nothing interposing to mar their social relations.

The day to which this chapter relates, Mr. Pakenham might be seen issuing from his hall-door, to give his general and usual daily look about the premises adjoining his mansion. To watch him on that occasion, a great deal of the special leanings which characterized him could be gathered, for, with the eye of a true sport-loving Irish gentleman he examined the surroundings of his hunting horses, gave fresh orders to their keepers as to their care and with the air of authority took himself away to fulfil other duties.

A visit to the kitchen-garden generally completed his daily pilgrimage, but, on this occasion, as he stepped forth from thence to the narrow laurel-sheltered walk that skirted its high wall, he observed a tall dark-visaged man apparently loitering or waiting for somebody.

Regarding the stranger suspiciously for a moment, and then before an ordinary salutation could be inter-

changed, Mr. Pakenham enquired in an authoritative tone, "Who are you?" and immediately the stranger replied, hat in hand, "Your honour I am wan of the Connertys of Gourbawn. My name is Tom."

"Ho, so you are form Gourbawn where I have some property. Do you know McMahon there? He is a tenant of mine."

"Your honour, sir, I know Davey McMahon well. He is a hard-working man I go bail, and a great reader of papers," and as "wan of the Connertys of Gourbawn" said so, he placed a peculiar emphasis on "papers."

"Newspapers you mean, Connerty. What newspapers?" and Davey McMahon's landlord became interested.

"Oh, the *Irishman* your honour an' a whole lot of American wans."

"So these are the newspapers McMahon reads instead of making rent for me," and Mr. Pakenham was plainly agitated, then continuing, he admitted receiving a letter some time previous, warning him about Davey's weakness in that line, and that he was disseminating treason and rebellion throughout the neighbourhood, and the irate landlord wound up his revelation by declaring "such a scoundrel should not be a tenant on his property."

"That would be too bad your honour," replied Tom Connerty, deprecatingly, adding, "though indeed he is makin' a poor hand of the farum, maybe it would be as well for him to be over in America where he would have plinty of thim papers to read, besides" and the insinuating Connerty from Gourbawn con-

tinued, "I was told Davey McMahon is a Head Centher of the Feeneens in our neighbourhood."

This information was given with that zeal and fervour that characterizes the informer, and designed to impress their patrons with a sense of their importance.

"That's enough for me now. By Heavens," and Mr. Pakenham looked furious as he swore so, "that fellow will be evicted as soon as he has not the rent for me, and I'll give his farm to some one who'll not be troubling me with his politics."

"If that be the case your honor, I'll give you as much an' maybe more than any wan else for it if it is goin', as my farum is convaynient, an' as for politics your honour" and Tom Connerty spoke the word with evident disgust, "you need not fear that I have any. The Police of Ballytemple can tell you the same, for I'm givin' 'em all the information I can about these Feeneens."

This lengthened reply satisfied Mr. Pakenham very much, and his language being so much in keeping with his outward characteristics, that he was induced to utter the commendation, "Very good Connerty, very good Connerty. You may go your way now, but be sure, continue, and let the police know all you discover about these Fenians, and you may be confident McMahon will not long be my tenant."

"Good day to your honour," and as "wan of the Connertys of Gourbawn" said so, he slunk away through the laurels towards the railway station.

CHAPTER IV

DIFFERENT COUNSELS

THE variegated but decaying bloom of the beautiful lawn, with its flower-beds giving forth yet the perfumes of all their dying deliciousness, nor, the stately carriage-drive which led to his mansion from the neighbouring highway, and which Mr. Pakenham was so accustomed to admire, held any allurement for him as he returned from the interview just related.

With hurried steps he sought the library, where some time before he left his wife attending to her morning's correspondence.

"Caroline, Caroline," he yelled forth "lay down your pen for a moment. I have something of importance to tell you," and Mr. Pakenham was fairly brimming with suppressed excitement, as he detailed with wonderful accuracy his interview with a Mr. Thomas Connerty of Gourbawn; and completed his recitation as he said, "now Caroline my dear, with the 300 pounds or perhaps 400 pounds I can get from him by way of fine for possession of McMahon's farm, we can pay off those pressing bills of the grocer, and the butcher, and the baker, and the other confounded claims. I know I can get that amount from one of these grabbers, and would I not be a fool not to take it, and relieve ourselves of our own liabilities?"

With a pained semblance of patience, Mrs. Frederick Pakenham heard her husband reveal his experience of the previous few hours. With a dignified abruptness she at once replied, "I do not like this

business, Frederick. I do not like the under-hand dealing through which another, and presumably an innocent party will be ruined, that I may be benefited. It is not honourable. It is not charitable," and as this scion of the honoured house of Fitzgerald ceased, she seemed very ill at ease.

"Tut, tut, woman. This is a strange philosophy you are preaching. It is not business in the life of the present day. Will the virtues of honour and charity you speak so much about, pay your bills or turn the process-server from your door? Consider the question in that light my dear Caroline," and Mr. Pakenham seemed in utter abandonment of affection as he said so, and added, "and I presume you will readily admit that your husband is a business man."

"No, Fred," promptly responded Mrs. Pakenham. "I cannot see the matter as you see it. I have had considerable experience in India as well as Ireland, and I know how men in authority play off peasant people against one another, leaving a legacy of hatred in their hearts for those who encourage the intrigue. Pause, dear Frederick," and Mrs. Pakenham looked imploringly towards her husband, "do not become an accomplice with this infamous creature Connerty, in his scheme to ruin poor McMahon even though he is a Fenian."

"My dear philosopher, I and landlords like me do not view matters as you do. If we did, there would be no living for us in Ireland. We believe these people must as you aptly say, be played off against one another. Imagine the independence they would assume were they not kept down. Why, the other day, I met

this confounded butcher to whom we are indebted, and imagine the fellow's assurance, he would not take off his hat for me. He must be a Fenian too, or at least one in his heart. Oh, my dear Caroline," and as this specimen of Irish landlordism pleaded thus, he placed his hands on his wife's shoulders and continued, "change your opinion of our tactics, and look with virtuous eye on the 300 or 400 pounds sterling Connerty is worth to us in our present dilemma."

"It would be of more benefit to us Fred, if there were less carousing and club affairs in our life, this 'fine' which you expect from this cutthroat would have no allurement for you, besides the consequent hate of ruined McMahon."

Any such reference to Mr. Pakenham's social habits always grated harshly on his feelings; and in that spirit he on the defensive replied, "Why my dear, my great object in life is to uphold the name and tradition of my family, and to bring around us such a company of local gentlemen that our daughter may be known to them. What would she be if she had for a husband that Chapman we met at the races? He is only a Yankee business man, and one not suited for the aristocratic Pakenhams."

"Oh, please, Fred, do not mention Mr. Chapman's name, nor compare him to many of the gentlemen I have seen here at the Hall. He is a gentleman, and if I mistake not a natural one, even though he is a Yankee; and I say if Frances should select him for a husband, I do not see why his nationality should be a barrier to it."

"Egad I do not know about that," and Mr. Paken-

ham laughed half jocosely and half seriously. "I suppose from the tone of your philosophical reasoning this afternoon, I must be prepared for unexpected events," and as the aristocratic proprietor of many a broad acre said so, he turned and walked abstractedly about the library.

At this juncture a young lady entered. She was of stately physique, tall, and lithe, and of a blonde complexion, with eyes of Irish blue, and altogether naturally moulded to attract less impressionable characters than Yankee business men.

When her presence claimed attention, Mr. Pakenham at once broke forth, "Frances, I am glad you have come. Your mother and I have been discussing your future interest. Perhaps you would wish to know how we were considering it?"

"Indeed, Father, I do not mind," and the beautiful young Frances Pakenham blushed as she said so, "for I know my future is safe in the hands of such good parents."

Mrs. Pakenham seemed much pleased by her daughter's reply, and her father seemed pleased too in such a way as if to say "how like a Pakenham."

At this juncture, the sound of a tinkling bell announcing "dinner" brought discussion in the Library to a close, and the desultory conversation that was carried on through that agreeable operation was of such little importance as not worth chronicling, until Mr. Pakenham retired to his dressing room necessarily to change his attire.

"Damn it," he soliloquized, when he reached that sacred tabernacle. "I think Caroline is nearly

right. I ought have no dealing with Connerty, but on the other hand, I must have the money to pay my liabilities. Damn it also, why should I be afraid of the consequences? Why not I do as many landlords like me are doing? I'll get a shirt of steel armour which my every-day clothing will conceal, and then I can defy any evicted farmer's vengeance.

"Oh, this changing of one's tenantry," he exclaimed, "is a fruitful source from which a landlord can refill his depleted treasury. In fact, begin life over again. So with that prospect before me why should I fear?"

CHAPTER V

THE EMIGRANT

The fell work of the evictors of Davey McMahon was now complete. A gloomy desolation seemed settling over the face of Nature, intensifying the wintry aspect of the skies above, and the naked appearance of the surrounding country.

Though it was late in the afternoon, the McMahon's, with the aid of a labourer named Tom Hartnett, and a few of the sympathizing associates of Uncle Pat (as Pat McMahon was usually called) were yet busily engaged reconstructing the broken bedsteads, and other articles of furniture, and then setting them up in any vacant place in the domicile or cabin, which gave the evicted family shelter.

Young Mrs. McMahon too, was intently occupied making selections from her husband's best wearing

apparel, and carefully packing them away in a large satchel. There was not much mirth among the children, thoughtless as they generally are. Their new surroundings had a more depressing effect than otherwise on their exuberant spirits. At least, Kathleen and Johnny had a realization of their altered circumstances, for, like two aged little persons, their attention hung on every sigh of their mother's and every groan of their father's.

It was a mystery to Kathleen, when she was of such assistance to her mother in packing the large valise, that she was refused a place in it for her doll's fancy wearables. She deemed the request most reasonable, and as her dolls were always much thought of by her mother, the sigh and the tear were her only solution of the mystery. Johnny, too, was equally annoyed, for he wanted space in that satchel his mother was packing for his tops and marbles, and as he fared no better than his sister, Mrs. McMahon was allowed to proceed without interruption.

In due time, the many hands at the work of restoration had soon brought order out of chaos, and a passer-by would think on looking in through the open doorway, that nothing unusual had happened, the credit for which was largely due to the organizing skill of Tom Hartnett, who in a way peculiar to himself, was a genius at the work of reconstruction.

In due course, the spasm of this sudden change should cease. Time's moments were fast fleeting; and, the silence and the heart-to-heart connection of domestic ties, were craving for the solitude in which such feelings indulge. Gradually the visitors and sympa-

thizers of the strenuous day began to disappear, and not for long after some semblance of rest in the "cabin" made itself manifest, did Tom Hartnett deem it right to seek his own domicile.

There was, evidently, very deep sympathy in the parting between Davey McMahon and Tom, who was then a young man, and was the possessor of very unusual characteristics for an agricultural labourer. Being the son of an evicted farmer himself, and fairly well educated, surely he must have felt on that occasion a renewal of all those pangs he felt in early life, when he was made homeless, and, as he stood in the full glare of the blazing turf fire, in a military attitude which fastened on him the popular cognomen of "Tom, the Pope" (from his services in the Papal Brigade, in its campaign in Italy a few years previous) one must not be surprised if his words were vehement, and to his dispirited audience, somewhat obscure if not prophetic.

Eagerly he grasped the proffered hand of the evicted farmer, and as he shook it, he in measured articulation said, "this day's doings Davey, with the doings of many another day, on a helpless and an unarmed people must soon end."

"Believe me, Davey McMahon," and Tom Hartnett grew more emphatic, as he again shook Davey's hand, "there are men now at work in Ireland, to bring about that end sooner than is expected; and, we who are the victims of the cruel laws that allow one class to exterminate another, will then, I hope, be not found wanting."

"I wish to God Tom it would have been today, for,

when I heard the shrieks of my poor children, as the battering-ram broke in my door, I could do anything desperate. Oh! Tom Hartnett," declared the half-frenzied man, "those shrieks will haunt me while I live, and wherever I go; Oh! if I could find my gun this morning, Ballytemple or Gourbawn would have a different shriek to hear," and the two hands that joined Davey McMahon's and the stalwart agricultural labourer's—gripped again in mutual understanding.

On mention of the gun, young Mrs. McMahon who was listening attentively, fervently exclaimed, "Thank God!"

"Oh, Davey, thank God you were prevented from making our state more miserable." Then she explained fully how she instructed Johnny the previous night to conceal it, fearing that a tragedy might be the outcome otherwise, and added, "Now, Tom Hartnett, as we are safe so far, thanks again to the Great God" and Mrs. McMahon fervently looked upwards and continued, "I want Davey to go to America. After a little while he can send for us, where we can have a better home than in Gourbawn."

"If you will allow me, Mrs. McMahon, to express an opinion," diplomatically replied Tom, "the Pope" (which cognomen might be used in this story), "I do not agree with you at all. America just now, is a bad country to go to on account of the war. Nearly every man is in the army, and there is no business doing."

"I am sure Tom, it won't be bad for Davey," responded she. "You see, we have so many friends in New York, that some one of them will find him em-

ployment; and, besides, if he was out of harm's way my mind would be easy."

Being completely non-plussed by these hopeful features of Mrs. McMahon's calculations, and particularly from the last expression, Tom Hartnett consequently added no further opposition to her plans, but merely questioned, "When is he to go?"

"Tonight Tom, or my heart will break."

"My God, tonight," broke forth from the ex-papal soldier, thoroughly shaken, and as if a pall fell over the cabin's inmates, silence so held them inarticulate by the announcement of the fatal words, broken only now and then by the gasping sob or the heaving sigh.

There is surely some elastic power in human nature, which from its undetermined strength, the piling on of Life's agonies are sufferable. Whether this quality is ingrained in the spirit of human animation, or from a will bending to the Will of its Great Architect, and filled with His spiritual essence, this scene in Pat McMahon's humble domicile offers indubitable proof that misery and suffering can never quench the fire of hope in the human breast.

Not for long did this silence continue. It was broken by Tom Hartnett dejectedly saying, "This is too bad, Davey."

"Yes Tom, it is too bad, but it may be all for the best yet. I'll take Ellen's advice now at least, and it would be well for me if I took it before, when she told me to avoid Tom Connerty and his sprees, and carousing, till lately I noticed his inquiries about the Fenians which I knew nothing of. 'Twas too late then Tom when he had me ruined, but he is not dead yet."

It being then considerably after first cock-crow or midnight, and the desultory conversation which ensued after the foregoing admission of the intended emigrant began to lag, it was evident Tom Hartnett did not intend to go home, and observing it, Mrs. McMahon, by her womanly tact enquired of him, "how long would it take to walk to the railway station next to Ballytemple?"

"About two hours," and Tom looked meditative.

"I may as well be going then," said her husband. "Will you come a piece of the way with me, Tom?"

"Indeed I will Davey, and God knows I am sorry for the occasion."

"I know that Tom," and immediately all arose to their feet, as if by a common impulse.

God's watchful sentinels of the night, has often witnessed parting scenes in Ireland, but it may be doubted, if ever they reported to their Great Commander, a more pathetic scene than that strong man—Mr. Pakenham's evicted tenant—shaken with emotion, as he went around noiselessly from bed to bed, kissing good-bye to his sleeping gray-haired old mother and his young children. But the picture must be draped as the camera should be powerless to portray the speechless parting of husband and wife forever perhaps; and, with his brother Pat and Tom Hartnett, Davey McMahon went forth into the night.

CHAPTER VI

A STRANGE PRESENT

WITH a hardihood peculiar to that hard-worked class of men—the Irish agricultural labourers—Pat McMahon rose early on the morning, after his brother left for America; and after putting on his working clothes, and partaking of a hasty meal, started off to work in a drainage some miles distant.

Such employment at such a season of the year is generally very unremunerative, but, in agricultural Ireland, where no other avenue is open to labour, such class of work is much sought after, consequently, a good many men toiled in those drains, towards which he with a heavy heart bent his footsteps.

Two hours had scarcely passed by, when rain poured down on the luckless toilers, and drove them to seek shelter among the bushes of a near-by fence. Thus neighbourly situated, and the inclement weather being powerless to restrain the volubility of their tongues, conversation consequently started. What topic surely more of sentiment and fact could they have, than the eviction of Davey McMahon the day before, which, even in a remote degree, concerned everybody else in the country for miles around.

"Begor, boys," broke forth the voice of one of the besieged drain-diggers, "it was an awful shame to turn the poor man out of the home his grandfather bult, an' the farum that his father reclaimed, athout wan pinny's cost to the landlord. Eh, Pope?"

McMahon for the children. Would you object, Pat?"

"Well Tom, to tell you the truth, I do not much like it, but anything coming from the boys that wished Davey so well, I'll let ye have your way."

"That's right Pat," was the general voice of the large-hearted donors; and, Tom soon had collected the parcels of bread and bottles of coffee, and calling on "Sullivan, the runner," who was amongst them, he was commissioned to speed at once on the quaint errand; with the request to Mrs. McMahon "not to be displeased" by their action.

Patsy Sullivan was popularly named "the runner" from the fact that he had won some foot races recently, and well this duty devolved on him this time, for while being a nephew of Tom, "the Pope," he was possessed also, to a marked degree, of many of his sterling qualities. Quickly the few miles across the fields which separated the drainage grounds from Pat McMahon's cabin were skimmed over by the fleet messenger, and with the pious Irish salutation on his lips as he entered, he ejaculated "God save all here."

"And you too," was the equally pious reply from a weary-looking woman, who was busily engaged dressing a young child. "I b'lieve you are Mrs. McMahon?" questioned Sullivan, "the runner."

"Indeed, I am sir. Won't you sit down."

"No, thank you ma'am. I'll be goin'," and as Patsy Sullvian was thus replying, he deposited the parcels of bread and coffee on a near-by table, following up with the explanation that he "was wan of the drain-diggers where Pat and the resht of the boys wor workin'; an', as they wouldn't want their dinners, the day

bein' so wet, they hoped she wouldn't be offinded by gettin' 'em."

"Indeed, young man, I am not offended," and Mrs. McMahon, as she thus candidly spoke, paused in complete astonishment from attention to her child, "nor could I be offended by an act so whole-hearted and so generous. Young man, which of ye thought of it?"

"Wisha, begor, ma'am, an' 'tisn't boastin of it at all I am 'twas my Uncle—Tom Hartnett thought of it, an all the boys wor glad to do as he sed."

"I wouldn't doubt Tom for a truly generous thought; and though I am not in direct need as poor Davey, God be with him today." At the mention of her husband's name, the stoicism which sustained Mrs. McMahon through the preceding twenty-four hours completely left her, and tears that surely burst from their deepest reservoirs came rolling, streaming, down her pale, sickly cheeks, accompanied by the broken sobs of a palpitating heart.

The scene was too much for Sullivan, "the runner," who though his young life already had some experience of its varieties, he never till then witnessed distress in such racking form. And, though it might be said by man-haters and the like, that man is a creature devoid of all true feelings of a high humane order, a recess in the dilapidated wall of Pat McMahon's cabin, witnessing the spasmodic twitching of Patsy Sullivan's grimy knuckles across his eyes, and after a while, a swish or two of a soiled red handkerchief over his face, could contradict the gross assertion.

Meantime, while the foregoing scenes were taking

place, the recording Angel should be busy in another place noting the efforts of that same human nature as exemplified by man, even though he be a drain-digger, in the endeavour to alleviate further the suffering victim of a pitiless situation; and, surely that Angel never could forget inditing in his record book the language of Tom Hartnett, as he warned his fellow-workers, that the burden of Davey McMahon's family should not now be left on the efforts of his poor, but willing brother.

One really would think, from the dramatic distinctness of Tom's words, that he was addressing an audience in some spacious hall, but, be it said, attention could not be more pronounced even though it was in the wild bird's covert. It was not necessary for the speaker to emphasize his ideas with any of those metaphors, that picture to the mind's eye of listening humanity, the duties which one fellow-mortal owed another, or the bonds that bound the sons of Adam one to another. Quivering impatience held Tom's audience, while he was expounding his ideas. At last, the individual who some time previous was called Jem, demanded to know what action they could take for that purpose.

"I will tell you Jem" responded Tom, "we can get up a benefit, and I am sure that benefit will be attended by all the farmers and labourers in the neighbourhood, or, we could rent a bit of ground to sow potatoes in which would give the children food for the year. It won't take much to do something for the afflicted family, till Davey can help them."

"Damn the much" broke forth impulsively from

Jem. "Let us begin at wanst with the benefit, an we'll set the praties afther."

"Boys, are ye all agreed?" demanded Tom, "the Pope," lacking only a little of the dignity of the chairman of an important convention. At once there was a yell of approval from the drain-digging tenants of every near-by bush; and, to reduce their unanimous resolution to practice, he was authorized to write the "invitations" to the benefit for the ensuing Saturday night, the location of which would be at his house, it being quite spacious.

CHAPTER VII

AN AWKWARD SITUATION

THE resultant attention which Davey McMahon's eviction called forth, travelled much further than the confines of Gourbawn and its vicinity. This was largely due to the circulation of the provincial newspaper Press, which busied itself for days reviewing its incidents, especially the introduction of the battering-ram into the sphere of the evictor's activities. Mr. Frederick Pakenham, of Pakenham Hall, in consequence made a very conspicuous figure in the public eye, and prompted him to study in no small degree his own personal safety.

He well knew that drastic consequences oftentimes visited themselves on the operators of the terrible laws of eviction, which, though making outlaws and felons

oftentimes of the unhappy victims, yet with them, the executing of the laws of revenge was in return a lifelong pursuit.

This fact which was well of Mr. Pakenham's knowledge, became the dreaded ghost haunting his own security, and for once this proud scion of a race of prominent soldiers and statesmen felt a fear that surely was foreign to his nature.

Some days, perhaps a week of brooding anxiety had passed, and his mail and his morning newspaper were fast becoming the objects of his closest attention. As if he was expecting some missive of importance, each envelope before being broken open was closely scrutinized, till at length the object of his quest being apparently attained, he immediately drove to the near-by railway station, where he received a parcel which arrived there that morning by the express train from Dublin.

Hurriedly, he returned to the Hall, and hastily dismounting from the light jaunting car in which he rode, he bore the apparently precious parcel upstairs, and never ceased his steps until he reached his bed-room, the door of which he securely locked after his entrance. Really it must have been a very important parcel, judging from Mr. Pakenham's agitation, as he proceeded to undo the cords that safely bound it. With a trembling hand he brought to light neither raiment, nor fine linen, nor jewels rare, but a shirt of mail, its links of steel falling mechanically one upon another as he lifted it out of the enclosure that held it.

Chuckling with intense delight as well as suppressed emotion, he mentally shouted defiance at

"Rory of the hill," who, at that time was a popular imaginary personage among the Irish peasantry, whose only pursuit in life was the slaying of evicting landlords.

At once, he proceeded to divest himself of his outer apparel, and after examining the entrance and exit of the mailed shirt, commenced to envelop himself in its saving folds. In his nervous endeavour, and its consequent confusion, the links of the combination got so entangled with his hair that all his efforts failed to undo the grip of the uncanny thing.

"Damn it!" at length he breathlessly exclaimed, "why can't I unfasten it?" and as if answering by action his own question, he writhed and struggled again, but his efforts only intensified the torture his scalp was enduring. Agonized and fuming with rage he exclaimed again, "Well, damn me, but I suppose I must call him, and I hate to give him my secret." Mr. Frederick Pakenham, the boasted heir of the blue blood, and pride of a long line of lordly ancestors, with the shirt of mail like the seamless garment of sacred history clinging to his head, pulled the bell-rope which called to his assistance his body-servant or valet-de-chambre as such individuals are termed in polite circles, saying, as he did so, "Blast him, I must do it."

Hurried steps were immediately heard in the long corridor that led to Mr. Pakenham's bed-room door, and a knock thereon, brought forth the reply "come in" from the interior, the failure of which explained the fact that the door was locked. Groping with rage and like an enmeshed tiger, the tormented landlord

unlocked the door. His body-servant on entering, exclaimed, "Oh Lord! what is your honour trying to do to yourself?"

"Shut up, you incarnate imp of hell, and shut and lock that door again," was all his master would deign to reply.

Hurriedly the valet locked the door again, and asked, "If his honour was out of his mind?"

"Shut up, I say, you blasted scamp. Ask me no questions, but undo that damn thing from my hair."

"O Lord! sure I will your honour," and with nervous hands, the valet proceeded to separate the links of steel from the grey locks of his master's head, during which operation, many a flickering smile passed across his countenance.

In a short time, with adept fingers, the shirt of mail was fitted in place on Mr. Pakenham's person, much to his satisfaction, and with his mind a good deal at ease, he grew much inclined to be talkative.

"You know Bob," said he, at length, with confidence, "I would not be safe in this blasted country now, since I evicted that fellow McMahon in Gourhawn, if I did not wear this protector."

"You certainly would not your honor; and, I know lots of landlords who are wearing 'em," and as Bob-the valet or body-servant said so, his features were a study between mock-gravity and suppressed laughter.

At any time, Bob's features were a riddle. They were those of a person anywhere between the ages of thirty and seventy years. Whether he was starved in his youth, or was in a conflagration of some sort that stunted and burnt out all the vital fluid of his

body, he looked a withered human figure. A mannikin in all save loquacity, and in that quality nature seemed to have made amends, for it supplied him—five feet in height—with sufficient boastful talk as would do credit to a giant.

In tact and foresight, this valet was ever master of any situation created by Mr. Pakenham's fits of ill-temper; and whenever that mood varied, and new developments would arise, his genius was fully ample to handle the occasion.

Possessing all these artistic characteristics and carefully concealing their existence from his master, he was well able to convince him when he said, "that many landlords in the country were wearing shirts of mail to his knowledge."

"I did not know that Bob, nor did I ever give them credit for such wisdom."

"They are wise, your honour. Only for they are, the Tipperary men would not leave wan of 'em alive," and he spoke seriously then.

"Now Bob, don't you be going around blabbing that I am wearing such a preserver, for if you value your employment you must preserve my secret," and the Landlord looked threateningly as he said so.

"There is no fear your honour, for am I not connected with your safety by closer ties than my employment?"

"Blast it Bob, I am aware of that. I suppose you refer to that New Orleans affair long ago."

"Yes, your honour I do, and to many another glorious affair while my grandfather was serving under the great General, your granduncle," and the body-

servant strained himself upwards every inch of his five feet.

"Yes, the battle of New Orleans was glorious surely," and, as Mr. Pakenham said so he looked reminiscently, and continued, "and we, their descendants ought be proud of the record of British arms there, which our ancestors so triumphantly aided."

This battle so copiously referred to, was fought in 1812, between a British naval and land force under Sir Edward Pakenham, and American raw troops commanded by General Jackson before New Orleans, in which battle contrary to the above version of it, the British were entirely defeated.

With the excitement of his version of the "glorious affair," Mr. Pakenham gave a sudden twist to his body, and yelled a torrent of profanity which he had all times at command, then a contrary twist, which was followed by another volley, until he cried out in pain, "Blast it. I fear I can never wear it. Give me your hand Bob and help me out of this chair."

On his feet, Mr. Pakenham leaned heavily on the shoulder of his body-servant, as they walked hither and thither about the bed-room, every now and then the former testing the rigidness of the mailed underwear by various muscular movements.

Thus for a while this to and fro movement continued, until in anguish Mr. Pakenham despairingly exclaimed: "By Heavens, I fear if I wear this thing I can never walk as I used to."

"To be sure your honour, you will," responded his valet, with a suppressed smile, "and don't you know a little stiffness in your movements, gives a great effect to your military training."

"Egad Bob, you are surely a chip of the old block," and with the exertion and a shrug of his shoulders, it seemed some links of the armour that were cause of the discomfort had settled into place, which made the wearer exclaim with delight, "Damn it, but I am all right now," and Mr. Pakenham took his hand off his valet's shoulder, and strode about the room, a precise rigidness so characterizing his movements, that Bob could have sworn his master was his great predecessor—Sir Edward Pakenham reincarnated.

CHAPTER VIII

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

THE dismissal of the body-servant by Mr. Pakenham to some other occupation, as his assistance in rectifying the shirt of mail was no longer needed; and as he himself was preparing also to leave the room, wondering what kind of a figure he would cut before his many acquaintances in his enforced attitude, the sound of a rapidly-driven carriage coming up the long and winding avenue towards the Hall, struck his ear. "Who can it be?" was his first mental query, and after the names of some visitors who might be expected to call occurred to his mind, it was only to dismiss them as improbable, for he knew they were elsewhere.

"I suppose I must go meet whoever is coming, and 'pon my soul I would rather not as I don't feel right yet." These were the unuttered thoughts that were uppermost in his mind, as he walked forth from his

bed-room along the long corridor to the stairway, with all the stride and gait worthy of a field-marshal.

On his arrival at the foot of the beautiful old staircase the massive oaken hall door was opened by his faithful Bob, and the strange visitor entered. To Mr. Pakenham's surprise he was none other than Mr. Chapman—the American, of whom mention was made in a previous chapter.

"Well, Mr. Chapman, 'tis the unexpected happens. I am delighted to see you did not forget your promise."

"Oh, no, Mr. Pakenham, I could not forget the generously-extended invitation you gave me in Dublin," replied the American visitor, with a slight note of a New England accent running through his words.

"Now, just sit down and make yourself at home, Mr. Chapman. Ho, Bob."

At once his well-trained valet appeared, and as he stood inside the drawing room door, he assumed a most rigid position, with hands hanging close by his side in perfect attitude for the military command of "attention."

The suggestion conveyed by Bob's new manœuvre was not lost to his master, who, in a tone of martial command, bade him "go inform the ladies of Mr. Chapman's arrival."

With a well-regulated sweep of the hand to forehead in acknowledgment of obedience, Bob disappeared, doubtless leaving the impression on Mr. Chapman's mind that etiquette in Pakenham Hall was run on military lines.

After a short time Mrs. Pakenham and her daughter Frances appeared, dressed sensibly and gracefully,

without any of the frivolities of their sex on coming within the presence of a stranger.

Quite true, Mr. Chapman was a stranger comparatively speaking, for the Pakenhams only got acquainted with him through a mutual friend at one of the many horse-shows held in Dublin. He so won the good opinion of the ladies by his unaffected and gentlemanly manners, and that of Mr. Pakenham by his good judgment of horse-flesh, so that they all considered they would not be violating aristocratic conventionalities, by inviting him to call on them when business or pleasure would bring him by their ancestral home near the Galtees.

It might be told here without any tediousness, the main incentive which moved the American to visit this Irish gentleman's home, (and Mr. Chapman in after years was not loath to admit it) was that Miss Frances Pakenham made such a fascinating impression on his mind, that he was bound to renew the acquaintance in seasonable time.

That so much has been told, it may be readily imagined the warm greeting which Mrs. and Miss Pakenham extended to their American visitor was not altogether a one-sided affair. Many and various were the enquiries which the visited and visitor made from one to the other, Mr. Pakenham meanwhile busying himself strutting around the drawing-room and parlor, giving instructions to his valet in the most commanding language.

To one who would be already in the secret of the performances of master and man, these worthies, who ostensibly were engaged in useful occupation, were

merely rehearsing their separate parts in military motion and command; and to make appearances more impressive, the handsome docile-looking mustache which ornamented Mr. Pakenham's upper lip, was set at a ferocious angle.

The pictures on the walls also claimed attention. They were either too high or too low, either not in place or not level; but, in any case, they had to be rectified. In fact, it was a very opportune time for any useful chore to be attended to by these industrious members of the Pakenham home, which demanded voice and motion, command and obedience.

While these important arrangements were in progress, Mr. Chapman and his hostess and magnet, leisurely sauntered by, pleasantly chatting meanwhile, just as Mr. Pakenham and his valuable body-servant, were giving the finishing touches to the picture of a man clad in a general's uniform. "Do you admire pictures, Mr. Chapman?" at once enquired Mr. Pakenham.

"Oh, yes, sir. I am very fond of pictures, especially family ones," responded Mr. Chapman deferentially, as he looked up towards the one just after being set in proper position, adding, "that is a very striking one."

"You are right Mr. Chapman, and a striking history is attached to it, too. That is a most perfect likeness of my grand-uncle—General Sir Edward Pakenham, who commanded the British troops at the battle of New Orleans in your country."

"Really," and as the American said so, he became sincerely interested, " 'twas a pity he lost his life on the occasion, as well as many other officers."

"Yes, he was very much regretted, for had he not fallen so soon, the result of the battle would have been otherwise."

"Perhaps so Mr. Pakenham, but facts then and history today doubt it."

"I wouldn't doubt it," and a ring of confidence emphasized the words, "for had my grand-uncle not fallen so soon, he would have driven back Jackson—Old Hickory ye call him. Yes, Mr. Chapman, I am confident had the General lived, Old Hickory with his raw recruits could never save your country."

Mr. Chapman's position at the moment was indeed a very delicate one. It would be contrary to gentlemanly dictates to become argumentative in a host's house, a dilemma which Mrs. Parkenham immediately saw, and to save the situation, drew Mr. Chapman's attention to a picture near by of a young man of apparently athletic build, and standing by a finely-proportioned horse. "How do you like that painting, Mr. Chapman?" she remarked, as she pointed her finger towards it.

"Magnificent I confess," replied he, more or less dramatically, and as Mr. Chapman studied the painting awhile, he suddenly turned towards his host and said. "That must have been a painting of yourself when you were a young man Mr. Pakenham."

"Yes," replied he, a little deprecatingly, adding, "I was a young man then, and that horse you see I am standing by was my favourite hunter."

Mr. Chapman not forgetting to speak highly of the aspect of the spirited-looking brute, remarked again after some study, "I can see a very strong resem-

blance between your portrait, and that of your illustrious ancestor of New Orleans."

Naturally flattered, Mr. Pakenham replied, "I believe so, for peculiarly strong lines marked all the Pakenham family for generations, distinguishing them either in the field or the forum," and the speaker put on his proudest air and sternest aspect, which perhaps his steel underwear greatly contributed to.

Thus flew the time which for Mrs. and Miss Pakenham was of great importance. Though they did not mingle much in the discussions narrated, they studied much, and the more they studied Mr. Chapman, the more they admired him. Coming as he did from a country which they were told was but the home of all that was turbulent and unrefined, they were surprised at his thorough mastery of the instincts and arts that constitute a gentleman, as well as his superior knowledge of the every-day life of the world, which they gathered from his conversation during his flying visit among them.

Indeed it was with much regret they noticed, that after a light lunch which was prolonged well into the afternoon, that Mr. Chapman consulted his watch a few times which denoted to them that his hour for departure was calculated. The facts too did not escape Mr. Pakenham's observation, for he remarked, "I expect Mr. Chapman you are finding a good deal of what is interesting to a tourist in Ireland."

"I do, indeed, sir," and the speaker's glance took in the sweet and demure features of the only child of Pakenham Hall's aristocratic proprietor, on whose pale and classic features a blush of some responsive

feeling arose, which surely could not be unobserved by the American. "I may tell you," continued he, "I am here in the interest of my Government, which has a very trying war on its hands, and as a great deal of its enemy's resources are drawn from hence, I have been sent here to counteract them. My duty calls me to Limerick City tonight, from which a good deal of blockade running is done. Though I cannot prevent it, I can at least apprize my Government of it.

"We in America," Mr. Chapman further continued, "have no other occupation now but in trying to end this war between the States, that is paralyzing all our industries. In fact, I had to cease business operations altogether myself. I am largely a cotton manufacturer in a New England State, and I think am successfully interested with other young men in the developing of our oil-wells, but this devastating war renders all our efforts at peaceful pursuits powerless."

"Might I enquire Mr. Chapman, when may your duties call you this way again?" interjected Mrs. Pakenham.

"I could not calculate when," answered Mr. Chapman readily, "but if I am permitted the privilege, I would gladly let you know by letter some time previous."

"O damn it man," replied Pakenham Hall's proprietor bluffly, "you are heartily welcome to the privilege. In fact, write often, and when you come, let it be in summer when you can enjoy the splendid scenery of our neighbourhood."

The American could not longer delay, as he had a distance of perhaps half a score of miles to drive over,

yet, it may be believed, it was with some reluctance he took his departure after warmly thanking his host and hostess, and Miss Pakenham in particular for the pleasure of his visit.

CHAPTER IX

THE BENEFIT

SUCH a man as Tom Hartnett, coming from his enforced imprisonment in the haunts of the birds of the air, should not be wondered at if his intellectual qualities were in a large measure aroused to radical heat. He had long studied generally the wrongs Ireland laboured under, but always like a judicious reformer, thought it best to grapple only with a difficulty that could be remedied, so with that temperament uppermost in his mind when he returned home, and exchanged his wet clothes for drier ones, he sat down and penned the following:

"There will be a party held at Thomas Hartnett's house on next Saturday night, for the benefit of the evicted family of David McMahon, late of Gourbawn, at which your attendance is kindly solicited. Contributions are optional."

Such was the inauguration of the benefit which Tom proposed to his fellow drain-diggers among the bushes earlier in the day; and, in truth, as fast as Sullivan the runner—Tom's nephew—could deliver the tickets, they found ready acceptance among the rural community for miles around Gourbawn.

It must be remembered though, that independent of the sympathy evinced, the young people of both sexes were always very eager for such gatherings, as they gave them opportunities for indulging in those flirtations so agreeable to them.

Saturday night came and with it a large number of persons at the appointed rendezvous, which was tastefully decorated for the occasión. Fortunately, the dwelling Tom Hartnett with his family resided in was large (being the former residence of his present employer, who then lived in a more pretentious one); and, was very well adapted for the present purpose.

The interior of the spacious kitchen was heavily hung with laurel festoons, particularly around the doors and windows, the designs being of a rustic order. A large iron hoop ornamented with laurel also hung suspended with wire from a central rafter, answering splendidly for fixing a large number of candles to, forming for the occasion a gigantic and novel candelabrum.

Everything showed preparation on a large and grand scale, so that nothing should be found wanting by the architect who designed the various features, to make the benefit for Davey McMahon's evicted family a success. And, well the appearance of the many actors on the scene told, that their dearest anticipations would be fully realized before morning.

Anticipation would be a poor word to express the sentiments of that gathering of Irish boys and girls, as they stepped across Tom Hartnett's threshold that night, that there could be any doubt of its pleasurable result.

The music was supplied by a flute player, named Michael Gogarty, whose cognomen "windy Mickey," made him very popular among his patrons.

Mickey's musical bent was in the direction of quick, lively tunes, and whether it was from a nervous tendency or a desire to beat the time of every bar of music with his right foot, he was always, when playing, very anxious to keep intruders away from that pedal extremity. In fact, he was known to cease playing when by design or accident it was interfered with.

Everything being in order, Tom Hartnett, who was master of ceremonies, gave the command to Mickey to "blow up" (a humorous expression which would not be understood by a New York orchestra), and immediately the well stocked air-chambers of Mickey's bosom told no ordinary flute player's energies were at work. At once the floor was occupied by a well-regulated number of boys eager to dance, who in turn with a curtesy that could not be excelled in a Parisian drawing-room, selected partners from among the blushing females near by. Then the dreamy motion commenced and was kept up with heat and animation, until the mazourkas or quadrilles were completed, only to be followed by either an Irish jig or reel, to be followed also by the pleasant tete-a-tetes which might develop before morning into warm courtship.

Many an approving cheer was given for each successful performer of the difficult feat of good dancing of which there was no lack, nor was "Windy Mickey" forgotten in the excitement, for each burst of applause was accompanied by a "Bravo Mickey. Rise it," which usually stimulated the flute-player's right foot to a louder tap, tap.

Thus the time was spent until dancing began to pall on the benefit party, and all were seated, not, it must be said, in their original order, but mingled in most social and pleasing disorder, the girls seated on the boys' knees or vice versa, with the girls full of smiles and blushes, and the boys full of wit and humour.

At this important juncture, a large tray was borne around among the female portion of the party, containing tea in cups, while another tray followed laden with delicate cuts of bread slightly buttered. Another such conveyance was immediately borne among the male portion, not, indeed, with cups of fragrant tea nor delicate cuts of bread slightly buttered, but tumblers full of hot steaming punch made extra strong, which found ready acceptance where offered.

With the order of the day or rather the order of the night being such, what more suggestive subject could crown their happiness than a song. Many in the benefit-party could sing, in fact every one could sing after imbibing so plentifully of the tea and punch or hot whiskey as some would call it, but only one could be selected and by unanimous choice young Sullivan, "the runner," was requested to perform the duty.

Of course the boy was bashful. He pleaded he had a cold, and to that plea a wag replied, "Take another tumbler, Patsy. Two of 'em cures a could." Further excuses were met by like pleasantries, until an encouraging word was uttered by his Uncle Tom, then the boy consented. His song, which may be entitled, "The Land of My Fathers May Know Me no More," ran as follows:

Dear land of my birth, in the fulness of sorrow
  I bend to the fortune that bids me away
From thy bosom of green by the sunrise tomorrow,
  From the warm-hearted friends who would wish me to stay.
Dear land, it is hard when each moment is breaking
  Full high with the hopes thou hast yearned for asthore,
But Destiny's voice through my sadness is speaking,
  The land of my fathers may know me no more.

Dear land, the best years of my life I have given
  To help thy redemption from foreign control;
And the toil was as sweet as the labours of Heaven,
  For blessings went up with each flight of the soul.
Ev'n now as I bend to the fate that pursues me,
  I vow to forget thee not weary and sore,
The love of a child I shall never refuse thee
  Though sweet land of my fathers thou'lt know me no more.

Midst the wreckage of home, oh, what heart is not shaken,
  As the tears trickle down the sad features and fond
Of one's woe-stricken wife, to all pleasures forsaken,
  As her little ones dance for the glories beyond.
Thus lonely we stand midst the ruin together,
  To-night we can weep where the wild waters roar,
The home that was ours will be held by another,
  And the land of our fathers may know us no more.

Fare-thee-well, lovely land, far away I must mourn
  The mystery that severs our fortunes apart,
The sigh will arise and the soul will return
  To the seat of affection—the home of the heart.
For ever farewell, now the pale moon is dying,

The sun's beams are spreading along thy loved shore;
And warm-hearted friends in their sorrow are sighing,
The land of their fathers may know them no more.

The unbounded exhibition of feeling which followed the rendering of this appropriate song was indescribable; besides it was sung in such a rich tenor key, that it may be reasonably questioned whether it was the appropriateness of the song, or the vocal ability of the young singer had the most effect on the listeners. One fact however was most apparent, it put a perfect quietus on any aspiring contender for the palm of "best singer;" and the "hoarseness" and the "colds" that were the answers to the requests for others to sing, were most numerous.

It seems there is an ingrained instinctiveness or power of judgment in some minds, to know when the best qualities of human nature are on the ebb; and, better still, to know how to organize human feelings and guide them on successfully to a climax or objective point.

Such being so, it must be admitted, it did not require much special adroitness on the part of Tom Hartnett, to bring this sympathetic party up to its present happy state, yet, none but a master-mind could perform the duties that were his on the occasion; and, as he appeared at this important juncture with a large plate in his right hand, one could see he was radiant with joyful expectancy.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he broke forth, "I expect ye all know the object that brought us all here

tonight." Here many voices interrupted with "Yes we do, Tom." "Well, boys and girls, I know ye do, and I know that this company would give its heart's blood tonight to Davey McMahon's wife and children, if it would do them any good." This strong assertion brought forth cheers and cries of "Bravo, Tom," "Bravo pope." When silence was again restored, Tom continued, "As it is, we are only called to contribute a trifle to help them over the winter's wants," at the same time the speaker deposited a substantial silver coin on the plate himself and then commenced his journey around the standing and seated multitude, calling out at the same time, the amount contributed by each donor.

The object of calling out the names and amount contributed, was not for the purpose of avoiding any clerical errors in auditing the proceeds afterwards, as one might think at first sight, but to stimulate the spirit of the givers to active competition. The consequence of this Master-touch was that the plate had to be often unloaded and replaced in Tom's hand, a feat which was actively accomplished by his nephew.

It is noteworthy to relate that during this process both plaudits and prayers punctuated the announcement of each increase in the offering, until it became known that big Ned McCarthy's daughter was the heaviest contributor by a large margin. At that moment, were a stranger present, he would think bedlam was loose with cheers for "big Ned," and good wishes for his daughter Minnie's early marriage.

CHAPTER X

AN ARTIFICIAL ACCIDENT

THE principal object of the benefit party being attained, evidently much to the satisfaction of its promoter, the remaining features of the programme were to be worked out by the staying powers of the assemblage both in dancing and singing, the latter diversion being occasionally indulged in with more or less vocal ability. The revivifying trays meanwhile journeyed fast hither and thither, laden with such good things as before mentioned, spreading pleasantries and good nature all around.

Nor was the flute-player forgotten on these perambulations. Fortunately for himself as he thought, he was yet an unmarried man, and as such was deemed a kind of prize for some fair enchantress to ensnare, consequently, perforce he had sometimes to share their tea and other good things with the near-by girls—a favour he was never so ungallant as to refuse, for of all his virtues Windy Mickey was very strong on chivalry.

On one occasion worthy of mention while a very long song was being sung, the flute-player was invited into an adjoining room where he was hailed with welcome by two rosy-cheeked girls, seated at each side of a table.

"Mickey," said one of the twain, "wouldn't you like a cup of good strong tay?"

challenge to Professor O'Hagan, who replied, "Yerra Tom, if you mane me, I did not come here to dance agin any wan for money, but I'll dance for honour an' to plaize the boys an girls."

These two remarks denoted to their friends that an unfriendly feeling was developing between those eminent men, and that its climax might be one which would call for their assistance either of two ways, Peace or War.

O'Herlihy, seeing himself fairly well supported by his allies, again contended, "See here Terry, you can earn money now as well as honour, an' 'tis money in your pocket if you can bate the Clare boy, (meaning himself). Of coorse you'd think more of my challenge if I was a descendant of wan of the ould northern chieftains, or kings, but no, I'm only an honesht fair dancer from Fanny O'Day's cross in County Clare, an' doesn't care that much for any man," and O'Herlihy snapped his fingers derisively, as he said so.

During this tirade of inuendos, O'Hagan stood viewing his opponent across the table with a defiant eye, and who was always well known to resent any slighting remark relative to his noteworthy predecessors at once retorted, "Yerra who do you mane to insult, Herlihy?" If Professor O'Hagan replied no further, and confined his words to the omission of the Celtic prefix O to O'Herlihy's name, it would be a sufficient derogation, but he continued, "or do you think there is no pride of race in me, who even in dancing is every way your superior?"

At this juncture Tom Hartnett thought it well to interfere in this wordy and very probable physical

war, by saying, "I beg pardon Professors for interfering, for I think two clever men like ye ought be an example for coolness to the boys and girls around ye, and between the two of ye, there should be no hard feeling. 'Tis a pity to see two great men like ye to forget themselves in such a place as this, and behave as if they knew nothing. Now Professors, keep cool and Mickey Gogarty will give us the 'Blackbird' again for the credit of the County Clare."

This well-timed and impromptu speech on the part of Tom, "the pope" had the desired effect. Even the crest-fallen flute-player felt electrified by the peace which it produced; and, as he poured out again from his magic instrument the entrancing notes of that rich Irish tune, accompanied by the time-beating tap tap of his right foot, it was evident he had recovered from his unfortunate clash with the charming conspirators of an hour previous.

With the sound of the first bar of the melodious air, O'Herlihy jumped on the table. There was defiance in every line of his clean-cut features, and as he moved around, slowly at first, one could see with what entire command he too controlled his movements even when animation and the intricacy of good dancing demanded action.

The music, the dancing, and the consequent excitement seemed to render the scene a never-to-be-forgotten one by the beholder, but, like all the affairs of humanity, sometimes occurs to let man see how little he can control them. This fact was proved when some unlucky foot was placed on that of the flute-player's, which caused a cessation of the music, and the utter

demoralization of the dancer. With a bound and a burst of profanity, Mickey Gogarty rose to his feet and dealt such a blow of his flute on the head of the unfortunate interrupter, that the magical instrument was shattered to pieces, which told heavily on the spirits of the excited multitude.

CHAPTER XI

TWO LETTERS FROM AMERICA

How slowly time rolls on when every tick of the clock, every beat of one's heart, every return of the day is calculated. Whether one is immured between prison walls or living amidst luxury in a palace, if the mind is concentrated on some expectant thought, time indeed rolls on its cycles with leaden wheels.

For young Mrs. McMahon, the days and nights rolled thus for about three weeks, each week but intensifying her anxiety to hear from her husband. Her mental calculations which were so alert in figuring how best to save him from the consequences of any rash action, were evidently astray, for he being 3,000 miles away and face to face with new difficulties and dangers, made to her mind the new situation as intolerable as the old.

Another cause for anxiety to herself and those interested in her, was, that evidently her health was declining. The hectic blush on her pallid cheeks that occasionally came and went, could tell an observer that a hidden foe was surely sapping away her vital-

ity, so that the variety of those awful combinations it was thought, might well break down a sturdier constitution than hers, which was never rugged.

It was scarcely otherwise with young Kathleen, as she trudged daily for the previous week to the Post Office at Ballytemple, for any "commands for Mrs. David McMahon of Gourbawn." Sadly would she return empty-handed, but with words of hope for her mother, and a promise that "she'd try again next day and next day until the postman should bring a letter from her father."

There is a limit to disappointment as well as to human endurance, and for Kathleen McMahon at last her endurance was compensated by the arrival of the welcome missive. With the fleetness of all her powers she rushed homewards, and for a moment as Mrs. McMahon surveyed the unopened envelope the horror of the past was forgotten. The moment of oblivion was only to be brief, for the contents of the letter though brief, too, was full of weighty foreboding and ran as follows:

New York,
Dec. 25th, 1862.

My dear Wife and Children, loving Mother and Brother:

I now sit down and take my pen in hand to write to ye, hoping this letter will find ye well as it leaves me at present, thanks be to God for his mercies to us all. Ye will all be glad to know I arrived here safely, but was very sea-sick for a few days, as was nearly every one on board the ship. Of course, I was lonesome, and more so when I used think of your delicate health, dear Ellen, and the shrieks of my

poor little children, when the battering-ram broke down my door. I am sorry to have to tell you all my friends here whose addresses I had are gone to the war, even our neighbour Maurice Donoughue from the bog road, is gone with the 69th, an Irish regiment, but I hope in God I will get something to do, besides going too, for I am willing to work so that I would be able to send ye some help.

With best love to ye all, I remain your loving husband,

DAVID MCMAHON.

P. S.—I will write again in a few days. Excuse this short note.

It was a pleasure at least to the recipients of that letter, to know that its writer had arrived safely in New York and was in good health, but, as they had not the slightest conception of what a large city is like when labour is stagnant, they could know practically nothing of the difficulties surrounding one who had only labour to sell. They hoped on though for a more encouraging letter soon.

Two weeks of this painful stress had been lived through when Kathleen's persistence was rewarded by another letter from her father. The envelope that enclosed it looked quite unlike the previous one, and to the calculation of the child was surely of more importance.

It proved to be so, for on being opened by the nervous hands of her mother it was found to be dated from Fortress Monroe, Virginia, United States of America, and ran as follows:

My dear Wife and Children, dear Mother and Brother:

I know ye will be surprised when ye see where I am writing this letter from, and I know ye will be wondering how I came to be here. Now let me tell ye. I could find not a stroke of work in New York, as every place of employment was closed. In my walking about near Castle Garden, I met a man who said he knew me in Ballytemple, and he seemed to take a great interest in me. After conversing a little he invited me into a saloon to have a drink, where, after I taking a glass of beer I fell asleep, and when I woke I found myself surrounded by soldiers, to whom my new acquaintance told I enlisted. Of course I was powerless, but was informed if I protested to the British Consul he could save me. I would not, even if it saved me, have any of the help of the Power that stood behind Pakenham's back the day he evicted me, so I decided on going quietly with the soldiers, who took me with many others to Governor's Island, and from there a whole ship-load of us have been sent here, where we are drilled every day, and every day whole batches are sent to the war, which is mostly in this State.

My dear ones, there is one consolation in the whole misfortune. The American Government is giving a large bounty to any man who enlists, which, of course, I will get, and will be sent on to ye as soon as my name is reached by the Paymaster of the War Department.

Now, my dear wife, don't you be fretting about me. Every one here expects the war will be over soon; and with you having so much money, yourself and the children can come out here to me, where I trust in God we will all be happy yet. Remember me to the neighbours, especially Tom Hartnett, and believe me, Your loving husband, son and brother,

DAVID MCMAHON.

Ellen McMahon, after reading her husband's letter, stood silent for a while as if musing, but the telltale blush on her cheeks fast came and went. Soon she trembled, and would have fallen, had not her brother-in-law timely caught her and assisted her to a seat. It was only a slight weakness from which she soon revived, but as she did so she emotionally exclaimed, "My lost husband, my lost husband," and so repeated the words over and over that hysteria nearly supervened. "Pat, help me to bed," at length the mentally and physically suffering woman exclaimed, and Pat McMahon and his old grey-haired sobbing mother assisted their exhausted relative to her bed in a remote corner of the cabin, while her astonished and crying children shrieked, "Mamma, don't die, mamma, don't die."

Kathleen, who was fast developing a leaning towards a little woman's sagacity and nerve, on being instructed by her Uncle to run across the fields to Ballytemple for the Priest and Doctor, at once rushed away and in a short space of time returned, followed by Father O'Mahony and Doctor O'Leary.

It was indeed a visit that caused the deepest pain to those Healers of the ills of soul and body, for their present patient and her cruelly altered circumstances were the principal topics of conversation among all classes of the community for miles around Ballytemple.

Doctor O'Leary, from his long experience, diagnosed at once that "Mrs. McMahon being naturally delicate, and the cause of her present prostration coming from a sudden shock, there not being sufficient

recuperative power in her nervous system to restore the normal balance of the heart's action, he feared a fatal result."

This opinion of the medical man was judiciously communicated to Father O'Mahony, his principal object in doing so was, that it might be conveyed to the sobbing watchers by the weak woman's bedside by that vehicle of spiritual relief which above all else can reach the Irish peasant's heart, and bend it to the acquiescence of "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

In touching the delicate and affecting subject, Father O'Mahony observed in passing "Pat wouldn't you have your sister-in-law be taken to the hospital where she would get the care and nourishment she requires now—two requisites sick people want most, and" continued he, "I will send her there in my carriage."

"Your reverence," promptly answered Pat, "if I am the one to answer that, I would say no, for I was foolish enough in the bad times to send my poor wife and child there whin they were sick, and the result was they were soon handed out to me at the deadhouse door."

"That's no reason Pat, why you wouldn't allow your sister-in-law now to go there. Perhaps your wife and child could not be cured," and Father O'Mahony, in his remonstrance, did so in the most feeling manner.

"Ah! Father, I believe if I kept them at home they'd be alive today, an' I'd not be the poor man that I am, and if you would like Father, I could tell your-

self an' the doctor some more of the reasons I hate the workhouse hospital, but I should go back a long way in my memory, for I was a young man then an' had heart an' courage what I haven't today."

"Yes Pat, I would like to hear you," responded Doctor O'Leary, who was always eager to hear as much as possible, of the history of his country from the lips of a living participator, adding, "I am sure Father O'Mahony is just as anxious."

CHAPTER XII

THE FAMINE'S AFTERMATH

THERE would be a seeming impropriety in the action of these good men, if they at once acquiesced with Pat McMahon's suggestion. Consequently, Doctor O'Leary tip-toed across the earthen floor of the cabin to the bed on which his patient lay, and harkening noiselessly to her breathing, assumed she was in a natural sleep.

This report and the otherwise gratifying assurance of the doctor, that he was just certain "the climax was passed" made such a hopeful impression on Ballytemple's Parish Priest's mind, that the gravity of the situation was soon forgotten. With a feeling free from any suspicion of fatality, he drew his chair a little closer to the three-legged stool on which Pat McMahon sat, and interposed with the request, that "this review of the past would take in his own personal experiences as an agricultural labourer, for the Priest

feelingly added, "it's a wonder how they survived the rigours of the famine at all."

Doctor O'Leary, who also drew closer, was equally as emphatic, and Pat McMahon being thus pressed, had not the incivility to refuse; and, never since the gloomy period he was requested to tell of, had Pat for listeners to his melancholy story a more attentive audience.

"Well Father and Doctor O'Leary," said Pat, with a noticable huskiness in his voice, "what I am going to relate ye know very little of, only what ye read about in the papers. Of course ye have read all about the Famine, an' what happened me then, happened to thousands besides. Ye might have heard from any of my neighbours, that I was not always a poor labouring man. My father—God rest his sowl—held this house an' fourteen acres of land, which was better then than 'tis now, an' so was the house. Where we are sitting now was once our kitchen, but we had a room down there an one down there," and Pat McMahon, as he said so, pointed his hand towards either end of the old kitchen.

"In '45 I got this place from my father whin I married, and it was that very year the potatoes first blackened. Of course, ye have heard how many a comfortable farmer was forced to give up his place then, an' some were not forced at all, for they left them altogether, because they could not pay the taxes on them, not to speak of the rint at all; and at that time, poor men, women and children were dying of hunger, all because there was no employment, and none able to pay. The worst of it all was the land-

lords demanded the same old rint without any abatement, except here an' there; and of course, if that rint wasn't paid, the poor tinant was put out and into the poor-house he should go, or else to emigrate.

"Now Father," said Pat appealingly, "what else could there be in Ireland but starvation, when everything else that was produced on the farm wint to pay the rint, an the poor rates, except the potatoes, and when they blackened, how on earth could people live? No, Father, the people didn't live, they died, they perished by the ditches, they perished by the roadside, even they perished by the thousand on the emigrant ships that took them away from a land which if properly governed there need be no famine."

Pat McMahon evidently could be easily excited over his recollection of events of nearly a decade of years previous, but the restraining influence of his audience and his surroundings otherwise, forbade any undue outburst of feeling. Consequently, by a great effort he calmly said, "I could not hold out either against such a state of things. I was evicted by Pakenham, but was left the house an' a quarter of an acre of land, the rest of course was taken by my cousin, Nick Connerty —a brother of Tom's, over near Davey's place in Gourbawn.

"The times got very bad entirely in '47, even I could not hold the quarter of an acre then, and get outdoor relief, and to make matters worse, my poor wife, the Lord have mercy on her soul," and as Pat McMahon breathed the short ejaculation, he devoutly made the sign of the Cross on his forehead, while his

hearers as devoutly responded "Amen." "She got sick, and of course, I was told the only place for her to go to was the hospital, an' that they'd take in the child there too with her. We had only the one, and she was jesht like her mother. Ah! Father O'Mahony, that was the wretched day for me whin I consinted, for, whin they were gone from me, I felt myself all alone in the world.

"To picthur to ye my feelings then I couldn't now, I felt so lonesome, especially whin I'd try to cook the Indian meal we used to get in relief for work done on the public roads, so I wint into the workhouse too that I could be near thim."

At this juncture, Doctor O'Leary, as he turned towards where Father O'Mahony sat, remarked, "This is indeed a life-like pourtrayal of the graduation evolving the pauper,—evict the farmer and you make him the agricultural labourer, before whom there is no barrier on the road to the poorhouse, in time of the slightest depression of employment. To my mind, Father, the ruin which these causes have produced, is the result of artifice more than nature."

"I quite agree with you Doctor," frankly admitted Ballytemple's Parish Priest, "and none knows these facts better than those who heard the last words of the victims of the pitiless laws that designed their result. But, as sure as God is above, a time will come when the position of the agricultural labourer and farmer must be reversed. Go on again Pat please. Your story is Irish history."

"Where was that I stopped, Father?" enquired he,

as he seemed to forget the continuous trend of his experiences.

"You were telling us how you went into the poorhouse, Pat, so that you could be near your sick wife," replied the Priest, with a shade of sympathy in the tone of his reminder.

"Oh, yes, Father. Sure I oughtn't forget it," ejaculated the broken-down story teller, who continued, "I wint into the 'house' and gave up my quarter acre of ground to Nick Connerty—my cousin—as he promised me he'd give it back whin I'd come out, but sure he never did. Oh God! What I saw inside there I can never forget. I saw every ward in the House full of the hunger-stricken people, whose very breath should be contagious, an' sure enough it was, for the fever broke out there, and swept them away by the hundreds, and could not be buried fast enough. They died so quick in the hospital that some were buried without shroud or coffin. At last, I got so sick of what I saw, that I came out, even if I died outside; an' I was soon followed by my poor wife and child through the deadhouse door of the hospital, all in one coffin.

"My brother Davey, God be with him tonight wherever he is, and myself, and a few of the neighbours, buried thim over in Ballytemple churchyard, and 'tis many's the curse God forgive me I gave the poorhouse hospital since, and Father, here I am tonight, a poor labouring man, without anything between me and that same workhouse again only my day's work."

Father O'Mahony did not immediately reply, so seemingly absorbed was he in the thoughts which Pat McMahon's experiences inspired, and when he did, it

was with a kind of shudder, as he said, "Your story Pat is indeed a sad and a painful one, and worse still, 'tis the story of Ireland through the Famine years. That there is nothing to prevent a recurrence of such scenes only the hand of God, is sufficient to give rise to serious thoughts in men's minds which might be unpleasant to the Powers that govern us."

"Yes, Father," warmly observed the Doctor, "the present situation, as long as it is so, will be a fruitful source of peril to the peace of Ireland. It was a singular fact that famine should come on a land where corn, cattle, and all cereals were so abundant, but they had to be sold to pay the landlords their rackrents, who cared nothing whether the people lived or died on the one product of the land that failed—the potato.

"This situation Father is the artificial result of the dual ownership of the land, without one friendly tie between the partners; and, while that dual ownership lasts, Famine and its scenes of horror can be created to order."

"That's true for you Doctor, and every farmer in the country knows it too, and signs on"—a colloquial expression—"we never heard of a landlord dying of hunger."

This new feature which Pat McMahon gave to the grim subject, made his listeners smile at its oddness, and in the distraction it was observed that the children were lying around on the earthen floor fast asleep, while their mother still seemed wrapped in fitful slumber which Doctor O'Leary many times took note of, during the discourse just narrated.

Some brief instructions in sympathetic and feeling

language being given to Pat, the two physicians of soul and body took their departure and wended their way across the fields towards Ballytemple, conversing meanwhile.

Just as they were emerging to the highway by way of a stile, Doctor O'Leary said in reply to Father O'Mahony's blunt question, "No Father, poor Mrs. McMahon will not be long your penitent. You can go tomorrow morning early to complete all your earthly ministrations. After that, I will not vouch for her life "

"My God doctor is it so? Well, well," sobbed the Priest, "I do not know whom most to pity, the orphans, the poor woman will leave after her, or her brother-in-law in his miserable surroundings."

"Ah, Father," replied the Doctor, with animation, "Pat McMahon's lot is no exception to the lot of labouring men in general. The rate-paying community pays on their bill of rates without ever touching the fringe of the poverty they hope to check. The likes of Pat McMahon should not be allowed to slide into the abyss of the poorhouse, and that could be prevented, by some public body like the Poor-law Guardians getting the power to acquire ground on which to build decent homes for them, with a garden attached. These sanitary homes would give new life and spirit to these men; and, besides eventually bringing about a reduction of the rates, would enable their occupants to come forth vigorous men and vigorous women to make sale of a good commodity, their labour. I have given this question some thought Father, for I have been far and wide over the world, and have

seen the poor drifting more and more into poverty without any check to their downward course; and, I thought if I ever returned to my native land, I would try to impress these ideas of mine on my countrymen."

"God's blessing on your efforts Doctor, if you try. You will surely succeed, for it is clear to any one who'd consider the question that these poor men are unable to give good labour coming out of unhealthful homes," and as Father O'Mahony so felicitously expressed himself, both he and the Doctor had reached the porch of the priest's residence. There was then a warmhearted good night," bidden as the latter entered, and "good night" seemed to echo from the bending, darkening heavens above them.

CHAPTER XIII

A CONVERSATION

"Good morning, Tom," was the kindly salutation Tom Hartnett received from his neighbour Mrs. Moore, as they accidentally met on their homeward journey from Pat McMahon's abode, where they, with many more of the country-folk spent the night previous.

"Good morning kindly, Mrs. Moore," replied Tom, in a voice somewhat husky.

"I suppose, like myself, you are tired and sleepy?"

"No, indeed I am not ma'am, but I am more sorry

than anything else, for the poor woman we were waking."

"Yerra, Tom, wasn't it short she held afther all the visits of the Priest and Docthor?"

"Death is no respecter of persons Mrs. Moore. When that visitor calls he must be obeyed; and, poor Mrs. McMahon had to obey and leave her young family."

"O glory be to God, Tom," again observed Mrs. Moore, "if it wasn't the awful sthroke of bad luck that kem across Davey McMahon and his family. Himself away this blessed an holy mornin in the American Army, an his broken-hearted wife dead in his brother's cabin. What is the world comin to at all, at all?"

"True for you Mrs. Moore. It is a terrible ending for harmless people, but that is not all. Didn't you hear about the letter?"

"Yerra no, Tom. What letter?"

"The registered letter that is at the Post Office in Ballytemple. It is to Mrs. David McMahon and from the American War Department. The post-master says he is sure it contains money, but he cannot give it as Mrs. McMahon is dead and cannot sign the receipt."

"Yerra, for God's sake Tom, are you tellin' me the truth? Oh, Glory be to God, an' isn't it the wondher I never heard a word about that all night at the wake? Well, well, an' if it isn't the quare world afther all to have that poor woman die just as plinty was comin' in the door to her."

"You may say plenty Mrs. Moore," observed Tom, who was then mentally reducing American dollars to

British currency. "There is about 114 pounds in that letter that now must be returned to the American War Department again, and 'tis God knows where Davey will be found, dead or alive."

"Yerra, mustn't he be the quaresht post-master in the world entirely, 'tirely, that wouldn't give the poor orphans what belongs to their mother. Supposin' she's dead itself."

"That would not do for the post-master, Mrs. Moore. He must have the signature of the living person before he gives up the letter, otherwise he must return it marked 'not found'."

This brief explanation did not meet with Mrs. Moore's approval, for she replied as vehemently as before, "Begor that is the quaresht law I ever saw, to say a letther comes to me an' I'm dead, an' my childer can't get it without I signin a resate for it. Yerra couldn't they sign for it?"

"No, Mrs. Moore; they could not. It would be illegal," and Tom "the pope" should smile at the very poor knowledge his fellow-sympathizer had of a post-master's duties.

With Mrs. Moore's nervous temperament being somewhat calmed, a change in her conversation was the result, which led to some of the incidents of the wake, one of which, she said, attracted most attention. It was the behaviour of young Tom Connerty towards Kathleen McMahon.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with indignation; "if I had any claim to do it, I'd put that young scapegrace out. To see the fella' follyin' the poor cryin' child about the house and callin' her cousin it made my blood

nearly bile, an that every wan knows his father had grabbed Kathleen's home in Gourbawn."

Truly, Mrs. Moore, as she expressed herself thus, looked the picture of indignation, and as she shook her finger when she said, "that fella' will go bad," she appeared a veritable seer with the grey of the morning intensifying the pallor of her then stern features.

"It would be right, Mrs. Moore, to put him out but Pat did not like to make a scene by doing it, and as for Kathleen, she'll be well taken care of, believe me."

"Yerra how, Tom?" and all Mrs. Moore's dramatic attitudes vanished as Tom Hartnett informed her, that Kathleen was to be taken into Father O'Mahony's house to live, and that Johnny was going with Doctor O'Leary.

"Oh! wisha Glory be to God today, an Tom Hartnett are you tellin' me the truth?"

"Indeed I am; every word of it, Mrs. Moore."

"An' what in the world will become of the rest of the craythurs with poor Pat an' the ould woman?" and Mrs. Moore exhibited all the news-acquiring tendencies of her sex as she enquired thus.

"It will be hard, I admit," replied Tom, "the pope," philosophically, "but I know every labouring man in Gourbawn is willing to help him. Already we have arranged to go next Sunday morning, to prepare some ground for potatoes. Big Ned has given us the land. Besides anything else we can do, be sure the orphaned children of Davey McMahon will not be hungry."

To the casual observer, it would seem from these calculations, that an aggregation of nothing can arith-

metically produce something; or, that by adding the superfluous nothingness of one labouring man's wealth to that of another, the product would relieve Pat McMahon's burden.

But such were not gallant Tom, "the pope's" calculations. Full well he knew the vast depth of the human feeling that animated his hardy associates in toil, and well he knew, when Pity's finger touched those feelings, the hidden streams of reserved energy would burst forth and produce an abundance for the necessities of want.

Filled with such hopeful calculations, Tom Hartnett stood that morning on the roadway where his homeward route and that of Mrs. Moore's diverged, a veritable Moses, striking the rock of sacred history. At least he appeared as such to her mind, so that she declared, "Wisha, glory be to God, Tom Hartnett, an' I think He has a bed in Heaven for you, for 'tis God alone knows the pain of the cry of the orphan; an' any wan who helps Him to relieve that pain it will not be forgotten at the hour of his death."

Just as Mrs. Moore had finished this characteristic euloguim, the lights and shades of approaching day were becoming evident in the eastern sky. Already the candle-lights were beginning to dwindle in the abodes of the rural population around Gourbawn, and from many a homestead the turf-fire smoke could be seen issuing from their strong stone chimneys, for the imperative call of Labour demands, especially in the early spring-time immediate attention.

These facts were not lost on the attention of Tom's companion, who, on looking around, observed, "Yerra

Tom, God knows sure 'tis near day. You'll be lost for the want of a shleep. I suppose you'll be at the funeral?"

"You may be certain Mrs. Moore that I'll be there, and so will a lot of the labouring men and farmer's sons who are to carry the coffin."

"Yerra Tom, all the way?"

"Yes, to be sure, all the way of the five miles between Gourbawn and the burial ground."

"Well, Tom, I am almosht ashamed of myself to be keepin' you talkin' when you want to shleep an' resht yourself," and Mrs. Moore hurriedly bade him, "good morning," adding in her native Irish tongue, a rich blessing on his endeavours.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FLESH-BROKER

Except those two letters embodied in one of the preceding chapters of this story, there was no reliable account of Davey McMahon's wandering since he parted from his unfortunate family the night after his eviction, up to the time of his wife's death.

There were vague rumours that he got employment from a very rich man, living in the suburbs of New York City, and that his duties were so light, and his prospects were so hopeful, it was calculated he'd soon be able to buy out Gourbawn altogether from Mr. Pakenham if he were selling it.

This report, and many more of a like fabulous nature, went the rounds of the credulous community of the neighbourhood, but from positive information according to his own letter, Davey McMahon was a very much disappointed man a few days after his entry into New York City by Castle Garden.

Of course, he went to the various addresses of his personal friends, some of whom had removed and where to was not known. Others were gone to the war, and in many cases all the male adults of the family were there, so with such a state of affairs before him, one need not be surprised that Davey would be disappointed. In short he did not meet one he knew during the few days that passed since his arrival.

Beginning to realize that he must shift for himself, he wandered down-town one day towards the Battery, which place he was informed was a regular market for country farmers to employ newly-arrived immigrants. Judge of his surprise as he leisurely strolled about the Park, when he was accosted by a smart-looking and a glib-spoken young man with, "Hallo, Davey." Davey McMahon looked bewildered, not recognizing the speaker. "Don't remember me, hey? Well, I be gosh blamed if that is not funny. Davey McMahon, my old schoolmate does not know Jem Freehan, who made mud pies with him in Ballytemple when we were boys," and the man spoke with a rich Munster brogue, savoured here and there with American slang and accent.

"No," said Davey, as he struggled hard through his past to remember any one who might, through the years, develop into the apparently friendly speaker

who thus accosted him. "I do not remember you, young man. So you have the benefit of a better memory than I have."

With the brusqueness of the Celtic temperament, the stranger broke forth into a few reminders of their early boyhood, both in Gourbawn and Ballytemple, which in a measure, convinced him that the strange and voluble man who was seeking to renew old friendship, must be one of his young life's acquaintances; and with a feeling of regret apologized for his forgetfulness.

This apology, which was with equal brusqueness accepted, only led to closer familiarity during which the stranger, who said his name was Freehan, learned all the facts of Davey McMahon's later life and his consequent coming to America.

With apparent genuineness the sympathy of Mr. James Freehan went out in response to the recital of the hapless Irishman's experiences, particularly so was this manifest, when with a peculiar vehemence of expression and gesture, the details of the battering-ram's fell work was recounted, coupled with the shrieks of the imprisoned children in the doomed abode, that the pent-up feelings of the Americanized Irishman found expression.

"What were you and your neighbours then doing Davey?" was his first pointed question.

"Don't you know, we in Ireland cannot resist any outrage. We can have no arms, and when vast numbers of armed men are sent to overpower us, what can we do?"

"Davey McMahon, I'm ashamed of Irishmen like

you to submit to such outrages. Couldn't you do something yourself?"

"I understand what you mean Mr. Freehan, I could and I would, but I had to promise my poor sick wife that I'd do nothing to make our position worse, and to make sure of that I had to come away to this country to satisfy her."

"My God," broke forth Mr. James Freehan, after this explanatory reply, "what a pity a few men like me are not over there, but we will yet Davey, and in thousands, as soon as this war is over," and as the speaker said so he appeared very much excited.

"Wisha, the hand of God be with ye on that day," was Davey's simple and earnest response.

While the foregoing conversation had wrapped these belligerent Irishmen in forgetfulness of their surroundings, they paid little attention to the cold wintry blast that blew up from New York harbour through Battery Park, until their very words were half chattered through their chilled organs of speech.

Of course, Davey McMahon, greenhorn that he was (as all new arrivals are termed), knew no better than to endure the strain, but his companion, with a seeming knowledge of lower New York's haunts where the circulation of the blood could be readily adjusted, at once suggested the advisability of seeking such shelter. The idea was no sooner mooted than acted upon, and forth the two half-frozen acquaintances from near Ballytemple in Ireland, bent their steps towards an old rickety-looking saloon in Washington Street hard by, which was much patronized then by soldiers from Governor's Island.

There among the genial frequenters of the barroom, the winter's biting blast was quickly forgotten by both Davey McMahon and Mr. James Freehan, and not until each had partaken of a strong hot-whiskey did anything like full animal life fill their bosoms.

Of course, they were talkative. Who is not so when mind is fettered not by matter? And to make each social feeling more social still, Davey's new acquaintance sought again the pleasing bartender and presumably gave him instructions towards replenishing their empty glasses.

After a considerable delay and some extra mixing the pleasing person before mentioned, placed two steaming hot whiskies again before them, this time being especially careful that the "Greenhorn" (as Davey was patronizingly termed), should be favoured with the most alluring of the two measures. It could be easily observed, Davey's companion was becoming guardedly silent; and, as if he had a new interest in Davey's pourtrayal of the then present state of "th' auld Dart," (as Ireland oftentimes is affectionately termed), he seemed a listener of unusual ability.

Evidently, the burden of continued volubility was falling on the speaker, for his language was fast becoming incoherent, especially when emphasizing his own sad story, and as he mumbled along almost unintelligibly, Davey McMahon surely was losing consciousness.

At this juncture, Mr. James Freehan, who watched with an alert eye every sign of weakening of his companion's mentality, rose from his seat, and with a commanding gesture, beckoned a near-by soldier to

him. A whispered conversation followed, during which it could be observed the soldier's bearing was one of deference, as if to a superior officer.

Though that conversation was only momentary, it had the effect of calling the other military loungers of the bar-room to immediate action, and as they were forming into line, Mr. James Freehan led Davey McMahon, thoroughly stupefied then, but capable of walking, out of doors, and never ceased their footsteps until they rested on board the Government brig plying between New York City and Governor's Island.

CHAPTER XV

ENTRAPPED

Governor's Island was at that time, and is yet, the property of the Federal Government of the United States. About half a mile of water separates it from the mainland, and consequently was a safe depot for the consignment of any refractory recruit who might regret enlisting in the Army, during the war of the Rebellion.

The National Government at that time, was much perplexed over the many defeats its Generals met with, endeavouring to capture Richmond, Virginia, the Capital and headquarters of those who would secede from the Union.

Army after army gained nothing but their graves between the Potomac river and that city, during the previous two years. Every means, both pacific and compulsory, were employed to fill the ranks of the

"Do you mean to say I have enlisted in the army of the United States Government?"

"That's what I mean," answered the soldier, "and I hold in my possession the proof of your enlistment from our agent, whom you thought was your countryman, James Freehan."

"You mean to tell me, Jem Freehan is not from Ballytemple in Ireland?"

"Surely, I tell you so, and furthermore, he never saw Ireland, nor is his name Jem Freehan."

"And how in Hell could he know all about Ballytemple and Gourbawn so?" and Davey McMahon, as he so enquired, seemed confused more and more, profanity being predominant.

"That is easily answered, Davey, and I might do so, now that you are one of ourselves," and the soldier seemed to feel sympathetic. With the confidence which that feeling inspired he continued, "The man whom you knew as Jem Freehan is our enlisting officer, who is the most successful and the largest 'flesh-broker,' as such is called, in the first Ward of New York.

"The knowledge he had about Ballytemple was derived by his assistants trailing you, and the leading which your profuse enthusiasm gave him. Of course, you believed him, and I expect the attachment between ye tempted you to enlist in our army."

"No, I did not enlist in your army," and as Davy warmly declared so, he impressed the declaration with a vehement oath, asserting also he could prove its truth before any competent tribunal.

"Very well Mac," jauntily replied the soldier, "I'll take you before our commanding officer and you may

be sure he will give you a patient hearing;" so saying, he with Davey McMahon surrounded by his soldier-bodyguard, at once disembarked from the Brig, and marched with quick pace towards one of the many handsome officer's-quarters which studded Governor's Island then.

There was no red-tape then about military officialdom, in fact militarism was the very breath of life North, South, East and West; and the soldier's uniform was but the insignia of man risen as a nation's saviour.

Valued thus, Davey's bodyguard with very little formality, save a brisk military "salute" to some passing superior, soon found themselves before the Colonel of the regiment then doing garrison duty in the Island.

That official looked suave and kindly to Davey, and in his momentarily-formed opinion, the unhappy man hoped his tangled affairs would soon be made right. The commandant of the Island looked indeed a kindly-featured man, as he spun around on his revolving office chair on the advent of his visitors. Twenty years of military toil in the army of the Federal Government, had not hardened the fine, generous lines of his expressive countenance, and as he said, "Well, boys, what's the matter now?" one could readily gather a paternal care for his subordinates, was one of the rules which guided him in his military life.

"Nothing much Colonel," replied the soldier who was in charge of the squad holding the Irishman in custody. "We have here a recruit, who declares he

did not enlist in the army, and here is his enlistment paper, signed by one of the New York agents," so saying, the soldier handed his superior officer a document, who, after a cursory glance, saw its import.

"You deny, McMahon, you enlisted?" and as the Colonel queried so, there savoured none of the martinet in his voice.

"Yes, your honor. I do," answered Davey, who could not forget his old-country style of address. "I did not come to America to enlist. I landed here from Ireland only a few days ago, and in my looking around for employment I met this man, who called himself James Freehan, who it now seems is a recruiting officer. He pretended to me to be from my native place, and seemed to know all about it, as well as I did myself. Of course, we had a few friendly drinks together, like Irishmen, and while we were drinking something came over me that made me lose my senses, and did not recover them until I found myself coming here on the boat. So if this impostor says I enlisted, it must be while I was unconscious."

During this simple and lucid narrative of his experience with Mr. James Freehan—his bogus fellow-countryman, Davey McMahon preserved an attitude of manly and respectful calmness. His more than six feet of muscular humanity towering high above his observers, and filling up a large space in their perspective, must have been an object of intense sympathy to the minds of the American soldiers around him, and who were already in possession of the story of his heartless eviction in Ireland, and his consequent emigration.

This feeling was in part reflected by the Colonel when he said, "I sympathize with you in a large measure McMahon, but as a sensible man you see how our hands are tied. The man who makes affidavit you enlisted is a recruiting officer of our Government, and when he sends a recruit to us we are not to question the circumstances of his enlistment, but if the recruit be a foreigner he can appeal to the Consul of his country for redress. You are I presume a British subject, Mr. McMahon."

As the officer uttered the words, "British subject," Davey broke forth in frenzied language. "Me a British subject? I deny it, your honour," (again committing himself to the old-country expression "Your honour"). "I owe no allegiance to Britain. British laws and British bayonets empowered my landlord to come with a battering-ram, and break down the door of my home in Ireland, and as far as laid in his power to exterminate both me and my family.

"Me a British subject? No, by Heavens! while my children's cries yet ring in my ears. Excuse me Colonel, if I forget what I owe your presence, but I cannot forget Gourbawn."

There was a momentary hush in that military office in Governor's Island, for it seemed to Davey's listeners, that they heard the whole of Ireland's history epitomized. Doubtless some among them were the descendants of victims like Davey himself.

When silence again was broken, the sympathetic Colonel, as he rubbed his gold-rimmed eyeglasses said, "I cannot disapprove of your course McMahon, for many here have your own feelings, and their own

Gourbawns to remember. But the best thing to do at present is to get over one difficulty before we embark in another. We have in these United States a difficulty which will soon be settled, and we want men to do it. The war will soon be over, and with your family in Ireland benefited by your bounty, you can, with a light mind, take up the duties of an American soldier and a citizen of a land where there is opportunity for all."

"I wish to God I could Colonel, for it is impossible for me to do such a thing with a light heart, with all my late recollections."

With a gravity quite unusual, the Army officer replied, "You must understand now McMahon, you are an American soldier when you will not seek the protection of the British Consul. Military duty will require your presence in Fortress Monroe in a few days, and if it is your desire I will be the medium through which your bounty will be sent from the war office to your wife in Ireland."

Seriously Davey McMahon listened to the Colonel's final declaration, and contrary to what one might expect from one in his situation, he pleaded no more, but confessed he would prefer "to die an American soldier, than seek the protection of the Government whose laws drove him from his home in Ireland."

CHAPTER XVI

AN UNLOOKED-FOR MOURNER

SLOWLY the candle-lights around the dead body of Mrs. Ellen McMahon were being extinguished by the all-night watchers, as the sun of another eventful day

was fast spreading his beams of light broadcast, from his apparent perch on the highest crest of the Galtee mountains. The vast number of people who attended the wake had fast diminished, and gone home, to take a short nap before work or otherwise; and the few who remained listlessly moped around as if to while away the interval between then and the funeral hour.

The morning, indeed, was an ideal one for the admiration of Nature's recuperative powers, if the weary loungers by the wayside were so disposed, for, surely, the mind must be truly torpid that could not be affected by the vast change, which a few days of temperate weather caused.

On the contrary, the attention of these rustics was rivetted on the far-away cries of one apparently in anger or distress. These cries were of an upbraiding character, and as they became distinct and evidently drawing nearer, the words were gathered by the listeners, "We haven't house or home wid 'em."

A faint smile passed across their features as they seemed to recognize who was thus agitated, and probably approaching along the highway, which led hitherward from Davey McMahon's former residence in Gourbawn.

"Isn't it airly he's on the road?" observed one.

"O yes," replied another, "cracked Henry is an airly riser, and I bet he was over at Davey's all night, but, sure the poor fellow couldn't get in there as usual, God help us. 'Pon my sowl, sure enough, there is Davey's dog with him."

At that moment there came into view in the distance, the figure of a man moving along with slow

peculiar characteristics. It interested them somewhat when a big labouring man remarked, "Henry is surely a great thravelleer. Yerra, he is as well known down through Tipperary as far as the Glen of Aherlow as he is here, an' he begs all the way an' back here agin. 'Tis quare though, whatever he gets during the day he leaves it to some poor family at night an' goes away in the morrun' avvin' out.

"We haven't house or home wid 'em.
We haven't a rag on our backs wid 'em.
We haven't a shoe to our feet wid 'em.
We haven't a pillow to lay our heads wid 'em."

[illegible] Henry has a reg[illegible] in maybe twice [illegible]

[illegible] the listen- [illegible] in [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

knew that the schoolmaster of the neighbourhood was amongst them, the subject of Poets and their handiwork would be avoided. As it was, a general hanging of heads was the result when he made his presence known, and particularly so, when he remonstrated thus, "Ye do not know who ye laugh at boys when ye laugh at Poets. It may be those ye heard of were not rich men, and ye may think it was their fault not to be rich. Let me tell you the world today has been more enriched because these men lived, than it would be by the accumulated wealth of ages."

At this moment, the schoolmaster was apparently exultant with his subject, which surely must have increased when he added with some fire, "Poets live, so to say, in a spirit world far above the materialistic one of pounds, shillings, and pence," "and praties" interjected a wag on the verge of the gathering.

"That remark comes badly from one who should be by nature a Poet. All of us Irishmen possess the divine gift of poetry, and ought remember how those from whom we are descended, excelled all others in the world in all its best attributes. Why, my dear fellow," and the schoolmaster pointed the aged-looking umbrella he held in his hand at his interrupter, "perhaps it was an ancestor of yours that was Bard to the High King of Ireland at Tara, the day Saint Patrick converted thim. If that was so, the Saint made a bad job of that Poet, judging by his present representative."

The grief that naturally brought the gathering together, was quickly dispelled by the immoderate roar of laughter that followed; and the disappearance of

the interrupter should be expected, when he pitted himself against the schoolmaster of the countryside, and a Poet of no mean ability among the students of the Irish hedge-school.

Meantime the advancing morning was fast bringing the sympathizers of the McMahon family to the funeral. Tom "pope" Hartnett was among the arrivals accompanied by a dozen stalwart young men like himself, and in quick succession Father O'Mahony and Doctor O'Leary, the two Connertys—Nick and Tom—accompanied by some members of their families, and many others on horse-back, or on sidecars.

It was very noticeable how affected the Connertys apparently were on their arrival, and the scene of lamenting they created afterwards seemed pitiable, which was stamped at its full value by the onlookers who were acquainted with the true situation. The every detail of their callous treachery was well known, and there were those who were more pained still, when the attitude of young Tom towards little Kathleen became noticeable on the occasion.

This budding scion of that famous or infamous family was then a mature boy or young man, of strong build and coarse manners, and was noted too among his everyday companions as of one to be avoided if possible, or tolerated if necessary.

Of course, Kathleen McMahon knew nothing of such characteristics, but with an instinctiveness all her own, she noted his attentions.

"Kathleen" suggested this promising youth "there is a vacant seat in our sidecar. Would you come with us?"

"No, thank you Tom," replied the demure little maiden. "I am going with Father O'Mahony."

"Maybe Johnny would sit with me so," persisted the disappointed Tom.

"Johnny won't go with you, either. The Doctor is taking him."

"Well, all right so Kathleen. Your cousin can't do more," and the discomfited young man hastily sought his parents, who were by this time recuperated from their simulated grief.

But a brief time elapsed after the arrival of the Priest and Doctor, when Tom Hartnett,—true to his business-like propensities, ordered his companions a goodly number to fall into processional line two deep.

Immediately the coffin containing the dead body of Mrs. McMahon was raised on the shoulders of the leading four of this unique burial-party, and the mournful procession commenced, every now and then, pausing to admit fresh bearers under the burden.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SABBATH BREAKERS

It was very early on the Sunday morning after the burial of Mrs. McMahon, in fact, the lark had not yet risen into the dim Heavens with his soulful song of welcome to the dawning day, when a group of men could be seen wending their way up along the winding road that led to the heather-clad summit of the mountain, sheltering the level fields of Gourbawn from the winds of inclement seasons.

They were an irregular body of men and armed too, but not with weapons of strife. The weapons they bore were spades and shovels, and any other instrument of agriculture deemed necessary for their purpose.

Evidently they were men of the agricultural class, and, evidently too, they were going to work though it was the Sabbath, when Ecclesiastical as well as the Civil law forbade any violation of its sanctity. Their movements were not accompanied by any noise, yet an undercurrent of conversation was indulged in which told of their presence, as they trudged along the uphill highway until they reached a sudden turn on the mountain side. There, with faces turned towards the eastern sky and clearly outlined against the background of the heathery hill, could be seen the determined features of Tom, "the pope," and his companions, in agricultural arms were those who were pall-bearers at Mrs. McMahon's funeral.

The rising sun was at the moment struggling through the haze of the distant horizon, but, meantime his rays had penetrated far above his position in the heavens, shedding a lurid glow throughout the dimness of the morning twilight, and tingling each inanimate object with peculiar weirdness.

The ebb and flow of the broad Shannon river, which, so to say, lay beneath Tom's feet, though some miles away, could be seen by him from the light and shade that danced on its ripples. In fact, nearly the whole of southern Ireland lay before him, with its hills and vast plains of pasture land and greenness and freshness just springing from the womb of nature.

Tom Hartnett (whose admiration for natural phenomena in some weird form or other was a kind of passion for him), was much interested in the scene. "Boys, God bless our own dear Ireland," he dramatically exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Is it any wonder that men have given their lives and liberties for its redemption? I say is it any wonder the poor emigrants leaving its shores, should shed their bitterest tears; and hoped they'd yet return to avenge their banishment? And we who are on our way this blessed and holy morning to do an act of charity for poor Pat McMahon, must not forget that Ireland expects something too from us."

"That's right, pope." "That's right Tom," ejaculated the more than a score of labourers who stood around him on that morning, each one, too. filled with the sublime weirdness of the situation.

Not for long did sentiment rivet these generous spirits in contemplation of the sublime in nature. A certain duty had to be performed before the sun had reached his zenith, and that self-imposed duty was to sow a sufficiency of potatoes, to insure food for the additional burden now placed on Pat McMahon's limited resources, so, with commendable zeal, they soon started on the laborious ascent again.

"Boys" broke forth from Tom again, in a subdued voice, "as we travel along this up-hill mountain road, let us all bear in mind that the forces that have made our journey this morning possible, have been formed by the enemies of our own people.

"The landlords, under whom we live, are given power by British laws to turn any tenant out of his

holding, if he is not obedient to him at Election time. Isn't that the truth, Brian," and the speaker turned towards the individual thus appealed to.

"That's the thruth for you, Tom Hartnett, this blessed an holy mornin," responded Brian O'Hara, in a voice that were it not curbed in keeping with the occasion, might very well fill the duty of a foghorn when extended to its full capacity, "an begor it isn't for displaisin' the landlord at the 'lection of a mimber o' Parliament alone he'd be evicted, but for a mimber o' the Board o' Guardians."

"I don't remimber the time we wor evicted," continued Brian, his voice raising with the intensity of his feelings, "but I know we wor poor ever since on a quarther of an acre of ground the landlord left us."

"Ah," observed an elderly marcher near Brian, "there was the trick the law gave the landlord. You see Brian, while ye held a quarther of an acre of land, ye were not entitled to relief from the Poor rates."

"I know that, Jem. You needn't tell me," and Brian O'Hara felt evidently hurt that his knowledge of the Irish Land Laws should be in the least questioned, "for signs wor on, when the bad times kem an' the praties blackened, we had to give up our quarther of ground so that we'd get the Indian mail from the relievin' officer."

"Begannys you have it, Brian," admitted neighbour Jem. "That's the way the labourers of today wor graduated. First, the law made the farmer landless, then he became a labourer; then, the law made the labourer who owned no land and paid no rates, a practical pauper; and, I musht say, a good dale in

the way of the ratepayers, too, so that, God help us, every hand is against us now; and, if something doesn't turn up soon in our favour, we musht all go into the workhouse as rale paupers."

This discussion of one of the fundamentals of good government between the followers of Tom Hartnett told him, besides the sentiment of charity swaying their motives, that they inherited a lively recollection of personal experience, which made them that morning volunteers of double value.

Though the question thus discussed in its embryo was vital to the interest of all those willing Sabbath-breakers, there was another of its many features engaging the attention of those in the rear of the procession, and was sprung by one son of toil, asking another, "Where will you sow your praties this year, Paddy?"

" 'Pon my sowl that's more nor I can tell you," replied he, who was addressed as Paddy. "Sure you can't get a sod o' ground to set your praties in for love or money around Gourbawn."

"Oh, bad luck to the bloody grabbers," warmly responded Paddy. "Sure I saw a time an' it would be aisy for a labourin' man to get plinty quarther ground here, until the Connertys kem an' gave the Pakenhams double the rint they wor getting, an' now they musht scourge themselves an' every wan else, to make the rint."

"Thrue for you, Paddy Gorman," broke in a third labourer. "Sure they say Tom Connerty will be gettin' possession of Davey McMahon's farum nexsht

Ladyday, (25th March), an' they are goin' to have a great faisht that night."

"Yerra who tould you?" questioned Paddy Gorman.

" 'Pon my soukins, I won't give you a shtory athout an' author, 'twas my wife tould me. She heard it from young Tom the lasht day she was saltin' the butther there."

"Poor Davey! Poor Davey!" fervently ejaculated Paddy Gorman, "wisha God be with you this blessed an' holy mornin', whether you are dead or alive in the American war; an' 'tis hard for aither Connerty or Pakenham have a day's luck for the way they thrated you."

"An' sure I heard Pakenham was comin' to the nexsht fox-hunt of the Club," observed another labourer in an undertone like all the previous speakers, except Brian O'Hara, who for very life could never modulate his voice to such an occasion, and, who, as he heard this piece of intelligence remarked aloud to Tom Hartnett, "Did you hear that, pope?"

"Hush, Brian," cautioned Tom, "don't talk so loud. What is it?"

"O, begor, nothin' less than Pakenham is comin' to the hunt. What do you think of it?"

"Think of it, Brian," replied Tom, and a dark shade swept across his tanned features, made darker still by the passing over the heather mountain-side of a greyish dark cloud, which as it passed along, shaded his features with its own transient limning and perhaps intensified too the spirit that evoked the ominous

expression in continuation of his reply to Brian O'Hara, "and we'll be there, too."

The party as they were then fast approaching their rendezvous, beheld a gently sloping vale well sheltered from the inclement winds blowing high above it, which to their minds, was an ideal place for the cultivation of the prolific potato.

On their arrival and without much ado, Tom Hartnett divided his Sabbath-breaking followers into two parties, appointing as their respective chiefs-in-action Brian O'Hara and Paddy Gorman, between whom he knew there existed a keen rivalry for the honour of being classified as first class labourers.

There was a strange feeling over the mountainside that morning, as its silence was broken by the ring of the steel implements of labour upturning the virgin sod, for the wild feathered tenants of the moorland as they rose circling in the air were apparently disturbed by the unusual clamour; even the frightened hare skipped nimbly far from its invaded domain. In fact, all animated nature seemed disturbed save the sweet songstress of morning—the skylark, as it rose clear up into the vault of space—pouring its music, blent with the echoing ring of charitable labour, into the very ear of Heaven.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHIPS OF OLD BLOCKS

THESE occurrences, pathetic in their character and tragic in their results, took place in a short space of time, only since Davey McMahon's eviction.

As was related in a preceeding chapter, Mr. Pakenham was not blessed with much peace of mind as the result of that rigorous proceeding. Quite true, he was fairly well prepared for any eventuality which might endanger his bodily safety, for, as he argued within himself, "with a shirt of mail any landlord is safe from the vengeance of the prowling would-be assassin."

With this confidence uppermost in his mind, that gentleman made it an especial duty to exhibit his utter fearlessness of the consequences, which his good wife and daughter dreaded. In this exhibition, his altered bearing was much in evidence, for, previous to Davey McMahon's eviction, his life was that of an impecunious country squire, suffering from the excesses of spendthrift ancestors, and whose sole pleasure was to figure occasionally at the local fox-hunt, clad in his aristocratic red hunting-coat, or sitting as one of the Grand Jury when the Assizes would be held in his native county.

In truth, Mr. Pakenham did not aspire much in the way of an aristocratic man then, but soon all was changed. His demeanour grew bold if not haughty. His bearing was military. His tread was a measured one, and to the casual observer surely such characteristics belonged to a soldier.

Not less conspicuous was the demeanour of his body-servant or valet—Bob. Though that individual could not display more than five feet high of humanity, he was painstaking in creating the impression that upwards of six feet of manly proportions stood in his boots, full of the attributes of an ancestral soldier who

found a grave in the distant swamps before New Orleans.

Such was no new conceit of Bob Hardy's to suit his master's new transformation, for, he was always known to be arbitrary and domineering to those of his fellow-servants who cared nothing for such family-pride, or who expressed contradiction as to the results of that battle between the English and American armies.

These peculiarities did not make this big little man forget that capital could be realized by their use, since Mr. Pakenham's secret weakness was known to him, nor did he fail to have it observed how useful he was both as a confidant and a valet, when danger or duty called him, with the result that both master and servant were at all times most confidential, since the induction of the former into the mailed shirt.

This newly-formed attachment was not questioned by the mistress of Pakenham Hall, or her daughter. On the contrary, they approved of the brusque and old-fashioned aristocrat becoming more democratic, and, particularly more so, when visiting distant portions of his woodland estate they knew he was accompanied by his faithful and sturdy valet.

For obvious reasons, Mr. Pakenham preferred to undertake these journeys afoot, during which his companion took care to make himself interesting. Bob's volubility on these occasions was continuous, and had a tendency to the uncanny and weird, especially when passing through some woodland scenery suggestive of such feelings.

On one occasion worthy of noting, they were near-

ing where an old untravelled road marked the boundary of the Pakenham estate, when a wailing cry caught their ear. It was twilight, just the hour when the country folk assert the inhabitants of the mystic world are abroad, some bent on mischief, and others romping in some harmless pastime.

Without questioning the veracity of such assertion, they were certain they heard the cry as if of one approaching and in pain. What could it be from? was simply but the question of a moment, expressed by the looks from one to the other. Listening still more intensely, they heard some expressions running rhythmically through the cry.

Not in the least daunted, these two descendants of the heroes of New Orleans, sheltered themselves behind the friendly roadside fence, and peered now and then for the oncoming thing whether human or spiritual. Soon their vigil was rewarded by the passing before their eyes on the old highway of a something like a human derelict, apparently a man. He was tall, but drooped. The clothing that covered him hung about him in rags; and his nether limbs were half uncovered and shoeless, which caused him to tread carefully over the rugged roadbed.

Taking this man-shaped being as he appeared to the watchers he looked unearthly—some mentally unbalanced creature roaming at large, moaning and muttering his rhythmic jargon to the terror of quiet and peaceful people.

That jargon while unintelligent at a distance and cadenced by the atmospheric currents, could, as the manlike creature passed along before them, be noted

distinctly and as expressed ran as follows, "We haven't house or home wid 'em. We haven't a rag on our bones wid 'em. We haven't a bit to ait wid 'em, nor a shoe to our feet wid 'em."

Such seemed to the watchers on the other side of the friendly fence to be the sum of this strange creature's continuous wailing as he passed along the old unfrequented highway, every now and then pausing to adjust a burdened bag he carried on his back; and, surely they must have been interested for even for once, their eyes did not cease to be fixed on him until he passed out of view.

Evidently neither Mr. Pakenham nor his valet had heard of such an individual as Cracked Henry, who has figured already in a preceding chapter. Perhaps if Mr. Pakenham in particular did, the appearance and language of the demented wanderer would not surprise him when he reached terra firma from his perch on the wayside fence, for he passionately exclaimed, "It serves him right. That mad fellow must have been one of those lazy farmers who lost his home, I expect from reading those damned Irish-American papers, or organizing Fenian revolution through the country. Damn him. I say again it serves him right."

On any occasion of a political nature, Mr. Pakenham usually gave full expression to his thoughts, and, as the Fenian Revolutionary Society was apparently assuming formidable proportions both in Ireland and America, it consequently alarmed the class to which he belonged until it was the usual theme of discussion at the table of every landlord.

Labouring under the apprehensions of the time, it

ham, half breathless, arrived. In military language, "forced marching" was the understood order between himself and his companion, when the noise of the carriage on the avenue diverted his thoughts from agrarian subjects, for he was expecting a visitor from the city relative to the great fox-hunt the County Club would hold in the immediate future, and hence his haste.

In truth, it must be noted, the bluff proprietor of Pakenham Hall was delighted also to meet Mr. Chapman again, and though prejudicially, he was opposed to the instincts that surely animated his visitor, yet he felt he could be agreeable, and his hearty greeting told the American that the descendant of General Edward Pakenham had no hard feelings.

Immediately, there started a running fire of compliments between the visitor and his entertainers, as to their apparently good health, and the hope of its continuance, that Miss Pakenham with a little show of pride and a large show of pleasure, assured Mr. Chapman that "Father really was growing more vigorous every day."

"Yes, Mr. Chapman, upon my honour it is a fact I do feel quite robust again," and as he exulted so he braced himself up to his full six feet of humanity without a twinge from the secret underwearable, "for let me tell you I take a good deal of open-air exercise, and the result can be nothing else than a good constitution."

"Quite true, Mr. Pakenham. We in the United States value out-door exercise very much. In fact it is one of our National assets."

"I believe so," replied Mr. Pakenham, with an ill-concealed chuckle, "at least our papers here have told us the Northern Army is making very capable use of their legs in Virginia."

This gratuitious fling at Mr. Chapman's national feelings surely must have stung him to the quick, but, before he could reply, Mrs. Pakenham diplomatically suggested, "Now gentlemen, I am sure both of you must have had enough of your manly exercise to-day, to require at this time a compensation."

This little impromptu speech from his hostess caused Mr. Chapman to remark, that "his time was very limited. That important business required his presence in Limerick City that night."

"No, no, Mr. Chapman. You must not leave us so soon. My dear lady is right, for I want something to eat and so must you. Now, not one word, Mr. Chapman. You must be hungry too. Just you allow Frances take your arm to the dining room, and I will lead our gracious hostess," and with the dignity of an old-time cavalier the mail-clothed owner of Pakenham Hall led the way.

For the moment it was difficult for the American to reconcile the contradictory peculiarities of this apparently old-fashioned Irish aristocrat, who in his prejudiced candidness, did not feel he was wounding his visitor's national pride, and immediately inviting that visitor to the arm of his only child. Truly the situation was perplexing and would be so to one less sensitive than America's own commissioner, but the approaching handsome young girl partially distracted his thoughts, until she gently drew her arm under his,

and, as if divining his thougths, observed in a low pleading voice, "Mr. Chapman, you must not take father too seriously. He admires you personally very much, but he is like the rest of the gentlemen over here, all are led by the newspapers."

"But my feelings, Miss Pakenham."

"Oh, father will not hurt your feelings, Mr. Chapman, when you remember I'll be responsible," and the sweet girl placed her hand in his, as she promised.

"Then I am perfectly satisfied, Miss Pakenham," with a meaning of intensity in the words as the speaker uttered them, and Mr. Chapman continued, "The bond is good. You must be careful that there will be no foreclosure."

Miss Pakenham had not time to reply without being overheard for they had just crossed the large hall and entered the dining room, but if looks had any secret meaning, her eyes as they met Mr. Chapman's were agreeable telltales.

"Ho, Mr. Chapman, what's the matter? I thought ye Yankees were very smart, but you are beaten this time by an Irishman," and the stern-looking aristocrat chuckled a suppressed laugh as he exulted so, meantime, being deeply immersed in the good things of the supper table.

"It was my fault, father," interposed his daughter. "I had to make myself a little more presentable, so do not blame Mr. Chapman."

"I'm not surprised so, but," and her father spoke reflectingly, "girls must be girls. Eh, Caroline. You were once a girl, but not like those now-a-days. Ye

girls had sense. Here Mr. Chapman make amends for being so slothful. Help yourself," and as the host said so, he moved a decanter of old wine towards the American, who politely acknowledged he "did not take strong drink."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Chapman. Very, very sorry. You ought be living here among us, and then you could enjoy life, instead of spending it where there is no society nor refinement."

The volubility of speech which Mr. Pakenham was fast developing, did not allow even a monosyllabic reply from his American visitor, until while the wine-decanter was being consulted and then Mr. Chapman said, "Allow me to inform you, sir, we in the United States have all the Literary Society we want in Boston and its vicinity; and, as for refinement and its social gatherings, New York can hold its own against the world."

"Pshaw, man," replied the American's aristocratic host deprecatingly. "Why, ye have nothing inside the four seas of your primitive country like what can be seen at our races or fox-hunts, and that reminds me Mr. Chapman of a great 'meet' of the County Club hunt we are to have soon. It would do you good, don't you know, to see that. You could see nothing like it in America. Could you absent yourself so long from Uncle Sam's service as to see it, and leave the block-ade-runners and Confederate privateers have a holi-day?"

The question thus bluntly put to Mr. Chapman, though having alluring features which he should ig-nore, yet it afforded a view of the mental qualities of

the man who proposed it; and, it may be said, the peculiar characteristics of Pakenham Hall's proprietor was not lost by the revelation in the intellectual grasp of "the primitive" country's representative.

Scarcely were the few polite words uttered by which Mr. Chapman indicated his inability to accept his host's invitation, when Bob Hardy entered the dining room on one of his many duties. His entrance being observed by his master, was sufficient to divert the latter's mind from the important subject of the "meet" of the Limerick County Club (the term "meet" being a popular abbreviation of the word meeting).

Bob was at once hailed by his master with the query, "Well, Hardy, have you recovered from your scare yet?"

"I was not scared, your honour. It would take more than a scare-crow to frighten me," and each began to laugh, which caused Mrs. Pakenham, who was a silent listener for the last half hour to enquire the source of such merriment, for the sake of her forebodings of the afternoon.

"I will inform you, my dear Caroline," and her husband entered into a minute detail of the incidents relative to the "scare-crow" or demented man, which attracted their attention during their wanderings on the outskirts of the demesne grounds. Meantime, during the recital, Bob Hardy would exhibit some paroxysm of protest when his master adroitly would place his courage in a false light, much to the amusement of Mr. Chapman and the ladies who listened with attention.

It was when Mr. Pakenham referred to the "un-

earthly" tone of the strange being's voice, as he drawled out, now in the distance, and again near,

"We haven't house or home wid 'em.
We haven't a rag on our bones wid 'em.
We haven't a bit to ait wid 'em.

"Nor a shoe to our feet wid 'em," that Caroline Pakenham seemed most interested, observing at the finish "poor fellow" "poor fellow," and like sympathetic phrases.

"I suppose, Caroline, in your broad charity or humanity, you can afford to pity such a being who evidently need not be without house or home if he paid his rent."

"Oh, Frederick, one need not be very charitable or humane in feeling for some wrecked remnant perhaps of the Famine times, when no question of rent arose, but that of preserving life. I presume, this poor man's brain was turned by suffering and imagination," and this kindly-expressed lady looked the part of one who would succour as well as plead.

"Why, Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Pakenham is developing Fenian tendencies very fast."

"No, Mr. Chapman, I am not," broke in Mrs. Pakenham, before the American could reply, "but I have had ample opportunities of intimately knowing these people, and from what I know I largely sympathize with them."

"Undoubtedly, she'll be arrested by the police as a Head-Centre," jocularly interrupted her husband.

"I imagine your police are unnecessarily vigilant now. I know they were much interested in me both

and for a moment he attributed it to some passing fancy—some airy trifle which would quickly evaporate with the passing hour.

By an accurate knowledge of the contortious windings of the streets of that ancient city, the Jarvey continued with unslackened speed, only to alter his course occasionally to avoid colliding with some home-going countryman, or some member of his own fraternity.

Such incidentals gave zest to the travelling life of America's representative, when the occasion required the aid of the Irish Jarvey, and hence it was with somewhat of regret he dismissed the present one at his hotel door, with a handsome bonus and an order for his services on the morrow, at a prescribed hour.

With pain, it must be admitted, the commission which Mr. Chapman held from his Government was utterly neglected on that night, as far as reducing to report-like shape, his discoveries of the day relative to any fresh arrivals in the port of Limerick of any blockade-runners.

Already he had notified his Government of the recent arrival of such nautical law-breakers, and of the rumour that a privateer belonging to the Southern Confederacy had lately visited the waters of the Shannon, and was actually provisioned from the stores of Limerick merchants. Such information was deemed so important by his authorities, that Mr. Chapman was urged to greater vigilance thereabouts.

Of course he considered the mental interruption of the moment as not serious, but as he sat at his desk to commence the preliminary of his official duties, the

recollection of that joyous and ingenuous girl's delicate hand laid in his that afternoon, assuring him of her father's good-will for his personality, coupled with the incident of the supper-table rendered him utterly unfit to write connectedly.

Uncle Sam's Commissioner did not struggle for long against this master-feeling. With the aid of a good cigar and a lengthwise stretch on a convenient sofa, he fully surrendered himself to the play of those emotions yet new to him, wondering much how they would culminate.

To make those feelings more unintelligable, that militia captain's presence on the mental map continually interrupted his reasoning.

He had never met Captain Martin nor heard of him, save only being informed by Mr. Pakenham that afternoon that he was to be his guest next day at dinner, an occasion to which himself was most cordially invited. Then, why this militia Captain's presence should be injected on the scene was a query he could not answer.

Labouring with such conflicting thoughts, he at length sought his bed-chamber and sleep soon levelled every mental obstruction, and when morning dawned, it found him full of unimpaired vigour, amply able to attend to those official duties that should be performed the night previous.

Pakenham Hall, by the noon hour of that day was on the tip-toe of unusual activity. It's master seemed to be everywhere through the out-of-door premises, giving orders to his gardener, his hostler and any other underling that was worthy of attention.

Especially his orders to the hostler were emphatic, for the horse he was to ride at the fox-hunt the ensuing week should be particularly attended to; and, besides, Captain Martin of the Militia was expected any moment who was the veriest crank relative to the treatment and care of such stock.

This and much more were in Mr. Pakenham's mind's eye as he strutted along with the military bearing so lately assumed.

Just about that hour, Mr. Chapman and his Jarvey of the day and night previous were making their way through the lanes and streets of the English town, (a section of Limerick City so designated), and coming out into its beautiful residential suburbs, their attention was attracted by the furious driving of a man on horseback. The animal that was ridden was a splendid type of its kind, clean-limbed, powerful looking, and as equines are calculated well fitted for any task within a sportsman's desire.

The animal bore on its back a thick-set man of apparently low proportions, florid featured and seemingly mature in years; and as man and horse came swiftly along it could be seen the rider was not master of the brute that bore him.

Nevertheless, that beautiful animal tore on obedient to the urging of its evidently impassioned rider, and on passing the old-fashioned and democratic-looking Irish sidecar bearing Mr. Chapman and its driver, the spirited animal shied at something. Sufficient it was, however, to cause its rider to lose for a moment his equilibrium and on regaining it, a volume of most vile and ungentlemanly language escaped his

lips, so much so, that Mr. Chapman enquired of Mike —his driver—"who the vociferous gentleman was?"

"Sure that is Captain Martin of the County Militia," replied Mike, with a contemptuous look after that personage, adding, "every wan here knows him."

"Then the Captain must be very popular," observed Mr. Chapman dryly.

"He is," responded Mike, "like Shawn-na-Scoob was long ago, that the Bard of Thomond wrote the great song about."

"How is that now, Costigan," (which was Mike's surname), and as Mr. Chapman said so, he appeared inquisitive, which appeared more so when he further enquired "who was Shawn-na-Scoob, and who was the Bard of Thomond?"

"Yerra Mr. Chapman, that's a long shtory you want from me, but, sure if we have time I'll tell you. The Bard was a great man at writin' poethry, an' he wrote a lot about Shawn. I'm surprised ye in America never heard of the Bard of Thomond," and as Mr. Chapman was admitting, his countrymen's ignorance of the man's identity, Mike Costigan was talking to his horse in an undertone after which the animal perceptibly slackened its pace. Then Mike took up the broken threads of the subject, by saying, "I'm surprised at that, Mr. Chapman, an intelligent people like ye Americans never to hear about the Bard of Thomond and Shawn-na-Scoob. Well, well," and as the Jarvey moaned thus, he cast a pitying glance at the other side of his jaunting car, and again continued, "You see, Mr. Chapman, it was this way the Bard tells about Shawn. The Limerick Corporation wor so even-

ly divided on the election of Mayor, that they couldn't elect any wan, so they decided the first man that came across Thomond Gate Bridge should be the Mayor. That was well and good, sir, but who came along but a broom maker from Clare called Shawn-na-Scoob, or John the broom maker. My dear sir, the Bard says Shawn, his donkey, an' his load o' brooms wor taken to the Corporation Hall, an' there the goold chain of the City was thrown around his neck athout ever he knowing what it was all about.

"That was all well an' good for Shawn, but his poor mother up on the heather hills beyant there," and the Jarvey pointed his whip towards the hills of Clare, "didn't know what became of him, or the ass, or the load o' brooms, so she puts on her cloak next mornin' an' came to the City an' inquired of every wan she met for Shawn-na-Scoob as every wan knew him by that name. Would you believe it, Mr. Chapman," and as Mike Costigan appealed so, he seemed fully impressed with belief in the mythical story, "that distracted woman couldn't find wan in Limerick to tell her where her son vanished to, so she was directed to the Mayor.

"To the Mayor's office my lady broom-maker soon made her way, and of coorse in her mind she was prepared to do all the curtseys necessary before such a big man if he would only tell her where her son Jack was, but, lo and behold you, who did she see as Mayor, but the very lad himself.

"Yerra, Shawn, maybe 'tis yourself that's the Mayor, don't you know your mother?"

"What, mother, how can I know you? I don't know myself," and Mike Costigan added, between fits of his

own laughter over the grotesqueness of the situation, "that's how the Limerick people rate upshtarts like Captain Martin."

The American, a good deal amused by the drollery running through Shawn-na-Scoob's situation, and interested also in everything concerning the Militia Captain, enquired "How is Captain Martin an upstart?"

"Yerra sure that is aisily answered. He wasn't born a gintleman nor his father before him that's sure, but the ould man took sides with the Tory at wan of our City Elections long ago, an' got a damn good baitin' from the Garryowen women. The Tories of the City an' County then, out o' spite, pathronized his business till he got rich an' commenced to lind money to the broken-down Shoneens, an' of coorse, any favours he wanted he got 'em, an' that's how he got a Captain made of his son."

"That is all very interesting, Mike," observed Mr. Chapman, "I will have the pleasure of meeting him today at Pakenham Hall, and from what you tell me I shall enjoy his society very much." Dubiously these words were uttered.

"Didn't I know it. Yerra, Mr. Chapman, wan dip more would make Mike Costigan a prophet," and the Jarvey seemed wandering in indefiniteness as he said so, when for clearness he observed, "I suspected he was goin' there. Sure every wan in the City knows that ould Martin before he died, had a hoult of the Pakenham estate; an' every wan agrees the Captain will have it yet an' maybe more."

There are times when vagueness and obscurity of

expression, more profoundly awakens the dormant mind to activity than the clearest reasoning, so also was Mike Costigan's unconsciousness when he remarked, "and maybe more," that caused Mr. Chapman to enquire, "What more could Captain Martin expect than his money or the property?'

"Don't you know, Mr. Chapman, there's a purty lady at Pakenham Hall?"

CHAPTER XXI

THE "PURTY" LADY AT PAKENHAM HALL

It would be difficult to analyze Mr. Chapman's feelings as he looked over the vast stretches of pasture land and mountain scenery that gradually developed beyond the windings of the great Shannon river.

His sudden silence and his thoughtful demeanour might betray to some extent the enigma of his mind to the suspicious, but it never occurred to Mike Costigan that his reference to "the purty lady at Pakenham Hall" formed any part of the meditations of his American fare, consequently with a jerk of the reins and a gentle touch of the whip, and a "gee up, Kitty" locomotion was in order sufficient to satisfy the most ardent late-for-dinner enthusiast.

In a short time the aristocratic entrance to Pakenham Hall was reached, and the masterly handling of "Kitty's" reins guided her in full speed through its many-barred gateway and up along the serpentine avenue without one word of comment from Mr. Chapman until the large circular pleateau of flower-beds immediately before the Hall door was reached. There

stood the Proprietor, himself, accompanied by Captain Martin, who were already discussing the early advent of Spring's visit among the flower-beds.

Without much formality and with a brusqueness in keeping with his military bearing Mr. Pakenham went through the ceremony of introducing his guests who seemed to all outward appearance different personalities—Captain Martin being of low stature and very ordinary looking, while Mr. Chapman, on the contrary, stood fully six feet high, of athletic build and clean-cut features.

Mr. Pakenham, paying little attention to these disparities remarked, "I may tell you Captain, Mr. Chapman is an American acquaintance of ours, and a gentleman whom I am sure you will find most agreeable."

"I am sure of that, Pakenham, but I must congratulate Mr. Chapman on being at the safe side of the Atlantic just now."

"Perhaps it may appear so, Captain, but allow me to say, we Americans, whether North or South, are not looking for the safe side just yet, as you term it," and as Mr. Chapman spoke, there was a shade of asperity in his voice, as doubtless he thought the ungentlemanly cut was rather premature, but the feeling passed away as the party approached the open halldoor where Mrs. and Miss Pakenham stood awaiting them.

The meeting with the ladies was most cordial if not effusive, especially towards the militia Captain, whose visit was rendered of doubtful compliment, from the fact that it was largely due, Mrs. Pakenham hinted, to the coming "meet" of the County Club.

Of course, the gallant Captain denied the innuendo,

but was ably rescued at once from the awkward dilemma by Mr. Pakenham himself, who jokingly remarked, "O fie, fie, Caroline, you are too critical with a thirsty man. Come along, Martin. Come along, Mr. Chapman," the evident difference of Mr. Pakenham's style of addressing his visitors was not want of familiarity, but class feeling. "I know what the dusty road from here to the City can do," and, without further ado, he led his visitors into the dining-room, where the strenuous Bob Hardy was busily improvising a hasty lunch with the necessary viands for a "gentleman's" appetite.

Needless to say, there was ample justice done to the aggregate of Bob's efforts by the Militia Captain and his host, and at once the subject of the great on-coming Club hunt was on the tapis.

"Yes, Pakenham," exultingly observed Captain Martin, "it will be the grandest affair of the season. We expect all the members of the Club there, and, with them, will be the best horse-flesh in the south of Ireland. You must by no means be absent."

"Oh no. Not I," replied the scion of the wasted Pakenham patrimony, "a Pakenham was ever first in sport as well as war," and added, "I expect Mr. Chapman may extend his stay in our city, to take in a sight he will never witness in his own war-ridden country."

"A beautiful idea, Pakenham," jubilantly responded the Militia Captain, who with fast flushing countenance, turned towards where Mr. Chapman and the ladies sat, and enquired "if it were possible that the suggestion could be adopted, with the assurance of

the great pleasure it would give to himself and his many friends."

"I regret, Captain Martin, my duties otherwise forbid me staying to enjoy such a spectacle. I must be away from Ireland to-morrow in the interest of my country, which unfortunately is divided in a fraticidal war at present. We hope it will be soon terminated," and before Mr. Chapman could complete his devout wish, the doughty Militia Captain stood up and with apparent emotion interjected the words, "terminated," "terminated," with an evidently sneering air, and added, "Either of your warring sections, Mr. Chapman, could have ended the trouble you refer to long ago. The difficulty principally is, ye have not the men able to handle large armies. I'd wager my word of honour if a half dozen of our military officers, yes, even of the regiment I have the honour to belong to, were at either side, we would be in Richmond or in Washington in three days. Yes, Mr. Chapman," and the militia captain was rapidly becoming vehement-looking, "the idea is ridiculous from a military point of view, to think recruits picked up today, shipped off to Fortress Monroe or any other training centre and tomorrow hurried away to the scene of battle, could become perfect soldiers. I hold, it is only officers such as ours can handle such raw material."

This dissertation on the military difficulties of the Federal Government of the United States, by such an authority as a mere Captain of an Irish militia regiment, seemed to the experienced mind of the American as savouring somewhat of the ludicrous. It might have demanded more of his attention, were he not just

This revelation of Frances Pakenham's innate character must have touched a very sensitive chord in Mr. Chapman's breast, for, though carelessly toying with a fresh "sketch of rural scenery" in his hands, his side-long glance towards the fair artist told the measure of his admiration for her spirited admission.

It would seem that that climax was reached when language failed to express all Mr. Chapman's heart would dictate, and, consequently, the short pause that ensued, apparently so improved his powers of articulation, that he ventured at length to express himself thus, "Ladies, I consider my time spent around Limerick City not wasted to the interest of the Federal Government of the United States, which I told you on a recent visit I was the agent of at this side of the Atlantic. For, though I have dallied around Limerick City longer than I anticipated, I have discovered that it is the rendevous of many blockade-runners of Southern ports; and that the mouth of the Shannon is a favourite retiring place for those Privateers that are preying much on American commerce.

"Besides, Mrs. Pakenham, pardon me if I utter a personal word," there was a noticeable trepidation just then in Mr. Chapman's voice, as he turned towards his hostess, as if he had some revelation of another character to make, when the Hall doorbell rang, and the announcement was made that Mr. Chapman's driver wanted to see him.

This put a stop to further conversation in the drawing-room, and on Mr. Chapman's appearance at the open hall-door, a peculiar wink of the eye and beck of the head from Mike Costigan, told him something of

importance was to be related, so, following the retiring footsteps of his driver until they were well out of the hearing of eavesdroppers, that worthy broke forth and said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Chapman, if I have interrupted you, but I am too thrue an Irishman to let saicrets long be saicrets when a brother is in danger."

Mr. Chapman moved uneasily, as if to question what his driver was aiming at, when Mike by his natural talent for inference, said, "Maybe they wor wrong, sir, but I heard Captain Martin with my own ears denouncing you as an American Fenian Organizer, and, to give Mr. Pakenham his due, he said you were not. That you were too much of a gentleman to be sailing under false colours, an' that Sir Edward Fitzgerald, who was with you out in your ranch near the Rocky mountains, would never introduce you to himself and his family if you were not as he said.

"This talk occurred just as the two were going into the stable, and they did not see me, and when they wint in further, Mr. Pakenham said Mrs. Pakenham believes what Sir Edward sed, an' so does Frances. What! roared out that upshtart Martin," and Mike Costigan could be heard by anybody near-by, as he related the Militia Captain's language. "Does Frances believe this American stranger has any other object in coming to Pakenham Hall, than to ingrain himself in your good graces, and perhaps win Frances's hand in marriage, and possess your property here and in Gourbawn; all, already heavily mortgaged to me."

"God knows, Mr. Chapman," laughingly observed Mike, "the pair were then passing the ind of Kitty's

stall, and if they went near enough to her heels, O! she'd surely brain 'em, for I'm sure she's a Fenian like myself."

With considerable calmness Mr. Chapman heard his driver relate thus, and with the same calmness replied, "I am thankful to you, Mike, for your interest in me, but, let me assure you, I am not alarmed in the least and know well how to deal with such persons as Captain Martin. Now, Mike," he added, "you return to Kitty, and have her ready in an hour for our return to the City."

Mike Costigan on finding himself so summarily disposed of, replied, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Chapman, but I thought if you were a Fenian I could introduce you to our Head-centre."

"Thank you, Mike. I am not a Fenian, though I could sympathize with their aims, for, nearly every Irishman in our army is a Fenian; and their conduct as brave soldiers has won the admiration of America."

"Well, Mr. Chapman," replied Mike, somewhat apologetically, "sure there's no harm done, but let me tell you, the Martins were always spiteful an' mean to any one who they thought would be coming inside 'em in anything."

"No fear, Mike. I'll not deserve the Captain's hostilty," and saying so, Mr. Chapman turned to reenter Pakenham Hall, with a look of gravity clearly indicated on his classic features.

To any one of his wide experience at that time, the suspicion of Fenian proclivities attaching to one's rep-

utation, was certain to bring the attentions of the local Constabulary to his footsteps.

Fenianism as the reader might already know, was the organized discontent in those years of the Irish people both in Ireland and abroad, mainly in the United States, the object of which was to overthrow British rule in Ireland. The financial resources of this necessarily secret and oath-bound society, were drawn from the United States, and the fact was noted also by the Government that emissaries were sent to Ireland from that country, to further propagate the seditious idea, and, hence the dilemma Mr. Chapman perhaps found himself in, and might be the cause of the momentary gravity which his features assumed.

Or, perhaps, the situation to the mind of the perplexed American might wear another aspect, and "the purty lady at Pakenham Hall," as Mike Costigan characterized Miss Frances Pakenham, might remotely or otherwise be its innocent cause. But from whatever source the agitation sprung, and which visibly agitated Mr. Chapman, it was only for a moment, for, in another, he was again sitting by his young hostess, pleading, "Pardon me, ladies, for my absence," and then taking up the water-colour drawing he had laid down on Mike Costigan's appearance, observed, "Is this your work too, Miss Pakenham?"

"Yes, Mr. Chapman," replied the blushing girl, "I drew that last summer when the scene was most tempting."

"I think it is very good for an amateur," remarked her mother.

"I should call it the work of an expert," replied

Mr. Chapman, and then asked, "Where did you find your subject, Miss Pakenham?"

"Right from our own hall-door. That pasture-field you see lined with those beeches and elms, is across the glen which separates it from our demesne. The scene Mr. Chapman, is beautiful in summer," and the fair artist appeared much animated as she said so.

"Upon my word, Miss Pakenham, from your drawing of it, it must be an exquisite scene. I should like to see it when in full bloom and compare it with your portrayal."

"Oh, I do hope you will, Mr. Chapman, for I do love to have my work closely criticized."

In this hope Frances Pakenham was ably seconded by her mother, by adding, "Do not disappoint us, Mr. Chapman, for we will be expecting you. We expect also a visit then from Sir Edward, who will be delighted to meet you here."

Just then the tramping of feet and loud talk broke through the hall, and immediately Mr. Pakenham and Captain Martin made their presence known by striding into the drawing-room, laughing as they came. The Captain muttering half-audibly, "Make an Irishman of him," which idea seemed to be the cause of their mirth.

On entering, Mr. Pakenham turned towards where Mr. Chapman was seated and enquired, "How he fared since."

"Remarkably well, sir. I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Pakenham's really artistic work, and I must say, it was an exquisite treat," and Mr. Chapman looked again at the drawing previously noticed.

"Yes, that is good, Mr. Chapman, but you ought remain here for a while, and I'd show you through all the scenes Frances has pictures of. In fact, as I have told the Captain, I'd make an Irishman of you."

"Possibly so," and Mr. Chapman smiled as he said so, "but I assure you, I have sufficient on hand now as an American to interest me."

"I expect so if the fortune of the Federal army interests you," observed Captain Martin, "I have seen by the Times this morning, that one of its wings operating against Richmond and mainly composed of raw recruits hurried away from Fortress Monroe, was badly defeated, and many captured."

"Perhaps so, Captain," dryly replied the American, "but that will not alter the certain result."

"Oh, pshaw. Just look at the military blundering and the sacrifice of human life. Perhaps the lives of many of my countrymen."

"That may be so, too, Captain, but, believe me, there's none more willing for the sacrifice than they."

"The damned Fenians. They are willing surely with an object," and the militia Captain looked the picture of suppressed rage, as he further exclaimed, "If we catch one of them in Ireland, we'll give them what their predecesors got in '98 and '48."

"That language in my presence is not gentlemanly of you, Captain Martin," warmly protested Mrs. Pakenham. "You know one of my relatives—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, lost his life in Dublin in 1798 in just such a cause as that of the Fenians of today; and, being naturally proud of Lord Edward, I cannot hear men condemned who are guided by his principles."

This sharp rebuke from the hostess of Pakenham Hall, was apparently not lost on the Militia Captain, for with considerably reduced pompousness he apologetically explained, "Pardon me, Mrs. Pakenham, I should be very sorry to compare your noble relative to those military adventurers from America, who are endeavouring by their emissaries, to create a Revolution in Ireland."

"That is so, Martin," broke in Mr. Pakenham. "You may believe him, Caroline, my spirited Geraldine and Head-centre of the Pakenham Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood," and for once this ingrained aristocrat commenced to joke politically.

"Father, you are a first-rate organizer. Now nominate me as Sub Centre."

"Naturally so, Frances. You always agree with your mother," and Mr. Pakenham, as he replied to his daughter, seemed further enjoying the pleasantry.

"Who is in nomination for Fenian Emissary," enquired Captain Martin, with some acerbity.

"Of course, Mr. Chapman," ejaculated the ladies, apparently anxious to have him identified in the mock-heroics.

"I won't object," and the calm features of the American as he said so were wreathed with smiles too, by the ludicrousness of the proceedings.

With grandiloquent posturing, Mr. Pakenham turned toward his friend—the Captain, and observed, "Now, you, Captain Martin, as the representative of her Majesty's Military Forces in Limerick, will at once see that the City is put in proper order to resist a rising of the Pakenham Fenians and the Militia

Captain laughed in sarcasm, as he said, "Aided by American dollars. Yes," interjected Frances Pakenham, "and American men."

CHAPTER XXIII

A MIXED-UP FOX-HUNT

A FOX-HUNT, or horse-race, or sport of any such description, certainly finds a ready response in the animation of any community in Ireland, particularly so, if it be an annual event.

The rural population around Gourbawn and Ballytemple was no exception; and, it would be expressing the feeling slightingly, if it was said, these localities were not on the tip-toe of excitement on the morning of the great "meet" of the County Fox-hunting Club, though it was to take place some miles distant.

The presence of the Creagh family (a family of landed proprietors who lived nearby), was always a special incentive to their peasant neighbours, to fraternize with them in their sports and customary pastimes; and, it was a noticeable feature on such occasions to distinguish which was the most democratic.

The immediate Creagh family were quite numerous. It consisted of twenty-one sons, and one daughter, which, with their parents, made an ideal family according to Irish conception, and when they "turned out" all on their own horses (which they regarded almost as divinities), on any occasion it was sufficient incentive to create the animation among the local peas-

ant folk, which was evident the morning of that great County Club "meet" already mentioned.

The names of all the leading gentlemen of the County who were to take part in this annual event at this particular haunt of Reynard the fox, was well known around to all the sport-loving fraternity; and, among some it was mooted that Frederick Pakenham of Pakenham Hall, in the County Tipperary, would be present.

It is questionable if this information was not the motive that induced Tom Hartnett to be abroad so early that morning, meeting his fellow-toilers here and there, and always in silent conference the sequel will only disclose. One particular might be mentioned in advance, Tom was seen in company with a goodly number of his fellows of the morning conferences, hurrying by every convenient by-way towards the huntsmen's rendezvous, as if bent on some purpose besides that of pleasure.

The scene that was witnessed that day at that rendezvous, was really not overdrawn by Captain Martin when he asserted to Mr. Chapman, in the drawing-room at Pakenham Hall, that some of the best horse-flesh in the south of Ireland would be present at that hunt. But far inferior was that exhibition to the scene presented by the red-coated riders of the splendid equines. They were everywhere on the fields and roads adjacent, anxiously waiting for the sound of the huntsman's horn to start on the pursuit of Reynard.

With the intonations of that horn, every rider was on the alert, and "on was the hunt." No pursued object was in view, yet both dogs and men and ladies too,

rode at break-neck speed in pursuit of nothing, apparently. Reynard was far away, but, according to the unerring hounds, he passed that way leaving behind him the tell-tale trail that would eventually lead to his destruction.

Mr. Pakenham and his bosom friend, Captain Martin, of the Limerick City Militia, were also present, and very much on the alert when that bugle sounded. With the apparent distinguishing traits of fearless riders, they faced each fence that obtruded their path, but the disguise of fearlessness could not last long. The lineal descendant of the heroic Pakenhams soon found some rigid tearing of his physical structure, and in a moment he was face to face with the fact that a cross-country fox-hunt was not a fitting pastime for any landlord wearing a mailed shirt.

In agony of pain he squirmed and twisted himself, as no gentlemanly sportsman should have done, and in despair, he shouted after his military companion, "Martin, Martin."

The militia Captain on looking back, beheld Mr. Pakenham livid with rage, and, hastening to his side enquired, "What is the matter?"

"That damn rheumatism has attacked me again. I fear Martin, I cannot proceed further," and again agony twisted his body unrheumatically, as the sufferer spoke.

Just then an athletic looking man, tall and dark-featured, threw up a football among the crowd of spectators, and in a moment the hunt was forgotten.

Hither and thither, the spherical plaything was pursued by the spectators, but ever returned to where

the two luckless riders were endeavouring to rein up their prancing, frightened horses.

To the minds of Mr. Pakenham and the gallant militia Captain, the football game seemed to be a preconceived plot for the purpose of interrupting their day's pleasure, consequently, their rage was unbounded, which they gave expression to whenever their steeds would cease their activities.

To the vitriolic abuse which they poured on the football players, the reply would be only a tormenting laugh, or some word or phrase bearing ominous memories such as "Evictor" "Gourbawn," "Murderer," all of which taunts made his assumed rheumatism more agonizing.

Enraged beyond endurance, he singled out one of the football kickers, who seemed to be the most dexterous in making connection between the spherical plaything and his body demanded in a tone of authority, "Who are you?"

The reply came back in a ponderous voice dramatic and sepulchral, "I am the ghost of Davey McMahon, from the swamps of Virginia."

With a curse on the lips of Davey McMahon's evictor, he called out to his companion, "Come away, Martin. These are a lot of Fenians, I know from what they say."

The militia Captain looked around, and seeing all the evidence of the hunt had disappeared, agreed at once with his rheumatically suffering friend, and with military profanity on his lips, immediately bounded to the highway.

The looks and general appearance of the man who

uttered these words, seemed to bode no good for Mr. Pakenham. A magical hush swept over the multitude; and, the attitude of the tall sallow-featured man who threw up the football, and seemed to be the leader of the demonstration was fast becoming threatening.

CHAPTER XXIV

A SOLDIER'S LIFE

If it be asserted that human thought is not transferable by any telepathic influence, or by any of those mysterious agencies which mental scientists tell us of, the dramatic words used by the athletic football kicker to Mr. Pakenham in the preceding chapter, should be proof indicative of the existence of some such occult force, for Davey McMahon was actually then on Virginia's swampiest soil, and as might be expected, with mind concentrated on his family in Ireland, and his own peculiar misfortune in America.

He was there a soldier in the Army of the North, hurried away with every available man from Fortress Monroe, with little or no knowledge of military discipline, to help replenish the decimated Northern forces in their efforts to capture Richmond—the Capitol of the Southern Confederacy.

For two years the fratracidal conflict was carried on throughout the Southern States with varying success; but, nowhere with more persistancy than in Virginia, until it might be said its soil covered one immense charnel pit—the graveyard of thousands in the flower of manhood.

Here Davey McMahon found himself late in February, 1863, after a brief stay in Fortress Monroe. He was not inconsolable. On the contrary there was none in his regiment more reconciled to the arduous duties of a soldier than he, since he ascertained his bounty was sent to his wife in Ireland.

Of its arrival there, and into her hands he had no misgiving, for, though he had no communication from her since his departure, owing to his varied movements, he felt as he expressed it himself, "Quite satisfied as long as Ellen and the children would not be too much of a burden on Pat."

There are, of course, moments of despondency, such as fall to the lot of all exuberant spirits, when buoyant nature seeks relaxation—recreation, so to say —in the soughs and shades of some resurrected miserable feeling. In such moments, the manhood of Davey McMahon should surrender its great prerogative of firmness, and yield to reflections of the past; and, oh then would arise again those shrieks of his children to his ear, when the Sheriff's battering-ram burst in the door of his home in Gourbawn.

Then also would arise the feeling of misery he had, when he parted with his wife, his sleeping children, and his old grey-haired mother,—and lastly, his parting with his brother Pat, and "the gallant pope," as he used affectionately call Tom Hartnett.

These were the leading features on the map of Davey McMahon's memory, and when under the influence of their recollection, his strong-lined face would turn upwards towards Virginia's blue sky in the daytime, or when the rain-laden clouds of night would

be hanging heavily over the contending armies of the North and South.

To note Davey McMahon at such moments, one would be convinced the Spirit of some Master-passion dominated his very soul, as his lips moved spasmodically, uttering words intelligible to none but himself, and perhaps the Angel of the Great Record.

One must not run away with the idea that General Lee—the almost idolized commander of the Confederate army defending Richmond, would allow such mortals as Davey McMahon or General Hooker, the then commander of the Union forces, were he so inclined, much time for abstruse reflection. That indefatiguable General was everywhere. Now here, now there; compelling at one time a full fight in force with Hooker, or again, in Hooker's masterly retreat from his entrenched positions along the Potomac.

Not for long were these occasions far apart, consequently skirmishing and minor battles were at that time of every-day occurrence, in one of which Davey McMahon's regiment largely participated, and he with many others captured.

Capturing was the usual programme every day, besides killing and wounding on either side. The prisoners of the South would be sent to isolated places in the North, and the prisoners of the North sent to isolated places in the South, so it was a matter of very little concern to the prisoners of either side where they were sent, for all, with some few exceptions, were treated humanely.

With this confidence, Davey and his captured comrades with reluctance though, surrendered their rifles,

stepped forth to end where they did not know. 'Twas common knowledge that Libbey prison, in Richmond, was packed then to overflowing; that the near-by detention camps were in a like condition, so it was with ample foreknowledge the Yanks—as the Federal soldiers were called, were destined for some place further South.

Considerable time was spent on this railway journey south, interrupted occasionally to take on like freight or light munitions of war, until they reached a vast detention camp on the coast line of one of the Carolinas.

In the centre of this camp which was enclosed by a high well-constructed fence, stood the commandant's residence, circular shaped, so that he could view his domain of captured "Yanks" from all points.

The preliminaries on entrance to this abode were very few, consisting of one's name and nationality, and then, away to some wretched pallet until the next exchange of prisoners.

One may easily imagine the feelings of Davey McMahon, on crossing the threshold of such a domocile. Sufficient may be said to picture him, that he crossing it with the stoicism of a fatalist, gave his name and nationality without hesitation and passed within.

The taking of such pedigree of prisoners-of-war may have its uses, but, certainly, in this case it must be of some importance, for the document that contained these names was the object of close scrutiny before the eye of the commandant of this Southern prison-pen.

On scanning adown the long list of Federal prisoners' names, the commandant exclaimed, "McMahon, McMahon." After a pause, he continued, "That's a very homely name. The woods around where I came from are full of McMahons." Then touching a tiny bell, he commanded a "Johnny Reb" (as the southern soldiers were called), to bring that "Yank" McMahon before him.

Davey had no fear when singled out from the rest of his fellow-prisoners. He had no dread of consequences, and, with an utter disdain of Fate he stood before the mighty official, who ruled the destinies of the thousands held as prisoners in that enclosure.

That commandant, as he turned around on his revolving chair, looked to Davey as being a Spaniard, even by birth. He had intensely dark eyes and eyelashes—a veritable Svengali. His hair and mustache also were jet black; and, his elongated head and spare though muscular-looking body, bespoke a man of very unusual type of soldier, and the question, "You are McMahon, I believe," spoken with a brogue that could not deny its native habitat.

"That's my name, Captain," dryly responded Davey.

Then the Confederate Officer with the pronounced Irish brogue began minutely enquiring, as to "where his prisoner was born?" "Why, he emigrated?" "How long was he in the United States?" "How long was he in the Northern Army?" and such like, to all of which Davey replied with the utmost candour.

The features of that supposedly heartless man, during the recital of his Yankee prisoner's experiences,

could convince the most sceptical how the evidence of a touched heart, can be written on one's countenance; and, the dark sunken eyes, as they lit up with a lustrous glow peculiar to moderate frenzy, was a touching tribute to the vitalizing power of human sympathy.

" 'Tis painful, Mac. 'Tis painful," and as the Confederate Officer said so, he evidently felt as he said, for he heaved a heavy sigh, and continued, impressively, "McMahon, we are all singularly alike in misfortune. You can judge, I am like you an Irishman, too, born in the Glen of Aherlow, in Tipperary. My father, Tom Ryan, held a good-sized farm there, until the Famine times came, and we lost it just as you lost yours. We all came here South, and lived together until my brother Dan took to wandering. He got sun-struck out West, and we lost track of him, and then this war came on which engaged me ever since.

"Mac, I say again, are we not all singularly alike in our misfortunes? Natives of a fertile and lovely land, and we are not allowed to live there. So here we are. You, a Northern soldier, and I, a Southern soldier."

"No, Captain Ryan," replied Davey, "I am not a Northern soldier now. I am a Northern prisoner in your hands."

"You must not be one longer, then. Take off that blue you wear, and put on the grey of the South, and be a soldier in our winning fight," and Captain Ryan, as he said so, seemed to lose the magnetic influence he had over his prisoner a moment before, for Davey, in a mild-mannered way, replied: "No, Cap-

tain, what I would like is to go home. I was trapped into a soldier's life, and I am tired of it. I'll leave it for the allegiance of my poor wife and children."

"If that is your determination Mac," answered Captain Ryan, "would you be willing to go to Ireland in a blockade runner?"

"I would, Captain, even in an old tub."

"All right then, Mac, I will give you a suit of my civilian clothes, and get you as a freight hand on board a 'runner' direct to Limerick, and while I am away to see after your passage you can prepare."

CHAPTER XXV

BRIAN O'HARA, THE MYSTIC

WORK was resumed lightheartedly the morning after the great annual fox-hunt by the labourers around Gourbawn. The drainage-works which were being carried on all the winter in the locality, and which were referred to in a previous chapter, gave employment to the majority of them, and as they entered on their tiring duties that morning, with soiled and much-patched toggeries, their loquacity and pleasantries were unbounded. The spice of the cheery "good morning, Paddy," or "How are you, Jem?" and other similar greetings from one to another, could easily tell how mind can conquer matter, and put to shame the philosophy of all the sages who ever discussed or wrote on the secret of true happiness.

It was not until Brian O'Hara made his appear-

ance, could the proper key to the secret of the unusual jubilation be got, for, at once, the pleasantry was passed along from one to another, "Here comes the ghost of Davey McMahon from the swamps of Virginia," (without any irreverence, be it said, to Davey McMahon's memory).

Immediately there was laughter and smiles on every face, even serious-going Pat McMahon—Davey's brother should smile, when informed of the origin of the phrase.

It was apparently evident who the football player of the previous day was, that replied to Mr. Frederick Pakenham, when questioned as to his identity, while that gentleman was in conflict with pains throughout his anatomy, his prancing horse Rover, and the bouncing football.

Brian O'Hara was not unprepared for the greetings, and witticisms of his fellow-labourers, for, all he had to do, was to curb his own sullen spirit which was always too ready to take offence when none was intended.

Indeed it was in that spirit he entered the drainage grounds that morning, and in that spirit he uttered the customary Irish salutation, "God save ye all, boys."

"God save you kindly, Brian," replied one in the crowd.

" 'Tis a fine mornin', Glory be to God," observed Brian again.

" 'Tis all that indeed," again replied the one in the crowd, all of whom seemed anxiously waiting for a turn in the conversation.

"How did you like the hunt yesterday Brian?" broke in another of the "boys" in the crowd.

"I liked it all right," replied Brian, "but the football was the besht of the sport."

"It hurried Pakenham away anyhow," observed another.

"Be gor 'twas Brian did that an' no wan else, when he spoke as if it was a voice from the grave. How did you think of it, Brian?" interjected another.

"Pon my sowl, Mike, if I was dead this minit, I couldn't tell you. 'Twas like as if some wan put the words into my mouth."

A snickering laugh ran through the crowd of workmen, as Brian O'Hara admitted being unconscious of the import of the ominous words he uttered on the occasion.

This strange admission of Brian seemed to his associates as a bid for the role of an "inspired one," or a "medium" between the spirit-world and man, and hence that snickering laugh, brimful of doubt, which, in his opinion, was nothing less than that local jealousy which usually arises when one is elevated above his fellows, through some untoward circumstance, or sheer ability.

With utter contempt for the incredulity of his fellow-labourers, Brian O'Hara was proceeding to further explain the phenomona that controlled him, when his eye rested on Paddy Gorman's sarcastic countenance, broadened with smiles suggestive of derision.

At once that eye of Brian's though one moment before was calm and self-possessed, sparkled out with innate fury which woke up all the antagonism of the

past for that individual, and might have resulted disastrously for either, but for the timely ringing of Creagh's "labour bell" in the distance, which terminated further discussion of the abstruse subject.

Labour with its implied assiduity is a great incentive toward relieving the mind from many of those ills that burden humanity, that thinking men often wonder at the health and strength of those hardy sons of toil, who incessantly labour with spade or shovel in drains or elsewhere, oftentimes for a poor pittance.

So it was with these men, as they dug and delved without cessation, until that bell at noon time tolled again in the distance.

Slowly they rose from their cramped positions and followed whither Tom Hartnett led, to eat and chat and while away the noonday hour. During the process, Tom's nearest mate observed "I wonder 'pope' how Pakenham feels today?"

"I am sure," replied Tom, "he is glad to be away from poor Davey's ghost anyhow. How did you think of that, Brian?"

This question made directly to Brian O'Hara by his bosom friend Tom Hartnett, who evidently knew nothing of the morning's talk, had the effect of reopening the subject with the serious assurance from Brian again that "he did not know what he was sayin'."

"Well, Glory be to God!" observed him, whom they called Mike. "Isn't it awful. Yerra, I always believed there was something that way in the world. Sure there are the good people or the fairies. There are the banshees. Oh, they are there, 'pope', as sure as we are here, God bless us all," and Mike, as he said so in-

tuitively, made the sign of the Cross over his face and proceeded. "Sure the banshee is heard cryin' every time any wan of the Creagh's die, they are such an' ould family."

"I didn't believe it myself for a long time, until wan summer's evenin' I was afther conveyin' a frind who had a dhrop taken, part of the way home, when to my surprise on my return there came my frind's voice from a broken bridge, tellin' me he was all right. Yerra I took an arumfull of shtones an' jumped down to fire 'em if my frind wasn't there. At wansht his voice broke out above me in the air, croonin' his ould song when he'd have a dhrop taken. Whin I saw that, I knew that the fairies or 'good people' had somethin' to do with it, but, I was bould an' young then, an' wasn't afraid of any fairy that was ever born, so I flung my arumful of shtones here an' there, an' came away bleivin' that somethin' else is around us besides what we can see."

This elucidation on the existence of those beings called mythical, by an authority who had experience, so heartened Brian O'Hara, who felt all the morning somewhat a butt for the jokes of his fellow labourers, that he forgot his enmity for Paddy Gorman for a time, and in justification of the belief in a spiritual force above and around, far and near, he said, "Yerra 'pope' an' Mike an' the resht of ye boys, I don't care a damn whether ye b'lieve me or not," and Brian looked defiant, "I say I did not know what I was sayin' yesterday to Pakenham, when I said I was 'Davey McMahon's ghost from the swamps from Virginia.' "

As Brian uttered these words, he looked scrutinis-

ingly towards where Paddy Gorman sat on a rugged stone, and then continued, "Ye know I didn't tell a lie when I was thrown out of my car in broad daylight, on the long road by some wan I didn't see. Ye know when Debby down at the cross roads long ago could see in her glass globe, what would happen to a young sailor she had not seen for years. Ye all remember how Joan Grogan used to cure the people with the herbs she used to get from the fairies.

"Doesn't all this boys, prove that there is something there that we can't see, an' will help us sometimes, an' more times will injure us."

Though Brian O'Hara was conversing thus with Tom Hartnett and the men nearby, he never failed to cast his eye occasionally towards where his rival Paddy Gorman sat in quiet conversation with Pat McMahon. This vigilance was very suggestive of what might happen were it otherwise.

"Now, Brian," questioned Tom, "what do you yourself think about the mystery of yesterday, when you didn't know what you were saying to Pakenham?"

"I'll tell you, pope," and Brian O'Hara almost whispered into his ear, "Davey McMahon remembers Gourbawn, and wherever he is, he is in the hands of his friends." Just as Brian was becoming really interesting, Creagh's bell rang again.

CHAPTER XXVI

A MEMORABLE FEAST

THE 25th day of March is usually an important day in Ireland. On that date, as also the 29th day of September, all legal transactions are dated from in connection with land-taking, thus dividing the annual financial requirements into two equal parts.

The 25th March, 1863, as it came around did not cause much concern to the people of Gourbawn, relative to the possession of Davey McMahon's farm of land. It was well known that Tom Connerty was to be the future owner of it, for, already, there were gaps in the fences dividing it from his home farm, that all that was necessary was, to make his possession of it legal. Consequently the presence of the representative of the landlord—Mr. Frederick Pakenham of Pakenham Hall was necessary.

With this object in view, that gentleman's lawyer in Ballytemple was all-sufficient, and quite suitable to fill the post of such an every-day duty as to give the possession of an evicted home to another. So it was an easy matter to have the landlord represented.

Of course there was a great "to-do" about the Connerty homestead that day. Every member of the family was dressed in their Sunday attire, for the 25th March is also a strict Catholic holiday in Ireland, reverently called Lady Day.

Mrs. Connerty—a healthy vigorous woman of middle age seemed most energetic on that particular holiday. She had played havoc already on the barn-yard

fowl. Geese, ducks, chickens, right and left, were slaughtered during the forenoon hours; and, as she strode around the kitchen floor with bared arms, or opposite the great fire in the open fire-place roasting or broiling, she was really the picture of the strenuous life so much to be advocated in later years. To give that lady her due, she performed the cook's duties with all the ability of a first class one; and, as for arranging the table and those who were to participate of its good things, they could not be done better.

Evidently Mrs. Connerty was to have quite a large company that day, judging from the ample table, and the ample supply. Mentally, she had figured out every trifle, especially where her visitors were to sit. Mr. Hughes—the great man who that day gave her husband legal title to Davey McMahon's farm of land, was to be seated at the head. At either side of that great official, her husband and his brother Nicholas were to sit, and so on, according to the importance in the neighbourhood of the individual, until she figured, who was to fill the chair at the further end. None else than big Ned McCarthy himself, for Mrs. Connerty, though she did not like him personally, really liked his daughter Minnie. There was her worldly possessions growing larger every day, and so was her young son Tom, who was then a strong young stripling, fashioned in his father's mould, which to her mind was highly creditable; and, to calculate on his future, no more laudable move could be made than make big Ned prominent by placing him conspicuously at the other end of the table opposite "the great man from the office."

In due time, Mrs. Connerty's guests appeared, and after some felicitous introductions and greetings, they were seated according to that lady's mental foresight, which tempted her when she saw how perfect her arrangements were, to exclaim to her son in an undertone, "Yerra Tom, my darling boy, 'tisn't today or tomorrow people will be talkin' about this dinner, but maybe whin we are dead an' gone."

In this state of mind Mrs. Connerty acted the hostess to extremes, going around to each of the diners, enquiring how they liked her cooking? One and all acclaimed it most perfect, even Mr. Hughes especially admitted he never enjoyed such cooking at the Hibernian Restaurant in Limerick.

Doubtless they were all speaking the truth, for, though they left very little evidence after them, their appearance did not belie their encomiums.

Justice being soon amply done to all the good things on the table, it was the work of a few brief moments for the servants to remove the sundries, when decanters of whiskey and brandy took their place, which, with the deft hands of Mrs. Connerty, were soon manufactured into punch or hot whiskey, as it is called here in America.

As guests of Mr. Thomas Connerty of Gourbawn, of course the exhilarating beverage was drank moderately, and at all such functions "the health of the mighty man" the landlord is generally toasted. It was not forgotten on that occasion, nor was that of any underling about him, so that the replenishing of each steaming punch-cup for each toast, made in the aggregate quite a large quantity.

Such a thing as conversation of an animated character could not be suppressed on such an occasion. It commenced, and each potation of the inflaming liquid only intensified the desire to be conversational, hence the neighbourly feelings were fully expressed. The hidden friendships were revealed. The subject of marriages and the probable marriages was introduced, and all the other evidences of friendly Bacchanalia were evident.

Occasionally, the fire of rapid emotions would dwindle to quiet conversation, during one of which episodes one could discern a note of contention between big Ned McCarthy and his neighbour, (as both were just after shaking hands). It arose by Ned's neighbour, meaningly or otherwise, enquired if he wouldn't "send his daughter to Gourbawn?" This being an indirect way of saying "wouldn't you get your daughter married to young Tom Connerty. He is to get Gourbawn from his father?'

"Blasht your eyes, is it that you'd ashk me do," was big Ned's reply, with his big eyes apparently bulging out of his head, and as ready to fight as not, but careful enough to speak in an undertone.

"My Minnie! My Minnie!" continued big Ned, "to marry the son of a landgrabber. Never."

"Oh, let there be no more about it, Ned," said his neighbour complacently, "I am sorry if I have offended you."

"You ought know the McCarthy's better than that," but before big Ned went further, Mrs. Connerty, by the instinct of that mastery over man, which all judicious women possess, saw, that conversation

among her guests had reached its limits. To keep within the bounds of constitutional decorum, she suggested a change would be desirable, and to show her feelings of respect for Mr. Hughes, who was then feeling very much at home, she requested from that gentleman a song.

Mr. Hughes, of course, was surprised and excused himself by saying he never sang in his life. A fact which Mrs. Connerty said could not be. She pressed harder, and soon every voice was raised in favour of the demand.

Mr. Hughes excused himself again, but added "if ye will be pleased to hear me, I will make a speech for you on a very important subject. One, I am sure, the guests all around will feel interested in, and which concerns the welfare of every farmer around me."

A loud clapping of hands from the female portion of the assemblage and shouts from the men—whom it may be truthfully assumed were nearly intoxicated then—announced their great desire to hear Mr. Hughes speak and when silence was restored that gentleman arose remarking as he did so that "he was not much on impromptu speeches but he'd do his best." In true post-prandial style he went on thus, "Ladies and Gentlemen. It is with no small amount of pride, I sit here tonight presiding over Mr. Connerty's festive board, and such an intelligent body of farmers, (hear, hear).

"Gentlemen, I assure you the interest of the tenants on Mr. Pakenham's estate are my constant care, and I should be wanting in my duty if I did not note every improvement in your farms (hic) every additional cow

in your barns, aye, even the new coat on your backs that I may study your comforts all the more. ("Hear, hear," from the audience, and "hic, hic," from the speaker, was the result of the foregoing declaration, and in the necessary breathing interval Mrs. Connerty discreetly suggested to Mr. Hughes to take another drink to stop that 'blamed' hiccup.)

Following that advice not wisely but too well perhaps, the speaker continued. "You have in Mr. Pakenham a kind and indulgent landlord, who always feels it his duty to encourage the industrious tenant so that (hic) when such a man's lease expired there would be no difficulty in the way of renewing it."

Big Ned McCarthy's manner during Mr. Hughes's speech so far was inexplicable. Undoubtedly he exhibited hostility, but his words, were uttered so indistinct that their meaning could not be discovered by the nearest bystander.

"What I would desire most to impress on you, and it is your landlord's desire I should do so at all times —is, to show you the necessity there is for altering your present relationship with your labourers (hic) who live around you.

"These labourers are, to every right-thinking man, a social nuisance in the community. We have in them the remains of a lot of broken-down farmers, who could not pay their lawful rents in '47, because a few potatoes blackened. ("Hear," "hear," and "hic" hic").

"There are more labourers among you who were always poor, and it is the Will of God they should be so, who, if you met one of them at a fair or market,

he'd hold up his head and consider himself as good as any one of ye.

"Besides, look at the Poor rates ye must pay for them every year, and what good are they to ye? Couldn't ye do your work by machinery, and then they should leave and go into the towns and villages. Couldn't ye raise their rents or get them into difficulties and buy their houses and gardens. Knock down their houses. Knock down their fences and there you are free from the rates. ("Hear," "Hear" and "Hic," "Hic.")

"Gentlemen, it is for yourselves to consider my ideas. I was most anxious to come before ye to state my views, and my views are those of your kind landlord Mr. Pakenham. I am, I know, a very poor speaker, (no, no, from the Connertys), but I trust I have made myself understood, though; and when that Great Day comes, when each one of us will be called to render an account to our Good Father in Heaven, we can do so with clear consciences.

This speech, which Mr. Hughes said was impromptu, seemingly was not agreeable to others in the assemblage besides big Ned McCarthy, for a note of dissent could be discerned running through the applause at times, which told so, but was not so manifest as in that big fellow's attitude, until he rose up from his seat. Then cheers, and cries greeted him intermingled with "Speech! Speech!" and big Ned McCarthy broke forth with one of the most impromptu speeches on record.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he commenced, and his big black eyes fairly blazed in their sockets, as he said

so. "I apologise to nobody for rising to protest against the advice which Mr. Hughes is after giving to us, farmers of Gourbawn.

"He suggests to us to look upon our agricultural labourers as inferior beings, beings to be driven off the land, away into towns and villages and thus reduce our rates.

"I can tell Mr. Hughes, these men are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and, it ill becomes some men here very badly to cheer such advice as he gave, men who are now in possession of the lands that these poor men's fathers were evicted from."

As Ned McCarthy said so, he fixed his gaze sternly on Nicholas Connerty, and immediately a bottle came hurtling through the air in his direction, which he dexterously avoided, and reaching for a large beef bone which lay on a nearby sideboard, rushed at the perpetrator of the act—young Tom Connerty, and gave him a blow with all his might on the cheek, saying with vehemence "take that you young hanggallows bird. That will mark you for a bad death."

At once there was an uproar and a regular melee ensued, during which all the diners participated at one side or the other, except the "great man" from the office who evacuated "the chair," at the first sign of trouble and left the house.

Big Ned stormed and raged around the dining-room, striking right and left at anything breakable, while he held the beef-bone in his hand until Mrs. Connerty quietly solicited him to cease his destruction and go home, which he did like a big baby.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CHASE OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNER

THE many inlets and sheltered arms of the Atlantic ocean, that pierce the coast line of the Southern States then at war with the Federal Government at Washington, were favourite haunts for those vessels called blockade-runners, then the only means through which cotton and other raw products of the South could be marketed in Europe.

Northern vessels of war continuously paraded up and down the Ocean in close proximity to the mainland, for the purpose of preventing such a practice, and, hence, the rigid enforcement of the law against "contraband of war."

That the presence of one of those violators of that law was well known to Captain Ryan, to be in the neighbourhood for some time, and, the fact of he being seen hobnobbing with the Captain of the "Garryowen" (a blockade-runner) at the nearby grog shops, oftentimes discussing the political affairs of the Ould Dart, or the probable outcome of the war, but at all times in the closest intimacy, consequently it was a foregone conclusion that Davey McMahon's return trip to Ireland was secure.

"To be sure Captain Ryan let him come. I want a man and I'll pay him well if he is the right shtuff."

This was the reply the Confederate officer got from the bluff Captain of the blockade-runner, and in tones and a brogue that was as unmistakable in one as the other.

"He is all right Mac, I assure you. He is a Mac like yourself, but got licked like the rest of the Yanks."

"Captain Jack McNamarra from Clare, has not been licked yet. Has he, Ryan? and as the grizzled veteran of the seas said so, he proudly grasped the hand of his associate and pointed the other towards a tiny speck away in the horizon, where the ocean's heaving waters and the curving sky apparently united. "Do you see that object out there," he continued.

"Yes. I see it," answered the Confederate captain.

"That is a Federal gunboat looking out for 'runners' like me. I must pass that tonight or else," then he paused and looked the Confederate Officer squarely in the face, and added, "Or else go to Davey Jones's locker."

"You can't fight, I suppose?"

"No," replied Captain Mac. "The 'Garryowen' was not built for fight, like the Garryowen women. She was built for speed, an' though I don't like boashtin', there is nothing afloat can bate her when I get her steam an' sails going together. Now, Captain, "so long." Get your Mac down here at once, as it is near night. So long."

This abrupt termination to the conversation between the two Captains was most satisfactory to the Confederate, for he merely replied, "So long Mac," and returned in haste to his residence where he left Davey McMahon changing his garb of a Federal soldier, for that of civil life.

The details of Davey's departure from the Confederate prison were necessarily brief, owing to the im-

mediate sailing of the blockade runner. They consisted of a hasty meal, some gold coin pressed into his hand and a whole-hearted good bye, and Davey McMahon was soon following the instructions of Captain Ryan how to reach the "Garryowen."

As soon as night had well shaded both land and sea with its murky colouring, the blockader-runner cast off her moorings with the coast of North Carolina, and set out for her proposed destination—Limerick City, Ireland.

Her movements were necessarily slow, as her sails were being gradually unfurled, but, when the full breath of the Atlantic breeze caught her immense spread of canvas, she appeared amply able to justify the "boashtin" of her veteran commander, Captain McNamarra.

This was apparent as she skirted silently along the various headlands of the coast of North Carolina and Virginia, but, when she stood out for the breast of the Atlantic Ocean, the "Garryowen's" pace was admirable. Up and down the mountain-like waves she sped like a bird, responding to her helm like an obedient child, when suddenly, a cannon ball came hurtling across her bow. That shot told Captain McNamarra that he was discovered and pursued.

"Let her go," was the only command, "old Grizzly" (a name the "Garryowen's" Captain went by when in anger), gave to his engineer, when forthwith belched clouds of smoke from the smokestack, which told that the powerful engines beneath were performing their full duty, and soon the "runner's" speed was almost

doubled, causing shot after shot from the pursuing Federal gun-boat to fall short.

The sound of the firing of the pursuer so reverberated over the broad expanse of the ocean, that the other war-vessels of the Federal Government within hearing were attracted by it and took up the chase, but the "Garryowen"—that dark-painted object away on the horizon under steam and sail, and commanded by "old Grizzly" from Clare, showed her heels for days so cleverly that when she reached the headlands of Kerry at the entrance of the great river Shannon, she was far ahead of her persistent pursuers who day and night kept up the chase.

Slowly and lazily the blockade runner picked her way along that great river which held on either side so many ties of home for those on board. Especially it was so for Davey McMahon, who was by that time so fairly tired of the exertions of a seaman's life, as well as a soldier's that he beheld with rapture in the distance old Shanid Castle, the last stronghold of the Geraldines on their retreat from Kilmallock.

Further on, he could only mentally see his home-place—Gourbawn—and as he thought of his delicate and loved wife and children about the door of his good brother Pat's cabin, enjoying the comfort which his $800 bounty brought to them.

All these visions and many more crowded themselves on his mind, until the port of Limerick was reached, and then the bustle and the eagerness commenced, for it must be confessed Ireland, and England, in fact all Europe suffered then from the lack of imports, especially raw material.

Under these circumstances, the "Garryowen" was a welcome visitor to Limerick then, and fortunately also, as there was no labour trouble at the dock, Captain McNamarra could temporarily discharge his crew, which gave immediate relief to Davey McMahon's anxieties in his desire to reach home.

Gourbawn is not so far, thought he, as he emerged from the City's streets into the country. To walk there, he thought again, would be only a pleasure, besides, he was not heavily burdened—only a few gold coins in his pockets and a revolver which "Old Grizzly" gave him, when the "Garryowen" was being pursued by the Federal gunboat.

Scarcely a quarter-hour's walk brought the wanderer to where his homeward road and another intersected, when his attention was startled by the well-known wail of "Cracked Henry." Davey stood for a while until the demented man was passing, and said, "Henry, don't you know me?"

For answer "the demented man" gave the stereotyped reply,

"We haven't house or home wid 'em.

We haven't a tack on our bones wid 'em.

We haven't a shoe to our feet wid 'em.

"Nor a scrap to eat wid 'em," and then passed on limping and footsore, in the same tattered garb of the previous winter.

"My God!" exclaimed Davey. "What little difference there is between me, and that half-insane creature. Merely the spark of reason. He cannot recognize the man in whose house he regularly found shelter. A dog could.

"He cannot discern between the enemy that made him homeless, and the friend who sheltered him. He could not calculate the power of resistance there is in one man's desperate hand, nor could he track the tiger to his lair that would be after destroying his home."

Brooding over such reflections and still looking after the disappearing figure of Cracked Henry, Davey McMahon mechanically stood listless for a while. The only motion his person evincing was a fumbling of his hand in his overcoat pocket. Soon he turned away, and singular to state, directly the reverse of that which would lead him to Gourbawn; and, entering Limerick City again was lost to view.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE SHADOW OF A CRIME

Some hours after Davey McMahon's disappearance and well along in the afternoon, a spirited horse and sidecar made their exit from one of Limerick's obscure streets.

On the sidecar were seated the driver and Davey. The latter looked a vastly changed man since a few hours previous when he jauntily parted with Captain McNamarra, and faced homeward in blissful anticipation of a joyous welcome from his wife and children. Certainly as he sat on that speeding sidecar he did not look as was his wont. There was a fixed stare in his eyes; and, a grim determination seemed set on every line of his countenance, that any tyro in mental

aberrations would ascribe to a species of dangerous insanity.

It was in April. In about one hour more the sun would set and night would immediately follow, clasping both city and country in its hues of levelling darkness.

From these circumstances, it was evident Davey did not intend going very far, but far enough by ordinary calculation to reach the vicinity of Pakenham Hall towards which the road he was travelling by led. It was ominous though that was to be his destination, and, if so the safety of Mr. Pakenham would be doubtful.

That gentleman, after his discomfiture at the fox-hunt a few days previous, did feel much afflicted both in mind and body. Particularly the body, for to one of his erratic temperament, the troubles of the mind heal very soon, but the troubles of the body heal very slowly, especially when a shirt of mail is after agitating one's sensitive flesh in obedience to the movements of a prancing horse.

A more embarrassing feature in his uneasiness, was the fact, that none at the Hall knew he wore a shirt of mail only Bob Hardy, his valet. Consequently, into no ears could he possibly pour his complaint but his, and for this purpose the two sought the shades of night, and the long laurel-sheltered walk that skirted along the high wall of the Pakenham orchard.

Then and there could the scion of the noble house of Pakenham emphasize properly every movement of the day of the fox-hunt, and in particular, the ill-omened features of the foot-ball kicker who replied to his

question, "Who are you?" "That man," confessed Mr. Pakenham, "surely was not human. His voice seemed to come from the grave, and, oh, Hardy! the fellow's features seemed to come from the grave, too, Hardy! I swear that fellow's features seemed overspread with another's, at once spectral and devilish," and Mr. Pakenham stamped the ground with the walking-stick that helped him along.

Continuing, he said, "The fellow—a Fenian I call him—replied, he was 'Davey McMahon's ghost from the swamps of Virginia.' "

Scarcely had Mr. Pakenham uttered these words when a vigorous, big man, agitated-looking, appeared before him on the sheltered avenue with revolver in hand, declaring "Yes, I am he, even from the swamps of Virginia," and fired directly at the speaker's breast. That gentleman seemed not to yield with the impact, but was stunned somewhat by the suddenness of the attack, turned round as if to avoid a fatal wound, when the would-be assassin fired again, which brought Mr. Pakenham to the ground.

In that position, when the prostrate man saw the deadly weapon levelled at his head, he cried out in agony, "If you are a husband or father, I implore of you not to take my life."

Chagrinned seemingly by the mention of those endearing names, the would-be assassin hissingly replied, "Your cruel life have it, but remember Gourbawn."

After these words, that strange man disappeared in the thicket from whence he came, leaving his victim further unhurt and scarcely able to realize the

magical effect his appeal had. Then rising slowly and painfully he staggered to his feet.

Bob Hardy—the valet, who ran wildly from the scene of conflict on the appearance of the would-be assassin reappeared immediately with all the male help he could gather, armed with every conceivable weapon within reach, and without making any enquiries from their wounded master as to the extent of his injuries, assisted him along the remainder of the laurel-shaded avenue, until they reached the rear entrance of the Hall.

This way was chosen so as not to unduly alarm Mrs. Pakenham or her daughter Frances, who were then in the parlour and as yet unconscious of the terrible assault.

After Mr. Pakenham being safely placed in bed and the Police and Doctor had been sent for, the delicate task of imparting the serious information to the ladies, immediately devolved on the valet, who was always more or less responsible in their eyes for his master's safety. To tell them the truth, he thought, as he approached the parlour door, might be unpardonable for its results on Mrs. Pakenham's nervous system; and, to tell an untruth could be pardonable and explained away in the prevention of further evil.

Such were the two horns of the dilemma the valet was in as he knocked on the parlour door and entered. Calm and thoughtful-looking, the five foot high of masculine humanity stood before Mrs. Pakenham and informed her, that "his master would not be with them for supper tonight, owing to a slight hurt he got coming off a fence a few moments previously. He is rest-

ing easily now," Bob further asserted, "and wishes he would not be disturbed."

"Are you sure, Hardy," Mrs. Pakenham enquired, "it is nothing serious?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. I am positive," and the withered-looking fragment of humanity, as he said so, assumed the innocent look of a Cherub if that were possible, and added, "I have sent for the doctor by his orders. He'll be here soon.'

"That's very good of you, Bob," observed Miss Frances, as she raised her head from the fancy needlework she was engaged with. "You have been always very thoughtful about father. I hope you won't leave him long alone. You know how peculiar he is."

"Never fear Miss," and the accomplished artist in lying turned away, happy at least that the cruel news in its gradual breaking might prevent further disaster, even at the risk of his employment.

Returning to his master's bed-chamber, the valet found him in a very voluble state of mind and apparently not suffering. This state is thought generally due to the strain which the muscular and nervous systems instinctively, so to say, arm themselves with to resist shock, and until they relax, a sufferer is not conscious of serious pain.

With this buoyancy of spirit, Mr. Pakenham was quite cheerful as Bob entered, and was met with the question, "What did you say to the ladies?"

"Be gor, your honour, I didn't tell 'em the truth any how."

"I know you didn't for you never did tell the truth; well what did you say?"

"I told the ladies, your honour, that you wrenched your leg jumping off a fence."

"Why the hell did you say jumping. One would think I am a giddy boy. Why, of course, that's what Mrs. Pakenham will say. Couldn't you tell that lie better. Well, what else did you say?"

"I told them, your honour, I sent for the doctor," and as the valet said so, he was plainly nervous.

"Did you say anything about the police?" further questioned the wounded man in a more conciliatory tone.

"No, your honour. The ladies will know that soon enough."

"That's right. That's right, Hardy. I wish they were here, I want that fellow that fired at me arrested at once. You should be able to identify him too?"

"I think I could, your honour."

"You think you could, eh. You cowardly imp you could identify nothing, for you ran away too soon. Well I can," and Mr. Pakenham was again becoming irritable until the thought struck him, that the presence of the mailed shirt before the doctor and police would surely expose him to ridicule. Then with the combined feelings of harrowing disgust, and the utter uselessness of such a protector of all his vital person, and the recollection of his agony for the previous month, Mr. Pakenham, most meekly bade his valet help to undo the tortuous thing before the arrival of those dreaded persons.

The first to arrive on the scene was a sergeant of police and a constable from the local station, a few miles distant from Pakenham Hall. Being led up-

stairs by the rear entrance and with furtive steps, their presence not being known by the ladies downstairs, consequently their mission should be as brief and noiseless as possible.

A few questions after the hearty greeting they received, led the police sergeant to the important inquiry if Mr. Pakenham knew "the criminal who attempted to take his life?"

"Yes, I do, and can identify him too," promptly replied the wounded man. Then Mr. Pakenham went into the details of his recent fox-hunting experience, emphasizing in particular the appearance and reply of the foot-ball kicker on that occasion, and, more particularly still did he refer to the peculiar hollowness of voice; the sameness and ghastliness of look that stamped the words and features of the would-be assassin, and the foot-ball kicker, so that Mr. Pakenham safely concluded, the two must be one and the same person.

Armed with these clues, the officials of the law considered it did not require a Sherlock Holmes to unravel the mystery. So immediately to reduce words to actions, they took a hasty departure to apprize by wire all the Constabulary stations around where the hunt took place, of the outrage, and of the foregoing important clues as to the perpetrator.

The doctor's arrival of course was not so secret. His entrance was by the hall-door or main entrance where he was met by Mrs. Pakenham and her daughter. Both seemed calm which was a contradiction to the report he received, which was that his old-time patient was in a serious condition. But Doctor Ashforth,

knowing how to make his presence not unduly alarming, gave the ladies none of the impressions he received.

On being informed by Mrs. Pakenham of the cause of her husband's accident, as related by his valet he laughed, "Jumping off a fence, eh."

"Yes, indeed, doctor," replied the elder lady with some ascerbity in her voice, "Mr. Pakenham ought recollect he is not a boy."

"Well," said Doctor Ashforth, with confidence, "if that is all, he'll be soon able to jump again."

"Please Doctor," now requested Miss Pakenham, who never took a forward part in conversation while her mother was leading "let us know when we can go up to see him."

"Oh, certainly, Miss Frances," and with the word "certainly" again on his lips, Doctor Ashforth proceeded up the long flight of stairs that led to Mr. Pakenham's bed-room.

The usual greetings being over, which are customary between old friends when they meet after a prolonged absence, the wounded man detailed the circumstances of the attack and shooting, with ample illustrations how he struggled unarmed and alone with the would-be assassin. His listener, warmly expressed his wonder at the courage of a man, who could so struggle on such an occasion; and then Doctor Ashforth proceeded to investigate the extent of the injuries his patient received.

That search was only superficial, for immediately the Doctor discovered a long furrow on the fleshy part of the wounded man's back, which revealed the travel-

ling of the messenger of death, and from which a large quantity of blood must have flown, the loss of which must necessarily impair his vitality, and be a consequent danger to the heart's action.

CHAPTER XXIX

BRIAN O'HARA ARRESTED

ONLY a few days elapsed after the drain-diggers had completed their work, and a cessation of their activities became necessary, when Tom Hartnett and Brian O'Hara, as if by prearrangement, met down where Pat McMahon resided.

The reader might again with propriety be reminded that Pat McMahon's domicile was one of those remnants of other days, which could at that time be found thickly over Ireland. Grim spectres of times when something like a homestead law prevailed, until the great Famine of 1845 and afterwards, broke up the majority of them; and, then the slogan of "farms amalgate" became the doctrine of its apostles.

At this remnant of a home—euphoniously styled Cabin—those labourers met at the usual working hour. Pat McMahon was already abroad doing some needful chores. His brother Davey's children were abroad also, romping around fresh-looking and clean from the hands of their grandmother.

Though Uncle Pat's mother was at that time far advanced in years, her vitality was scarcely impaired, such as many of those old Irish mothers that can be found in many lands today outside of Ireland, filling

oftentimes such vacancies, as Death recently created for the McMahon children.

She was a woman of strong build, and must be in the hey-day of her youth, rather masculine-looking, but of a peculiar beauty all her own, and was at the time this story relates of a rather striking personality, even that she was old and grey. To picture Mrs. McMahon in her cabin-garb, sitting by the turf fire in the spacious hearth, rocking to and fro, to the tune of her agony, her supposedly dead son's youngest child Pat, would indeed be a tearful sitting in a desolate setting, but hard must be the heart that could not sympathise with such a victim of organized conditions, when one pictures her, even coldly, as she sings that baby boy to sleep with her favourite lullaby,

"Oh rockaby baby. Hush till I sing
The song of the Angels around you on wing,
They'll watch while you sleep on your grandmother's
breast;
And tell you in dreams of your dear Mother's rest.
Oh fatherless, motherless baby go sleep,
I'll sing through your slumbers or silently
weep,
And Heaven's own tears will then moisten
your bed;
And fall like the dew on your innocent head.

"Go sleep my own baby, your mother is near;
And father is watching each breath of his dear,
No harm can reach you. I'll sing and I'll pray
That Angels may guard you by night and by day.
Oh fatherless, motherless baby go sleep,
I'll watch through your slumbers or silently
weep;

And Heaven's own tears will then moisten
your bed,
And fall like the dew on your innocent head."

Such was the woman from whose aged and toil-worn hands, her orphaned grandchildren issued forth that morning, to be greeted by Tom Hartnett and his companion as they arrived, to do some needful repairs to the old house in which they expected to reside for many a long day.

Surely it is no exaggeration to say that the old house required extensive repairing, both in the woodwork of the roof and its covering, the masonry and other odds and ends, especially as Father O'Mahony's visits were becoming more frequent. The same frequency also was noticed in Doctor O'Leary's visits, both being usually accompanied by their respective proteges Kathleen and her brother Johnny, and all occasions being punctuated by the tell-tale evidence of a new apron or shawl for their grandmother, or an increase in the raiment of some one of the children.

Certainly for the purpose of effecting those repairs already indicated, there could be no two better men got for the purpose. Possibly Paddy Gorman could do such work mechanically too, but Tom Hartnett knew, when making a selection, that he could not have Paddy and Brian together, on account of the jealous animosity of the latter, for, "as he used put it, Paddy is too consaited entirely, 'tirely."

"What's the matter, Brian?" remarked Tom, after the first of the morning's greeting was over. "You are looking tired."

"Be gor so well I ought, Tom. Sure, I was up the mosht of the night."

"What was the matter?" further enquired Tom.

"My poor woman is sick. She nearly died lasht night," and Brian grew a little broken in his utterance. "Sure, I had to get the Priesht and Docthor for her. Besides, I had to take a dhrop or two myself this mornin' to brace me up."

"What is she complaining of, Brian?"

"I'm damn sure Tom, she has not been well ever since the lasht younsther, but she is so close-mouthed she wouldn't tell me until she broke down lasht night, entirely, 'tirely."

At this juncture, Brian, being a good deal shaken by his honest grief, pulled out his pipe, and to seek the unadulterated pleasure of a calming smoke of tobacco, proceeded to fill it with that weed before going to work. His companion doing likewise.

Whether there is any connection between the art of story-telling, especially of the weird or fantastic, and the influence of Lady Nicotine, the reader must be allowed to judge, but certainly, as soon as he put that clay pipe in his mouth, Brian O'Hara became as voluble as ever, for he remarked immediately, "Pon my sowl, 'pope,' but I don't think that house I'm in is lucky."

"Why do you say that, Brian?" remarked Tom, just as he was touching off a match to set fire to the tobacco.

"I'll tell you then, for I think 'tis too near the forth."

"Yerra, that forth is an awful place for fairies, the

ould people say, though I never saw wan of 'em as long as I'm livin' there, an' 'tis there I was born. Did you ever hear of the night of the big wind, Tom?"

"To be sure I did, Brian. That was an awful night."

" 'Twas eh," and Brian O'Hara should laugh between every puff of smoke he'd emit from his mouth. "That wasn't wind at all man. Debby told me, an' she knows it. That wind was a great battle between the Catholic fairies an' the Orangemen fairies; an' that it was a bloody wan too, she said, an' signs on the Orangemen fairies are quiet ever since, only once in a while when any wan of 'em would take a dhrop o' potteen too much. Didn't you ever hear that before, 'pope?' "

"No Brian, I never heard before that any fairy had a hand in the big wind," and as Tom Hartnett replied so, it required nearly all his self-command to keep a serious face, so as not to rouse the susceptibilities of his informant.

"Well that's the thrue shtory now for you, pope, an' that was the night I was born. Yerra, sure, let me tell you another case in pint. A while afther I was born—maybe six months, my mother—God rest her sowl." Here Brian reverently looked upwards, after taking the pipe out of his mouth, and his hat off his head, to utter the sublime invocation, then replacing them, continued, "took me in her arms out to the 'forth' wan fine day that summer, an' who did she see combin' her long black glossy hair, do you think?"

"No, Brian."

"Pon my sowl the Banshee."

On Tom, expressing his incredulity, Brian continued, "You don't believe it, eh? Yerra didn't they spake to wan another, an' the Banshee lookin' at myself asleep, said I was a fine boy, an' never said God bless me. Jesht then my mother heard some wan laughin' behind her, an' she looked back that way," (and Brian, turned around, as he thought his mother did), "but whin she looked for my brave Banshee, what did my mother see but a big furze bush before her. What do you think of that 'pope,' or did you ever hear the like of it in Italy whin you wint out there to fight?"

"I confess, Brian, I never heard of any one seeing the Banshee in Italy or Ireland. What did ye do, then?" Evidently Tom wanted to hear the climax.

"What did we do but wait for Debby to come, an' whin she did an' heard my mother's shtory, the poor woman nearly cried she was that mad an' said, she'd guard me with a frind that was able for all the Banshees in Munsther, an' so she did, Tom."

"Well, well. That was awful," replied Tom, dubiously, at the same time finding his pipe required replenishing, if further story-telling was to be continued, suggested an antidote, and that was to go to work, which Brian half-heartedly agreed to.

The forenoon was nearly passed in comparative silence by these half mechanics, except now and then to indulge their smoking propensities, when Doctor O'Leary made his appearance on his jaunting car with little manly-looking Johnny McMahon by his side, holding the whip. It was with no feigned pleasure the doctor saw the transformation that was fast coming

over the abode which held as a home so many human beings. Indeed, it was a sincere pleasure, and the Doctor expressed it when he complimented Brian on his good idea of proportion, as he was laying out the spare ground outside the cabin door into flower beds, without tape or rule; and, when Tom Hartnett brought out the ancient sun-dial from its obscurity, the Doctor superintended its erection again in its original pedestal.

In the midst of such affairs, two Police Constables obtruded their presence, which caused some surprise to those thus busy. They were Sergeant Duff and a new Constable from the Ballytemple Station. Their presence caused some surprise, for ever since Davey McMahon's eviction, no limb of aggressive law was seen around Gourbawn.

It was noted by Doctor O'Leary and the others that these Constables came from the direction of Tom Connerty's place, as that was in the direct route from Mr. Creagh's residence. Sinister suspicions must have risen in their minds, too, when Sergeant Duff, after giving a general salute, went towards Brian O'Hara, and placing a hand on his shoulder, said, "I arrest you, Brian, for the attempted murder last night of Mr. Frederick Pakenham, of Pakenham Hall."

"Holy murdher, man. Is it me? Yerra Docthor, didn't you see me at my home lasht night?" replied Brian, in thorough amazement, as he appealed to Doctor O'Leary.

"Certainly Brian, and I'll swear to that in any Court of Justice in the land," responded the Doctor warmly.

"I have nothing to do with that. I have a warrant for your arrest, signed by Mr. Creagh, and must execute it. So Brian, get on your coat and come along," said Sergeant Duff, seemingly in haste.

"How in the devil can any wan say that?" broke forth from Brian again. "The lasht time I saw Mr. Pakenham was at the fox hunt lately, an' wouldn't know him agin' if I saw him," and the arrested man proceeded to don his outer garment, saying, "Can I go to see my poor sick wife, Sergeant?"

"No," replied that official. "I must take you to the Hall by the next train for identification by Mr. Pakenham, as he is very low."

"Don't fear, Brian," Doctor O'Leary assuringly said. "You didn't shoot Mr. Pakenham, and you'll be home by the next train. Be sure of that. Meantime, Tom Hartnett and I will go over to see your wife, and tell her all about this affair."

"I wouldn't doubt you, docthor. God bless your heart," and forth strode Brian O'Hara, a handcuffed man, between two Constables.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

Doctor Ashforth, fearing that as Mr. Pakenham was very much exhausted from loss of blood, unconsciousness might supervene at any moment, thought it advisable to have himself notify the patient's wife and daughter of the true state of affairs, and to minimise

as far as possible the fear of any dangerous results to their nervous systems.

This he did in words well chosen and calming, adding, "Ladies, it will only intensify the fever that is now rapidly rising through Mr. Pakenham's system, if you add your distressed presence to his distressed state of mind, the result perhaps might destroy my best efforts."

"Now, ladies," the doctor continued; "there is no immediate danger, as for the wound it is only a deep flesh one."

"Has he any other wound, doctor?" questioned the elder of the ladies.

"No, Mrs. Pakenham, he has not, but there is a discoloration of the skin right opposite the heart. It must be from a bullet, but I cannot see how he could resist it, for that would be fatal."

"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Pakenham, as she seated herself on an adjacent chair. "Isn't this terrible. This attempted murder has been the result of an eviction on our Gourbawn property, and there was no need of it. The tenant McMahon was a good industrious man, but his lease expired, and a tempter came here named Connerty, and offered Mr. Pakenham more rent. Hence the eviction and hence the shooting of my foolish husband."

"Mother dear," now broke in Miss Frances, just as much distressed, "do not fret too much. The doctor assures us, father is not much wounded, and that he will be well soon."

"I'll try not to, my dear."

Doctor Ashforth, with his sound judgment of hu-

man nature's barometer, knew well that Mrs. Pakenham's language and tears was nothing less than the safety-valve of her much wrought feelings, which, when left to expend the force of suspended anguish, relief generally follows.

The wisdom of such thought and action on the part of the doctor having had the desired result, Mrs. Pakenham was soon restored to her normal self. Only the remembrance of the falsehood of Mr. Pakenham's valet, in telling her his master got a wrenched leg jumping off a fence, remained to torment her. "That wretched little fragment of a man, telling me such an absurd lie. The idea," she oftentimes exclaimed.

Again the reasoning powers of Doctor Ashforth, had to be exercised in explaining to the indignant lady, and her equally indignant daughter, the danger to them if "the wretched little fragment of a man" told the truth on the occasion. "Why, ladies," the doctor observed, "the little fellow told ye that lie with the very kindest intentions, evidently waiting until I would come to see Mr. Pakenham's injuries. If he told ye the truth, what a general collapse there would be. Not one, but three would require me."

A faint smile flitted across Miss Pakenham's face as she remarked, "The calmness of the fellow's look though, as he stood before mother and me telling that falsehood, could almost make me forgive him for art's sake. He did it artistically, doctor."

Mrs. Pakenham, observing the trend of her daughter's remarks, and always feeling pleased in having her not downcast, soon leaned to pleasantry herself, at the expense of the valet. "Doctor," she remarked,

"if you want to see a complex countenance, half a lie, half truth; half right, half wrong, look at Mr. Pakenham's valet straight in the face, and you have a most accomplished one."

"Now, ladies, you must not think ill of Bob. He did a delicate job well. I could not have done better myself under the circumstances; and, let me tell you, a good deal of Mr. Pakenham's recovery depends on him now, especially when the Police are expected here any moment. We have got a telegram from Ballytemple stating they have arrested the criminal. He is one Brian O'Hara, of Gourbawn, and may be here tonight for identification, and then the would-be murderer will shoot no more. I must go upstairs, ladies, and when the identification is over ye can come to see Mr. Pakenham. At present, no."

The afternoon of the first day after the outrage, closed in disappointment for those of his household, who were on the qui vive for a look at the terrible "Rory of the hill," (a mythical character, who loved to shoot landlords), who attempted the life of their master. It was utterly impossible, though, for him and his escort to reach there from Ballytemple that afternoon, but they reached the local Constabulary barrack at night, and Brian O'Hara was in a cell at last, charged with a serious crime.

One may or may not be able to divine correctly what Brian's thoughts were on that occasion. Perhaps they may or may not be about that remarkable night in Ireland long ago—the night of the "big wind" or about the Banshee and Debby's promise, or

any other thought that might lead one of his simple, philosophical turn of mind, to meditate on.

Certainly, whichever point Brian O'Hara cared to discuss with himself during the night, he appeared next morning bright and cheerful, with a kindly "good mornin'" for his captors, and a criticism on the aspect of the weather—a pet habit which Brian had reduced almost to a science, for the benefit—and oftentimes the reverse—of his neighbours.

After a substantial meal, he again strode forth a handcuffed man, between two constables, to undergo the process of identification, the result of which might consign him for the rest of his life to Penal servitude or worse, if a fatality occurred.

Unfortunately, about the time of their arrival, the wounded man suffered quite a lapse of consciousness—as the doctor feared, which necessitated a delay of many hours in further proceedings. That fact concerned Brian alone, as it was a foregone conclusion among all else that he was the actual would-be murderer, and hence it was that it was late in the afternoon when Mr. Pakenham and Brian O'Hara were brought face to face.

There was very little ceremony about the interview. Brian stood before the wounded man rigid as a statue, with all the air of an injured man, as Mr. Pakenham viewed him more with curiosity than anger.

"Is this the man ye have brought for me to identify as my assailant?" he demanded, in a voice blent with anger and pain.

"Yes, your honour," answered the constable in charge. "This is the man who addressed you at the

fox-hunt recently, and whom you asserted was the man who attempted taking your life."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, your honour. Here is Sergeant Duff's 'informations.' 'I have this day on the testimony of Thomas Connerty, Junior, and on common report arrested Brian O'Hara of Gourbawn, as the man who addressed Mr. Frederick Pakenham, of Pakenham Hall, at the meeting of the County Fox-hunting Club lately, and, who is suspected of being that gentleman's murderous assailant.' "

"Well, I say now he is not the man who assailed me. The man who did was a head and shoulders higher than this fellow," pointing to Brien. "Surely that slob of a face was not the one I saw at the fox-hunt, and that addressed me. No, that face was a hideous one, and one I'll never forget, and was of a sameness as the features of him who assailed me."

"It may be an optical illusion, Mr. Pakenham," remarked Dr. Ashforth.

"Oh no, doctor. I am confident it was no illusion. Say, Hardy, didn't you see the fellow, too?" and, as the valet replied in the affirmative to the wounded man's enquiry, he added, "but that is not the man, your honour. I got a good look at him before I went for help."

"You went for help, eh. You ran away, you coward. If you stood as I did, we would capture the assassin. Let that fellow go home," and as Mr. Pakenham gave the edict, the crest-fallen appearance of the Constables was painful to see, as Brian O'Hara made his exit. And as if to make the discomfiture of the Con-

stables more painful, Mr. Pakenham, turning away from them, said, "Go away stupids. Go search for my attempted murderer elsewhere."

To begin to trace a criminal after he having forty-eight hours' advantage, and to be called "stupids" was quite unfair to these sleuths, besides the cause of the entire break-down was owing to the "visionary illusion" of him who called them stupids. Nevertheless, like the machines Government servants are, the two policemen faced the problem in their own way.

On going through the scene of the attack, they found shoeprints without the hob-nails of the country folk; and, unmistakably still, these prints were of the square-toed variety indicating American manufacture at that time. Continuing their search, the broken shrubbery and the same prints led them along to the highway, where further trace was lost.

Suggestions from one to the other followed which reduced themselves to two strong probabilities. They were the recent arrival at the port of Limerick of the blockade-runner "Garryowen;" and, the other, the proximity of Limerick Junction on the Railroad from Dublin to Cork. At either of these centres a clue might be got, they thought, and with such intention they continued along the highway until they reached that important railway station.

Police being entitled to first-hand information without evasion on all subjects which require their cognizance, they were at once informed that a man such as they described, square-toed boots and all, got on the mail train for Cork at their station, forty-eight hours previous. This information was sufficient for

the last day which was to communicate with the Cork Corporation, all the details and the meager description they had of the assassin of Mr. Pakenham.

All that which brought back the reply, that the man in question was named Davy McMahon. That he must forty-five miles previous for New York and had was probably beyond reach. That the immediate steps to be taken were plainly evident either to overtake the Cross-liner on which he sailed, or to send a special policeman for him to New York with an extradition warrant which the Governor of the State would at once issue.

Davey McMahon—for such was proved the would-be assassin of Mr. Pakenham to be—landed again at Castle Garden, conscious of the fact that he was pursued, not this time by United States gun boats, but by the strong arm of international law.

Feeling anxious to see the sights upon, he rode on a Broadway car from the Battery, and for such purpose he stood on the front platform, to note the passionate military sights as he passed along. It was slow driving and slower still rounding the Southern end of Union Square, called in after days "dead man's curve"—from all that were killed there when the underground cable was introduced, and aptly or inaptly styled "rapid transit."

Davey was leisurely smoking a cigar on the occasion, and casting an eye over the numerous military tents that studded the Square—it rested on one in particular, it was that of the 69th regiment of the New York National Guard, composed exclusively of Irish or Irish-American soldiers.

Having heard so much of the history of that famous regiment, and how it fought in nearly every general engagement in Virginia since the first battle of Bull Run.

He jumped off, muttering to himself, "I might as well do it now as later. I have had revenge on Pakenham, and I am satisfied," so saying, he went towards the regimental tent mentioned, and giving his name and nationality, was soon conveyed to its Armory, where he was duly equipped in all the requirements of a soldier and hurried away with many others that afternoon, to join the Federal ranks at Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER XXXI

MODERN SHYLOCK LOOKS FOR HIS BOND

THERE was nothing Mr. Pakenham was more averse to, than the notoriety which should surely follow the publication of the outrage perpetrated on him. For the purpose of avoiding that he wanted his would-be assassin quietly arrested, and if possible as quietly prosecuted. Imagine his chagrin when he learned that by such cautious proceeding, the real criminal got sufficient time to escape, and to face the notoriety of newspaper criticism, and the various lights which would be thrown on his public and private character, was to him truly painful. It was at least a consolation to him to know he was rapidly improving; and, there being now no need of Doctor Ashforth's continuous attention, Bob Hardy's efforts in that direction were deemed sufficient.

Judge of his surprise a few mornings after the break-down in the Brian O'Hara identification proceedings, when he saw in all the morning newspapers to hand, the story of his attempted murder amply detailed, with an elaborate account of the criminal's escape owing to "an unfortunate optical illusion on the part of Mr. Frederick Pakenham—the object of the outrage." Another paper had it, that "it was questionable how a bullet fired at a man's breast at close range, could only leave a superficial trace of its impact on the skin, if it was a real bullet, or, if there was nothing there to prevent its passage," winding up with the assertion that there was no outrage, but a "physical illusion," and, that the much-sympathized-with gentleman was suffering from nothing but "illusions."

After reading these "cruel" versions of his unfortunate experience, Mr. Pakenham called out in a tone of expressed rage, "Come here, Hardy. Read that," and showing the disturbing paragraph to his valet, the latter commenced to read.

"Speak low, you infernal chatterbox. Do you want me to be exposed through the house. Speak low."

"Yes, your honour, I will," and after the "infernal chatter-box" had completed the reading, his master enquired, "What do you think of that stuff?"

"I think, your honour, the newspapers believe there was no assault on you at all. That it is all an 'illusion.' "

"Illusion, eh. If the newspapers saw the wound in the fleshy part of my back, they'd know there was

no illusion. Oh, but that shot that was fired at my breast, I'm sorry it did not kill me."

"That would be too bad, your honour. Sure you'd be dead then."

"That so, Hardy. That's so, I did not think of that."

In such serio-comic vein of conversation, the master of Pakenham Hall and his Valet often indulged in, each one unconsciously "perpetrating" some witticism at the expense of the other, and thus ran along their lives in various cadences of "temper," as it influenced them. But never in any alteration of "temper" did Mr. Pakenham address his valet with more condescension, than when he called "Bob, like a good fellow, take away that damn thing under my bed in a valise, or something and bury it. Damn it, I wish I never wore it."

"Won't you wear it any more, your honour?"

"No, never Bob. Never," and Mr. Pakenham never uttered words more emphatically. With alacrity Bob disappeared as ordered, bearing one mailed shirt carefully concealed in a black Gladstone satchel, to be buried per order, unmourned, and in secret in the darkest part of the kitchen-garden, without ceremony that night.

In the usual outpouring of sympathy on such occasions, Mr. Pakenham was the recepient of many telegrams and letters much to his disgust, and which occupied much of his time to read, especially that morning, as he was relieved of the presence of his valet, and the black Gladstone bag with its hoodoo occupant, when suddenly there came a knock at his bed-room

door and a chamber-maid entered, informing him that Captain Martin and friend wished to see him.

"Why, of course," responded the sufferer, "tell the Captain and his friend come right in."

"Pakenham, my old friend," exclaimed the Captain, as he entered, "I am truly sorry to hear of this dastardly attack on you. I hope you showed fight?"

"Did I. I tell you one would-be murderer will not attack a Pakenham again with impunity. Sit down Captain. Sit down, Mr. Skinner."

Being duly seated, the visitors hearkened with apparently much interest to the details of the attack that was now the talk of the country, every now and then the Militia Captain punctuating some heroic point, with, "So like a Pakenham," or some remark akin to it.

When the tragic story, with all its after-features was fully thrashed out, and conversation seeming to grow dull, Captain Martin casually remarked, "By the way Pakenham, Mr. Skinner here, our Lawyer, considers the best thing for us to do about that bond, is to complete it as soon as possible. He says that human life is not equitable security where £10,000 are concerned, and as that sum covers your indebtedness to me, he says it is only right two gentlemen like we are should act as such. Have I stated the position correctly, Mr. Skinner?"

"Most correctly Captain, and I may add I have the Legal instrument here, so that the long-deferred business can be completed expeditiously," the legal luminary meantime producing a formidable looking document.

"What do you say, Pakenham?" now questioned the Captain.

"I would have no hesitation," responded he, "but I should like to be up and around again, and not on a sick bed, signing away all my property, and my wife's and daughter's as well, for an old indebtedness which I admit. Say tomorrow afternoon if possible, Doctor Ashforth says I will be able to be up by then." Captain Martin seemed hesitating, and after a short pause, he said, in an encouraging tone, "Do not feel gloomy over this affair Pakenham, even that you sign away all these rights. There is a way to secure them again, even without a money consideration. But more on that subject later on."

This language of the pudgy little militia captain sounded to the sick scion of the Aristocratic Pakenham Hall both adroit and ominous, and gave the equally adroit lawyer, an opportunity to abruptly terminate the legal dialogue, and leave Captain Martin's last expressions ferment in Mr. Pakenham's mind. So suggesting one or two days hence, as the limit for the completion of the legal document, he held in his hand, the three entered into a nondescript conversation until Bob Hardy's return, when they left.

As was related, many telegrams of sympathy were delivered by special messengers all that forenoon at the Hall, even after Captain Martin's and his friend's departure. One in particular was brought to the patient's bedroom by his own wife. It was from Sir Edward Fitzgerald, stating that himself and Mr. Chapman were on their way from his residence in Dublin, and would arrive late in the afternoon.

This was indeed gladful tidings, for the presence of both together would fill up a longing which was felt very much by all the Pakenham family, but an especial desire possessed the head of the house himself to meet Sir Edward.

Mr. Pakenham, for the first time in his life seemed very much affected by the presence of his wife, as they were alone at the time. In most docile words he bade her sit down by his bed-side, to hear what he would tell her without evasion, and then unfolded to her Captain Martin's real object in visiting him that morning; and the peculiar language he used at the termination of the meeting. "I know my dear Caroline," he admitted, "I never paid serious attention to your wise counsel, if I did perhaps I would not be here a wounded man today. Now, I ask, with sincere self-reproach, what am I to do? Am I either to sign this bond and submit to his dictation afterwards, or let him sell us out?"

"Frederick, my dear," and Mrs. Pakenham gently brushed the stray grey locks of hair from his forehead with her gentle hand, "I do not wish now to criticize the past, nor to tell you again, as I often told you before, I never liked this Militia Captain nor his methods. Now, how to disentangle ourselves from him, I cannot tell you, except Sir Edward can if you ask his counsel. He is a good financier, and has pulled himself through, from the hands of Shylocks like Captain Martin. You have one or two days more you say, and our visitors will be here this afternoon. So there is plenty time."

"Oh, what a relief your counsel is to me, dear Caro-

line," and the wounded man's breast heaved as if in proof. "Now, Frederick, you must be tired after this long talk. Calm your mind. Leave our future and the future of our daughter, in the hands of the Most High, and be sure He will disappoint this modern Shylock and his calculations."

CHAPTER XXXII

AN UNWRITTEN LAW IN IRELAND

THERE was no "hope deferred" that afternoon in Pakenham Hall. It was full of joy, for Sir Edward Fitzgerald had come accompanied by Mr. Chapman, his American friend and companion in many a big game chase in the latter's extensive ranch in the "wild and wooly West." Mike Costigan too, was to the fore on the gravelled walk outside, after driving his two "fares" all the way from the City; and, Kitty was munching her oats by his side as nonchalant and innocent-looking as if she never heard a swear-word from Mike.

Already the visitors were uptsairs in Mr. Pakenham's bedroom, hearing that gentleman recount the incidents of his marvellous escape from death, at the hands of a would-be assassin, and his own heroic efforts to prevent it, causing consternation to his hearers and wonder that such a criminal should be so fortunate as to escape.

"I fear he has, Mr. Chapman," replied the sufferer in answer to that gentleman. "He has been traced to Queenstown, but we were too late, and now one of our

policemen has been sent to bring him back from your country."

"I fear cousin Fred," remarked Sir Edward, "your policeman will have a poor chance of getting such a criminal. In all probability that fellow, as soon as he lands in New York, will enlist, and will be hurried away to the front. Do you think the military authorities will care to give him up? I think not."

Meantime, Mike Costigan was growing impatient to return to the City, and not having any definite instructions from Mr. Chapman as to his movements, he desired to see that gentleman.

This was a fortunate circumstance for Frederick Pakenham, for only in Mr. Chapman's absence could he unbosom himself to his kinsman, and reveal to him the position he stood in with a Captain Martin of the Limerick City Militia, including the amount of his indebtedness, and the time-limit in which a bond must be given to cover the amount of £10,000.

Mr. Pakenham continued confessing to his indignant relative, "That it was the ambiguous language Captain Martin used, when suggesting a means by which I could recover my property again, gives me an insight of his true character."

"Is he a married man?" questioned Sir Edward.

"No," answered Mr. Pakenham, "and what makes me still more hostile to him, is, his coming at me now in my present situation, and make that a leverage for his other design."

"Do not fear Cousin Fred. That fellow's action must be counteracted, or else I am not a Geraldine, but, unfortunately, the most of us have inherited very

doubtful legacies, in the encumbered estates we possess."

"True for you, Sir Edward," Mr. Pakenham replied, "and perhaps many of us did not recognize it until too late."

"Well, Frederick," said the tall Geraldine, (Sir Edward being considerably over six feet in height), "better late than never." Then, after a pause, he half exclaimed, "two days! It's a short time to negotiate £10,000 by way of loan; and, I suppose in two days if 'tis not forthcoming, it will be either the bond with its contemplated conditions or law."

"That's the position, Sir Edward. The bond or law," and Mr. Pakenham laid down on the bed, from the sitting posture he had assumed on the entrance of his visitors, considerably wrecked looking both physically and mentally.

"I must be away then, Fred. The time is very brief. We must disappoint this Shylock of his pound of flesh," and having said so, the tall Geraldine hurried away along the long corridor, and down the stairs just in time to catch Mike Costigan undoing the feed-bag from Kitty's head, in preparation for his return to the city.

"Hold Mike. You can't go yet," exclaimed the near-breathless baronet. Then advancing towards where Mr. Chapman stood admiring the beauty of the fast-flowering rose beds, cut off from the hall door by the white-gravelled carriage-way, Mike's two "fares" commenced a long and apparently a serious conversation. It may be presumed Mr. Pakenham's financial position was under discussion, until Mr. Chapman re-

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

you, that wealth is today at your disposal that I mean it, and hence I claim a hearing. I propose that I, or you and I go directly to Limerick, where I will deposit £10,000 in Mr. Pakenham's bank to his credit, or more if necessary, on which he can draw and pay the demand of this low creature. I will demand though that this transaction shall not be known by any one but you and me."

"Sublime! Stupendous!" was all the tall baronet could say for the moment. Then he broke out again, "Damn it, but ye Americans can do nothing any way but in some large scale. I do accept your proposal Mr. Chapman, but you must get a bond for your money. I know Mr. Pakenham would not have it from me without giving ample security."

"Perhaps so," responded the large-hearted American, and then added, "In that case, Sir Edward get it in your own name. Let not mine be involved. We can adjust matters afterwards."

With a "We'll be with you in a moment, Mike," from the Baronet, he and the American disappeared indoors to find Mrs. and Miss Pakenham impatiently awaiting them.

The ladies, on being informed of their visitor's contemplated return to the City, were not so much surprised at Mr. Chapman's leaving, as they knew he was to return with Mike Costigan, but, Sir Edward, with whom Mrs. Pakenham had so much to say to on family matters, that his leaving, even for the night, was like a moderate shock to her. But he assured her he was going on very important business, and that on his return on the morrow with Mr. Chapman again per-

hope, it would compensate for the present disappointment.

After partaking just of a tasty glass of wine, Sir Edward Fitzgerald and his American friend joined Mike Costigan. Kitty apparently desirous for home, was busy pawing the gravel carriage-way, and when her master's whistle struck her ear, she showed a pair of heels as lightening fast as ever graced the Limerick highway.

There was very little chance for intelligent conversation between the occupants of Mike's side-car that afternoon, save now and then when a glimpse of the Galtees, or the distant heather hills of Clare would form the back-ground of their perspective. Then the admiration of Mr. Chapman would be expressed, such as "How like the Palisades along the Hudson," or, on another scene presenting itself, he would exclaim, "How like the setting sun upon the prairie."

Thus it was until the party were far from Pakenham Hall, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Limerick. In fact, night had fallen at its confines, and the gas lamps were all alight as Kitty cantered up George Street, to one of its principal hotels. Mr. Chapman, was, of course "at home" there, and by his manifestations of ease, soon made Sir Edward feel likewise, and soon each made more manifest still their at homeness, when they sat down with a substantial appetite to the good things provided for the guests of that hostelry.

In the cozy sitting room adjoining their bed-rooms, these travellers were really at home as they puffed away at good cigars, sitting at ease in their arm-

chairs. Forgetting all else, they indulged in their own personal affairs, and nothing could be more pertinent in Sir Edward Fitzgerald's opinion than to enquire how he—Mr. Chapman—fared among the Pakenhams since he introduced him to them at the horse show in Dublin the year before.

"I assure you, Sir Edward, I was delighted with their company. Mr. Pakenham was especially interesting, because of his thoroughly ingenuous manner and the candid expression of his inner feelings. Of course, he told me he did not like Americans because a grand-uncle of his, I think, was killed at the battle of New Orleans. I felt his strictures on my Country very much, which Miss Frances observed; and in her desire to palliate my wounded feelings, assured me on her word her father would not repeat again such inhospitable language, and at the same time she placed her warm white hand on mine. Let me tell you, Sir Edward, that action of that young lady touched me very much."

"Did Mr. Pakenham continue his aspersions on your Country?" queried the Baronet with a quizzical leer in his eyes.

"Oh yes, on every occasion," confessed Mr. Chapman without noticing the phenomena.

"Well, my dear American friend," and Sir Edward Fitzgerald spoke with all the gravity that could well be assumed by an Irish humorist, "are you not aware we have in Ireland an unwritten law, by which you can foreclose that mortgage?"

"I do not understand you, Sir Edward," replied the confused American.

"Why, it is simply the lady gave you her 'hand and word' her father would not continue to asperse your Country, and he did so. You can claim that hand for she mortgaged it to you, and hence your title. Oh, you can foreclose, Chapman, and if you do, I'll be the Sheriff and bailiff if you like."

"If that is an unwritten law in Ireland," now queried the American, "Ye are far ahead of us then?"

"Oh yes, we are far ahead of ye in many ways."

"I know already, Sir Edward, ye are far ahead of us making mirth where seriousness is intended."

"Yes and making seriousness where only mirth is intended," the playful Geraldine continued. "Look at your Courts of Law every day, filled up with actions for breach of promise. Why here in Ireland where a lady makes a promise, such as in your case and does not fulfill it, you can, according to our Irish unwritten law, claim her hand in marriage or in legal language, you can foreclose the mortgage."

"And is it the same case when a man is concerned," further questioned Mr. Chapman, who was not so dull to humour as he appeared.

"Oh, no, the English way of doing things is not bad enough for him," and the two should burst out laughing together, Mr. Chapman exclaiming, "I wonder how you escaped."

While these two gentlemen remained out of bed that night, they talked over various topics, occasionally lighting a fresh cigar and occasionally also in replenishing their empty wine glasses. Only now and then would any reference be made to the subject which brought them back to Limerick so quickly.

"I am glad we did," Sir Edward commented. "I

want to purchase some trifles which can be done while you are at the Bank."

"And I also am glad we came back," responded Mr. Chapman. "I am informed by one of my secret agents while in Dublin on the way to your place, Sir Edward, that a blockade-runner has recently arrived here in Limerick. I would like to look her over before our return to the Hall."

"We are pleased alike then," and the Geraldine baronet stood up, his long form, one would think touched the ceiling, adding, "I propose now that we retire."

"Seconded and unanimously carried," was the brief rejoinder.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S RELATION

Being carried on thus far, without further reference to Brian O'Hara's arrest, the reader of this story must not consider it was of no public importance. The continuous stream of people from the country all round that came to condole with his sick wife, could give ample denial to such a thought, even that stream did not cease until far adanced in the night, and then Mrs. O'Hara, out of sheer exhaustion, had to go to sleep.

Among the callers that night at the abode of that labouring man, were every one of Mr. Creagh's sons at intervals, and even Miss Nelly—his only daughter—came to tell Mrs. O'Hara, how her father had regretted

signing the warrant for Brian's arrest, when he had learned from Doctor O'Leary how innocent he was.

No wonder Mrs. O'Hara slept until a late hour next morning, nor was she disturbed by her children while preparing for school, which is usually a boisterous occasion in most households, so that in all probability, her sleep would be more prolonged but a tap, tap, at the entrance door, and a raising up and down of the wooden latch, called her attention and compelled her to rise and allow her visitor enter.

A tall woman clad in a long, black cloak and hood, passed indoor with the salute, "Good morning, Mrs. O'Hara."

"Good mornin', kindly ma'am," replied Mrs. O'Hara viewing closely her visitor.

"Don't you know me?" questioned the apparent stranger.

"Yerra sure I do now, Debby, but for the life o me I wouldn't know you in that cloak and hood."

"Oh, I sometimes wear them when I am going to any place in particular."

"Yerra sit down till I make a fire. Sure the mornin' is could."

"Well then 'tis not so cold only a little brisk," replied the visitor.

Not until then could the features of this woman Debby be noted. When she threw the old-fashioned hood back off her head, revealing the face of a very striking personage. It was a long one, sallow looking and heavily lined with wrinkles. Her hair was dark but slightly sprinkled with grey, which increased the naturally severe look of her countenance more than her probable age did.

To critically view this woman as she appeared then, she looked of a different type of person to all around her, in fact of a different race altogether, and, when she spoke, it was in perfect English, having not a trace of that brogue so peculiar to all her neighbours, which gave instant proof that her organs of speech were not essentially Irish.

Such was the Debby that Brian O'Hara spoke of to Tom Hartnett the day previous, when they were repairing Pat McMahon's cabin; and, as she sat before his wife that day, she seemed a good deal affected when she said she heard Brian was arrested on an almost murder charge.

"Oh Glory be to God! he's arrested anyway, but I hope it isn't that bad," and Mrs. O'Hara raised her check apron to her eyes.

"Where is Brian now?" queried Debby anxiously.

"Sure I don't know Deb. I suppose he is in gaol somewhere."

Would you like to know where he is, Mrs. O'Hara?"

"Yerra, Debby asthore, I'd give the world to know where the poor man is. Whether he's dead or alive," and again Mrs. O'Hara's check apron was raised to her eyes.

"Then follow me," and the visitor entered Mrs. O'Hara's bed-room ordering the outer entrance door to be bolted.

"Is there nobody in the house now?" questioned Debby with caution in her voice.

"No, nobody sure, Debby. There's no wan here only ourselves."

As soon as Mrs. O'Hara entered, her visitor or-

dered her to be seated while she stood mystical in appearance, and masterful in her language.

"You wish to know where your husband is now, don't you, Mrs. O'Hara?"

"Yes, I do, Debby astore. I'd give the world to know it."

"Well, I can tell you, but I could not except you wished it. Now, Mrs. O'Hara," continued this woman of mystery, "I want to tell you of my powers for learning the secrets of the unknown so that you may know I am not deceiving you." At this juncture Debby placed a tiny lamp on a near-by table, and setting it alight soon a most pleasing aroma arose and filled the bed-room. Then she produced a round glass globe of about two or more inches in diameter from underneath the folds of the long black cloak, and holding it up in view of her astonished beholder said, "You see this round glittering ball Mrs. O'Hara," and after that astonished woman answering in the affirmative, Debby continued "Let me tell you it is no ordinary glass. It is an amalgam or combination of specimens of all the precious stones which my great ancestor, the Queen of Sheba, sent to King Solomon, when the Temple of Jerusalem was being built.

"It is a most valuable and ancient heirloom, handed down for thousands of years through one direct line from that great Queen to me; and here I have been for years and my mother before me, and all the country folk for miles around Gourbawn thought I was Irish. No, Mrs. O'Hara, I am an Egyptian, or as ye call us Gypsies. But whatever I am, I am a friend to Brian O'Hara, aye, ever since the Banshee met his mother in the fort when he was a child in her arms.

"Now, Mrs. O'Hara, what I have told you retell to no one on your peril," and as the gaunt-looking mystic said so, she looked threatening at her listener and again continued, "not even to Father John when he comes here, for I know he don't like me to be coming into the Parish."

"I know he don't, Debby agra," accorded Mrs. O'Hara, "sure as I was sayin to Brian here wan night between ourselves, Father John ought be only glad whin you wor doin good. Didn't you do good the mornin you sthuck the coulther of the plough in the fire, an' made the Pishogy screech with pain, an' give up the butther that she took from the daicent woman in the next farum? Oh, Glory be to God, an isn't it the quare world entirely, tirely. You needn't fear, Debby, I won't be talkin."

After this declaration of silence, Debby proceeded with her mystical operation. First, she held the glass globule over the aromatic vapour arising from the lamp on the near-by table, then, gathering the cloak and hood closely around her person, she stood peering into its interior for a while. Then turning towards where the astonished Mrs. O'Hara sat, announced, "Your husband is safe. He is coming home. You will have him by the last train from the City."

"Yerra for God's sake, Debby, an' are you tellin' me the truth?"

"I am telling you the truth, Mrs. O'Hara, as sure as I am alive and to prove it I'll explain to you how I know it.

"I saw in the glass globe a man walking along a long road, before him was a City, I knew it was a City from all the houses there were. Especially I knew

the tower of Saint Mary's church, where Sarsfield stood long ago, directing his men during the siege of Limerick. I also knew King John's Castle near Thomondgate Bridge, where the Treaty Stone is. That man is alone on that road which tells me he is free, and that man is your husband. Now are you satisfied?"

"Oh! Glory be to God, Debby, but aren't you great. Yerra sit down till I make a cup o tay for you, or, sure maybe you'd rather take a little drop o' whiskey. I have some inside. Yerra sit down for God knows tis you that has made my mind aisy." And Mrs. O'Hara went bustling about the house notwithstanding that she was a seriously sick woman the evening previous.

Debby (singular to state she had no other name as long as she had lived there) could not linger longer. She said she had other important duties to perform elsewhere, and after partaking of the most immediate refreshment, this distant relative of the Queen of Sheba took her departure, leaving Mrs. O'Hara in the highest state of exultation.

It could not be expected that such exaltation could be long concealed from one's neighbours, particularly when the affected one was the night previous in the throes of despair, and, when joy is so easily transmitted to human hearts already in sympathy, it may be quickly gathered that Mrs. O'Hara's neighbours' feelings responded to her own. Nor did they require further assurance than "I tell ye Brian will be in Clourbawn tonight," to set the atmospheric waves of neighbourly sympathy in motion.

'Tis true, those unseen currents that have been ploughing their way hither and yon, through the

ethereal possessions of the Great Architect ever since Time began, were not discovered then, but, mayhap, the kindly ear of that Great Power that has ever controlled and directed them, bent attention to the expression of Mrs. O'Hara's thankfulness, and wafted them away until they were caught by the wireless apparatus of "big" Ned McCarthy's big heart, in the farthest corner of Gourbawn.

This may or may not be the source of that worthy farmer's information, but, certainly, he must have heard it when he exclaimed to Tom Hartnett who was just then passing homewards, after completing the repairs to Pat McMahon's Cabin, "that bates anything ever I heard before. Brian O'Hara coming home tonight. Yerra pope, as long as I am in the world I never heard of a man coming out of the hands of the Peelers so soon, when he'd be charged with the shooting of a landlord, no matther how innocent he was."

"The landlords are gods, you know. They can't be touched no matter what they do," and Tom as he said so looked around distrustfully.

"Well, Tom, we musht celebrate it. Take down enough turf from the haggard to the cross-roads and make a bonfire, then get 'Windy' Mickey the flute-player so that the boys and girls can have a dance on the platform there. We'll let the Ballytemple Peelers see that labouring min have friends even though they are poor."

Ballytemple railway station was crowded with people that evening, as the train from Limerick pulled in by the passenger platform, and forth sprang none other than Brian O'Hara more surprised than can be

told, by the general greeting he received from the vast assemblage.

Surely many came there that evening out of curiosity, for, like "big" Ned's impressions, many believed Brian O'Hara had a poor chance of ever seeing home again, and hence the impetus the enthusiasm received as the vast assemblage surged up along the one long street of Ballytemple.

It was utterly impossible to get a coherent account from Brian of his happenings since he was arrested, until he reached the bonfire, and until he was assured by Doctor O'Leary, who, with Father OMahony was present, that his wife was well. Then, when silence was partially restored and in his own graphic way, Brian commenced to tell what the reader already knows, admitting "I was a bit frightened at firsht but afther the night's shleep I wasn't. Even whin the Peelers brought me before Mr. Paykenham I wasn't a bit scared but whin my bould Sergeant Duff read out his 'informations,' naming young Tomeen Connerty as the man who informed him, as well as my own admission, well Father John, I got mad an said to myself that young fella will do something worse yet. But would you believe it, Doctor, as soon as Mr. Paykenham laid his eyes on me he said I wasn't the man that fired at him. That the man that did had an awful-looking face much like the face of the man that spoke to him at the hunt. Yerra, Father John, wasn't that the mad man though, whin he said 'there is some mistake. That innocent-lookin' shlob wouldn't kill a fly. Let him go home. He is not the man that shot me,'" and Brian endeavoured to imitate the voice as well as the language of the stricken man.

"An' oh, Docthor!" Brian added as he turned toward the Ballytemple physician. "Wasn't Misther Paykenham mad with the peelers an it all his own fault. Now they are gone off to the Junction an God knows where else, looking for the man they want."

"Thank God, Brian, you are back again; and that you are not like the evil-looking thing that Mr. Pakenham saw at the fox-hunt," observed Father O'Mahony.

"Yes, Father John," broke in Doctor O'Leary, "and Brian is very much unlike the innocent-looking slob that same authority took him to be."

The mirth provoked by these compliments had scarcely subsided, when the amused party was joined by no less a personage than the Magistrate who signed the warrant for Brian's arrest—Mr. Creagh of Creagh Park, whose daughter Nellie was just then mixed up in an eight hand reel on the platform. With the heartiest congratulations that gentleman welcomed him home, and expressed his gladness that the sum of the identification was nothing but an "optical illusion," as the morning papers asserted.

"Begor, Mr. Creagh," observed Brian with a laugh, "that's the very thing the docthor down at Paykenham Hall said it was too; but, whatever it was, gentlemen, to put all shtories into wan, Misther Paykenham is an honest man. He could as aisily say I was the man that shot him, as to say what he did an it would be Limerick Gaol for me tonight.

"Yes, Brian," added Doctor O'Leary, "and a packed jury would do the rest."

CHAPTER XXXIV

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

THE Police night-patrol from Ballytemple, at a very advanced hour next morning on passing by the cross-roads at Gourbawn, had to watch the embers of the recent bonfire die slowly, in fact painfully slow according to their feelings, for it took considerable of their time and efforts to extinguish it completely, and report of it in the night patrol book at their Barrack among every other incident that attracted their attention while on duty.

Sergeant Duff was a real tired man that morning after the night, and was in no pleasant mood for any restrictions on his desire for a quiet undisturbed sleep, when a mounted policeman from the sub-Inspector's office rode up to the Barrack door, and handed him an official envelope which he tore open immediately.

Enclosed in that envelope he found Orders "to have him proceed at once in civilian attire to Headquarters, and there report for duty." Without further ado, he brushed up his nigh-forgotten plain clothes and proceeded as commanded. There, the fairly-tired Sergeant was informed he was under orders to proceed at once to the United States of America, and arrest on an extraditable warrant a man named David McMahon, lately of Gourbawn, who had sailed for that Country from Queenstown on the last Ocean Liner. That the said McMahon was accused of a most atrocious assault on Frederick Pakenham, Esq., of Pakenham Hall, in the County of Tipperary; and, that his—Sergeant Duff's—long stay at Ballytemple, rendered him most

capable of identifying the criminal, he was selected for the task which was to be undertaken forthwith.

Such briefly were the orders that the tired and sleepy Sergeant of Police got from his superior Officer, and, if successfully accomplished, promotion eventually should follow.

This latter calculation was a feature that Sergeant Duff most dwelt upon. To have four V's on his sleeve in gold lace—the insignia of a Head-Constable—was really the dream of his life, and the opportunity so unexpectedly to be placed in his hands, seemed to be the fulfillment of that dream. It must be said too, for the eagerness and enthusiasm of Sergeant Duff that morning, that the express train that took him to Cork was not as fast as he desired, nor did that desire relax until he found himself on board an outward-bound steamship for New York.

Very few crossing the Atlantic Ocean for the first time but have a distinct recollection of the event. They well remember the nausea, the headaches, the stomachaches, and all the other aches incidental to one's first voyage; and, when this is the general experience Sergeant Duff could be no exception. A very poor subject he should be indeed for ocean travel. He was big, fleshy and corpulent when leaving Queenstown, and when passing the turnstile at Castle Garden with the rest of the steerage passengers, there was very little left of him for sea-sickness to operate on. In fact he was more fitting for Bellevue Hospital than to be making his way across Battery Park to Bowling Green, where the British Consul had his office, and where he was ordered to report as soon as possible.

New York City then had few, if any, attractions

to invite the curiosity of the sightseer. None of those giant skyscrapers that today blot out the light of heaven, were even dreamt of at the time, not even an elevated road—if memory is correct—so that when Sergeant Duff, finding himself fully recuperated and a Detective detailed from Headquarters with him to locate Davey McMahon he had no appetite for viewing a repetition of any old country City that he saw.

With a zeal worthy of any good cause, the Irish police Sergeant and his aide inquired at every lodgng house patronized by emigrants, mixed with every congregation of men and soldiers, both wounded and convalescent; and all their sleuthing came to nought until they came to Union Square, where, as has been already told, the numerous recruiting booths stood. Instinctively they sought the one where the 69th regiment held forth, and questioning a one-armed Hibernian who acted as Recruiting Agent, "if a man named McMahon enlisted in the regiment lately?"

"Sure, David McMahon enlisted four days ago and is now with his regiment before Chancellorsville."

"Are you sure?" queried the detective.

"Am I sure? The man was only after laving the ship when he enlisted an' gave me his name. Wasn't he from Gourbawn?"

"Yes, there is where he is from," and Sergeant Duff's dreams of V's and promotion all had vanished as he hastily emerged on Broadway, to pursue his way towards the office of the British Consul and report what he had learned.

In unmistakable language, that Official told the Sergeant in reply to a suggestion of his "that it would be foolhardy to go down to the battle-field to arrest him.

I advise you, Sergeant," further observed the Consul, "to remain here for a few days. McMahon may be killed or may not. If he is not, you will have a chance of taking him with you; and, if he is killed there will be an end to it."

What a vain calculation for the Irish Constable, to expect any particular individual would survive such a conflict; and, more vain still, to calculate so when that one was a soldier of the Irish Brigade. However the Constable remained until the record of the living was made known and when there was no Davey McMahon's name on the list, then and not till then did the hope of the four V's vanish.

CHAPTER XXXV

AN EARLY PURCHASE

THE thoughts that filled the Geraldine Baronet's mind that night in the hotel, when he parted with his American friend, might not be well portrayed in common-place language, for suspicion cannot always be well defined, nor can judgment be always well explained. Neither can any man judge another from casual superficial symptoms in ordinary intercourse.

These philosophical axioms might fulfill their duties for the theorist; but, how shattered must not this line of reasoning be by Sir Edward Fitzgerald's innate judgment, as he laid himself down to sleep satisfied with his reading through the feelings of his friend Mr. Chapman. These readings were, that the American was in love with Frances Pakenham, and did not know it; of that he was convinced.

Perhaps the subtle influence of Cupid once controlled the Baronet himself, in his younger days twenty years previous—maybe more—and so ripened his perception, that he could at first glance recognize a like sufferer. However that may be, Sir Edward Fitzgerald laid down to rest confident in his diagnosis, and to plan his action for the next day.

The morning sun did not catch Mr. Chapman long lingering in his bed-chamber. Having all his young life been led by activity and strenuousness, he was not going to indulge then in any forgetfulness of early maxims, even that his companion in an adjoining chamber was setting an example just the reverse.

It was not to be for long though. The tall Geraldine had his own incentives too for being abroad, even that it was an unusual hour for him, so with the vim of a younger man and a cheerful "good morning" he greeted his American friend, just as the latter was going to investigate what "good things" the Hotel afforded its guests for breakfast.

That function being satisfactorily completed and as the hour was approaching when the Banks would open their doors, Mr. Chapman proposed immediately attending to the important business that brought them so hurriedly from Pakenham Hall. Sir Edward promptly acquiesced, saying, "while you will be engaged at that affair Mr. Chapman, I have to make a trifling purchase which will not take long," and prescribing where and when to meet again they separated.

As Mr. Chapman's business at the Bank is already known, it is not necessary to repeat it again, further than to say there was no difficulty there in honouring his cheque for £10,000, nor any difficulty

at all in transferring it to Mr. Pakenham's credit, and hence his time there was necessarily brief.

Curiosity though, might well pursue Sir Edward Fitzgerald through the principal streets of the City, evidently looking for something particular. Looking for a moment at some very valuable trinkets he saw exhibited in a Jeweler's window in George Street, he entered, and, in a courtly manner desired to be shown a variety of the best rings in the establishment. With the eye and judgment of a connoisseur, he examined each and then selected at an enormous price a lady's ring, after which he departed just in time to meet his American friend returning from the Bank.

Curiosity may well be still anxious to know why Mr. Chapman was not informed of this purchase, when he and Sir Edward met and leisurely strolled away towards the dock, where the late blockade-runner—the "Garryowen" was tied up.

Though they trudged along arm-in-arm the long stretch of quay beside the Shannon, and chatted on a variety of subjects, yet not a word concerning that purchase was uttered, which was more than one might expect from the American's bosom-friend.

The "Garryowen" was at that time completely unloaded, and her cargo taken away by the various merchants to whom it was consigned, and as she hung on to her moorings, and danced up and down to the ebb and flow of the Shannon, she seemed a thing so proportionately built that speed must be the ulterior object of her architect.

Her crew seemed busily engaged making the necessary repairs on her hull and rigging, and over all, in his shirt-sleeves, stood the "Garryowen's" Captain—

Jack McNamarra—who was after having a "good time" visiting his Clare friends, and perhaps was not then over the after-effects.

"Good morning, Gentlemen," said the bluff Captain.

"Good morning, Captain," replied the taller man of the two, who were Sir Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Chapman. "How is the sea outside?" questioned the Baronet.

"Pretty rough, Sir; pretty rough. I'm just after coming in and I tell you we had a rough trip."

"From the other side, eh?" observed Sir Edward again.

"Yes sir. Doing a little business unknown to the Yankees." And Captain Jack smothered a laugh saying so.

"What! Blockade-running?"

" A little that way. I like risky business when I have a crew like myself who fears nothing. I had wan damn good fella, his name is McMahon, but he is gone home up the County. His folks live in a place they call Gourbawn. Oh, but he is crazy over his eviction last winter. I forget the name of the landlord who evicted him, but I pity that man if ever Davey McMahon lays an eye on him."

This piece of information given by the Captain of the "Garryowen" in a reminiscent tone of regret, for the loss of McMahon from his crew of dare-devils, broken once or twice by the altering of a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, was very interesting to his listeners.

Meanwhile the forenoon was growing apace, and though Captain McNamarra invited them on board,

and to his cabin where he could treat them to some "good Virginia moonshine, as good as Irish Potteen," but they refused protesting they did not drink, and bidding him a hearty good bye, Sir Edward and Mr. Chapman returned with quickened gait to their Hotel, where Mickey Costigan was anxiously awaiting them.

Indulging in no longer stay in Limerick, "Kitty" with her burden cantered away down George Street, Patrick Street across Ball's Bridge and then into a jungle of old-time streets until they emerged into the broad, well-kept roads leading to Pakenham Hall, now grown familiar to Mr. Chapman.

"I was sure Sir, that Kitty would balk at the bridge, as many a horse does," broke forth Mick Costigan addressing his American fare as if to start a conversation.

"Why should she bolt there, Mick?" that gentleman enquired.

"Yerra didn't you ever hear about the horses bolting at Ball's Bridge?" queried Mike with surprise, who being assured in the negative continued,

"Sure the day the murdherer of the Colleen Bawn was to be hanged up at Gallows-green, didn't the horses drawing him from the gaol bolt there; and the divil a foot they'd go 'till the murdherer had to come out of the carriage an' walk. Didn't you ever hear that shtory before Mr. Chapman?"

"No, Mike. I did not; but I have seen the play."

"O, yes, Sir. Gerald Griffin was a fine writher, God resht his sowl. But sure he didn't give the right names at all in his shtory."

"To be sure Mike. No writer of stories does."

"Be gor Misther Chapman, I would if I was writin a shtory."

With the like of such reminisences Mick Costigan enlivened the journey to Pakenham Hall, except now and then when urging "Kitty" to more speed, so that his fares had not a moment to spare to break the monotony of their inner thoughts.

Arriving again at Pakenham Hall, the visitors were met by Bob Hardy with a smile of satisfaction on his wizened countenance. "What," questioned Sir Edward, "Is the Governor so well that you can look pleasant?"

"Yes, Sir Edward. He is able to sit up now. He desires to see you at once." And Bob stood "to attention" as he said these words.

"All right, Hardy. I will be with him immediately."

Just delaying only a moment to return the "welcome" he received from his fair relatives, the tall Geraldine passed up the long stairway two steps at a stride, and was at once by the side of the fast-convalescing sufferer.

"I was so anxious for your return Sir Edward, and to see you alone that I sent Hardy down to notify you. How have you fared?" trepidation being in every word of the aristocratic sufferer.

"All right, Fred. Martin can come now any time and you can give him a draft for all of his usurious demand."

"Thank God!" And the much-humbled scion of the proud Pakenhams pressed gratefully the Geraldine's hand, and continued "Meantime I must give you a mortgage on my entire property, just as I should

give to Martin. I insist on that you know, Edward." (The Baronet's title occasionally being omitted in conversation.)

"Very well, Frederick. Just as you like, but we must have a lawyer to draw one."

"Damn the Lawyers. Didn't the old Earl lose enough to make you a lawyer; and are you not a registered one besides?"

"Oh yes, be dad, I have nearly forgotten about that."

"Now, go like a good fellow to my writing desk in the library, get some 'legal cap' and write a bond and I will sign it. You can have it stamped afterwards. Now, there." And the sufferer laid back on the bed exclaiming half audibly "O Frances! Saved! Thank God!"

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE EARLY PURCHASE EXPLAINS ITSELF

Mr. Chapman, while the Baronet was thus engaged upstairs, having dismissed the Jarvey with a very substantial tip, turned his steps towards the hall-door where Mrs. Pakenham accompanied by her daughter stood, after the hasty word or two they had with their tall relative.

To talk to any one seemed a great relief to these ladies, isolated as they felt they were without the bustling presence of the sufferer upstairs. How he was faring they had none to learn from except when Doctor Ashforth would come around. As for Mr. Pakenham's valet, they could not believe one word from him. Though they—mother and daughter—often had

to laugh when remembering in their benevolence, the apparently truthful aspect of the little fellow, as he told them—clearly for their own good—the accidental way the hurt occurred, yet they could not believe him again, and hence the necessity of either of them occasionally visiting their loved patient.

Mr. Chapman's presence was, for other reasons perhaps a great source of relief to these ladies. Mrs. Pakenham was a real woman of the world; never dazzled by the whiffs of fancy that so often change the character of her sex, and above all her instinctive appreciation of mankind was subtle to a high degree. Though, as she admitted herself oftentimes, her perception was obscured when selecting Frederick Pakenham as her husband, but she was convinced he was not the worst of men.

It was with no frivolous mental conceit Mr. Chapman sat down beside that lady with the look of extreme friendliness in her eye. Just as if she read his very American soul, with the treasure of her heart, her daughter earnestly hovering around, requiring to know his needs after his journey.

Such thoughts, though merely by-the-way, are nevertheless cogent indicators of the impression a comparative stranger like the American made on the mature mind of Mrs. Pakenham; and, must correspondingly be reflected on her *fac simile*—Frances.

Chatting for a while in a sense took the edge off the charm of meditation and both the ladies had to surrender to the simple level of Mr. Chapman's conversation, as he detailed the interview himself and Sir Edward had with the Captain of the blockade-runner then lying at Limerick docks. To them it

was so interesting, when the name of Davey McMahon of Gourbawn was mentioned, that the fan which Mrs. Pakenham was carelessly toying with, dropped from her hand; and more evidence perhaps would follow, had not the tall Geraldine's voice from above been heard summoning them all upstairs to Mr. Pakenham's bed-room.

There was an amount of trepidation in their hearts as they ascended, fearful least that some sudden, perhaps fatal change might be taking place in the condition of Mr. Pakenham; but, to their surprise, there he was sitting up on his easy chair as jovial as ever.

It is unnecessary to say Mrs. Pakenham was delighted to see her husband's condition so unexpectedly improved; and, as for his daughter, she fairly smothered him with rapturous kisses. A glad shake of his outstretched hand in that of the American's completed felicitations, and soon conversation and enquiries commenced, the Geraldine being the most loquacious.

In that capacity they seemed vieing with one another when Mr. Pakenham suddenly said "Let me tell you Edward, I was never so amused in my life as I was one night at our friend Chapman's expense (this being the first time the speaker referred to Mr. Chapman so familiarly). Captain Martin and I were coming into the drawing room after seeing my hunter 'Rover,' when I proposed we'd make an Irishman of Mr. Chapman by taking him to the fox-hunt with us. The idea I assure you made me laugh heartily." And Mr. Pakenham had to laugh again over the memory of the incident.

"What would become of the United States then?"

the Baronet inquired. To my knowledge there would be a vacancy there that would be difficult to fill. Let me tell you that, my dear Cousins." And really Mr. Chapman did appear feeling uncomfortable hearing himself so lauded. The Baronet continued, "You, having the transfer on hands, Fred, you should give a hostage to Miss Columbia for the safe return of one of her noblest sons."

"I would, if I could, for I'd like to convince him of many things we do not agree on."

"Oh, you have a very good hostage in Frances. Wouldn't you like to be a hostage Frances for Mr. Chapman's safe return?" And as Sir Edward said so he wore a look of seriousness quite different to his aspect before.

"Well, if it would add to the gentleman's happiness I would."

A world of significance could be applied to these words of the fair would-be hostage, and a world more to the secret springs that urged them to expression, which taken in their literal sense might mean a continuation of Mr. Pakenham's joke, but taken in a metaphorical one, as Sir Edward did, it meant to him that a climax was reached.

"Now, my dear Cousins; and you Mr. Chapman, my dear friend; you all know I am essentially a man of action, and with your consent I'd like to introduce a little reality into our afternoon gossip. I do not want Columbia to be deprived, especially at this critical time of the entire loyalty of one of the very best of her sons. Fearing such may be the result I accept in her name as a generous volunteer, Miss Frances

Pakenham to fill any temporary vacancy occasioned by the transfer."

During the recital of this half serious language Sir Edward's hearers had very little conception of what his ultimate object was, until he continued by asking "Do you agree, Cousin Fred, to have Frances be a hostage for any temporary transfer of Mr. Chapman's affections from Miss Columbia?"

"I don't know. What do you think Caroline?" And for the second time in his life Mr. Pakenham asked the counsel of his wife.

"I don't know, either," answered that lady, who seemed to study closely every expression of her titled cousin, and with the judiciousness of a wise mother she sent the enquiry further by asking "What do you think, Mr. Chapman?"

"I assure you, Mrs. Pakenham, I cannot answer the question either as I am not well posted on the enigmatical moods of Sir Edward. I would suggest leaving the question to be solved by Miss Pakenham herself."

"I need not ask my cousin Frances such a question, if she places her hand in that of her best friend." And the dramatic Baronet reached out his hand into which the blushing youg girl placed hers, rising at the same time.

"Shall I proceed, Mr. Chapman?" enquired Sir Edward.

"With all my heart," was the American's reply, curious to observe if the clever Geraldine was invoking the unwritten law of Ireland.

While retaining Frances Pakenham's hand in his, Sir Edward Fitzgerald took a tiny box from his vest pocket, and opening it, disclosed the costly ring that

be bought in Limerick that morning, and handing it to Mr. Chapman, who was then standing, directed him to place it on the engagement finger of his cousin's hand, saying "Mr. Chapman, when you are introducing my fair cousin, Mrs. Chapman that-is-to-be, to Miss Columbia, please say, she is a gift from her old friend long Ned Fitzgerald of Kildare."

As might be expected from this dramatic finale in which she played such a conspicuous part, Frances Pakenham must have been then quite nervous. Apparently she was so, for her hand visibly trembled as she withdrew it from that of her crisis-creating cousin; but the gentle affectionate pressure of her mother's warm embrace in which the beautiful, blushing girl was immediately enfolded, soon restored her equanimity sufficiently to be interested in the introduction of Mr. Chapman to her father as his prospective son-in-law.

"So that is to be the outcome of all your fine work, Ned Fitzgerald?"

"Oh, Fred, don't blame me. I had fine material. These young people were in love with one another and did not know it. I knew it. For you know I am an old veteran of that war. You were once a wounded soldier yourself, too," and the diplomatic Baronet looked around towards where Mrs. Pakenham and her daughter sat smiling, evidently enjoying the reminisence.

"I declare, Edward," responded Mr. Pakenham "Whatever you remember now of the game you played it well. Meanwhile Mr. Chapman let us shake hands, as I think you were the innocent by-stander who usually gets hurt." And "Long Ned Fitzgerald of Kiladre,"

aristocratically called Sir Edward, roared with delight, exclaiming, "the real hands across the sea."

Mrs. Pakenham, being solicitous for the preservation of a remnant at least of her husband's genial disposition, being so well pleased how he was taking in the situation, remarked conjointly with that of her cousin's, "There will be no invasion of New York during this war. Will there, Frederick?" (being a threat of Mr. Pakenham's during a discussion with Mr. Chapman over past international events). "Perhaps not, Caroline. Perhaps not. Those who make wars keep far out of them." And Mr. Pakenham paid no more attention to the reference but turned towards Sir Edward in conversion, which gave Mr. Chapman an opportunity to join his fiancee and her mother.

The language of the heart must have been honestly expressed by the pressure of the glad hand within the glad hand, when the three met. Silently, ever since the advent of the American among them, these ladies had felt a great admiration for him, but etiquette and native modesty forbade their outstepping the bounds of the conventions, and hence their thankfulness for the incidents both direct and indirect that providentially brought their cousin, Sir Edward Fitzgerald, on the scene.

The word "providentially" correctly analyzes the thought, for such was in Mr. Chapman's mind also as he looked upon the ring on Frances Pakenham's engagement finger, and bethought of the secrecy with which his companion of the morning, covered its purchase. Laughingly he related how they separated in Limerick, each to attend to his own duty and though

he (Mr. Chapman) did not conceal his affairs, he could not discover how his companion was engaged.

"That is just like him. Always practically joking or practically earnest," observed Mrs. Pakenham with a look of pleasure towards her kinsman.

"Were you alarmed, Miss Pakenham, at the serious aspect of your cousin's apparent joke?" enquired Mr. Chapman, who seemed to hesitate somewhat addressing his fiancee in her Christian name.

"Well, no;" and Frances had to smile. We are accustomed to cousin's tragic manner even when he means comedy. He acts such parts so natural."

"To my knowledge too he has been so; but to my mind his action this day is full of seriousness and, Frances, pardon my familiarity—I accept it as such 'with pleasure.' "

That slip should certainly be pardonable, for long before a Chapman was ever born such slips occurred among love-sick men, nor was the present bearer of the name left long unpardoned or embarrassed when the assurance came from Frances herself, that he was now in possession of the liberty to address her as he had done.

Meanwhile a more animating topic than love was being discussed between Sir Edward and his host, for the latter suddenly exclaimed, "Did the Captain say McMahon was crazy?"

"Yes, Fred. He said he was crazy over his eviction, and the cries of his children, when the battering-ram broke in the door on them were yet in his ears. Oh, he said McMahon was surely crazy."

"My God, Edward; and that man spared my life when I appealed to him. Well, I confess to you there

are a lot of things I have done that I would like to have undone now, and one of them would be that man's eviction." Then in a dreamy way Mr. Pakenham ejaculated, "I hope in God they won't get him."

"What, and have him extradited."

"Yes, of course. There is a Policeman going after him to arrest him. He knows McMahon."

"He'll not get him, Fred, for McMahon will enlist as soon as he lands and that will end it."

"I hope so," responded Mr. Pakenham.

CHAPTER XXXVII

SHYLOCK'S UNPLEASANT EXIT

For many reasons, Frederick Pakenham laid himself down to rest in more than his usual calm that afternoon, after the exciting incidents just narrated. True, he had bonded the entire of his property to his friend, Sir Edward Fitzgerald; but, in the meantime, he would be rid of the haunting incubus of Captain Martin, the satisfaction of which more than counterbalanced the regret of the other.

True, also, he saw his only daughter's hand bonded to a comparative stranger of whom he knew very little, and the only recommendation he had of him was from that reliable friend, Sir Edward. Thus it was in such an admixture of feelings the descendant of the quasi-hero of New Orleans sought rest, which the gods of rest did not deny him, save the occasional come and go of his valet-de-chambre in the rectifying of the apartment.

It was otherwise down-stairs where the proverbial "long Ned Fitzgerald of Kildare" was the storm-center or rather the pleasure-center. From hither and thither in the parlour came the complimentary shafts of Mrs. Pakenham as well as his American friend, Mr. Chapman, lauding him in his diplomatic skill in constructing such an international finale out of a laughable remark.

"Could any one imagine what he was aiming at," observed Mrs. Pakenham, "when he took Frances's hand in his, and then how deftly he produced the ring."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Chapman, "and imagine also his secrecy in providing that ring. He must have purchased it this morning while we were apart in the City."

Such pleasantries and many more in the same strain, were the cause only of inceasing merriment to the clever Baronet, in whose enjoyment Frances largely shared as she sat on the richly carved lounge, viewing modestly a scene of which she was a part-centre.

"Well," he broke forth at last. "I thank you for your encomiums, and as I have carried my work so far successfully it will be for yourselves to complete it at your convenience."

Mr. Chapman taking in the drift of the Baronet's suggestion, observed, "As far as I am concerned, Sir Edward, my action will be largely limited by the length of our war, which I hope will terminate soon, and then I hope to be able to present your gift to Miss Columbia. Does that arrangement meet your approval, Mrs. Pakenham?"

"I should say it does, Mr. Chapman."

"Do you agree, Francis, to that arrangement?" questioned the American of his blushing fiancee.

"Whatever my father and mother proposes to arrange for me with your approval, I will abide by," replied the modest docile maiden as she viewed the costly ring on a finger of her left hand.

If Sir Edward Fitzgerald had not been a sufferer from rheumatism a short time previously, he could have danced with joy. The climax was reached. There was no longer need for his consummate skill. The courses of two distant stars in the Heavens of human affairs were fast nearing their destined united path through his adroitness; and he could rest on his laurels.

"This is all very satisfactory," mused the self-pleased Baronet as he stretched his long hand over towards a work-table, where the products of Frances's leisure hours were kept, such as embroidery, crocheting, drawing, and other works of her artistic fingers. Nothing struck his attention so much as her drawing (such feeling being more in keeping with the masculine temperament), as also it did that of Mr. Chapman on a recent visit. "That is exquisite, Charles" (this being the first time since Sir Edward and the Mr. Chapman met that the latter's first name was used in conversation). "That scene is complete. You must see it in nature tomorrow if it be fine," and as the Baronet said so he held in his hand the identical drawing which Mr. Chapman admired on another occasion.

Perhaps it was a latent rheumatic pain that was the cause of the Baronet's sudden rise from his seat, muttering something unintelligible to the hearers, and wander around the parlor. From thence he

went across the hall to the drawing room, and then further on to the library, leaving Mr. Chapman alone with the ladies.

It would be unfair to the privacy of domestic affairs, to recount in detail and write the expression of the mutual feelings of happiness of those Sir Edward left after him. Sufficient to say, the lights were all aglow throughout the entire house, before he was again joined by his American friend.

"I was anxious, Charles, to meet Mr. to have you come to me. Do you know I have that Bond to complete?"

"In how far? Didn't I tell you to put your name on it?" responded Mr. Chapman to Sir Edward's enquiry.

"I think it can be completed now with your own name," suggested the Baronet.

"Oh, no; not mine. Let it be Frances Pakenham, then."

"What!" replied Sir Edward. "She may die before she is Frances Chapman."

"Then let the Pakenham property go to the next of kin."

"This is extraordinary of you Charles, but by"—and the Baronet used the Creator's name profanely—"ye Americans can beat us hollow," then he took a writing pen from a near-by desk and wrote "Frances Pakenham" in the space left vacant for the bond-holder's name, and asked "When will she get this document?"

"Tomorrow, when we are leaving."

"A damn nice present to a simple girl that may change her mind," mused the Baronet as he put the

Bond for the Pakenham Estate into a large official envelope unsealed.

Lazily and lonely ran the hours for "long Ned Fitzgerald of Kildare," as he kept using his lower limbs in action for evident reasons. His only chance of companionship with his cousins or Mr. Chapman, was during the supper time, and then as if they had not half enough spoken, he was left alone again or broke into their sweet discussions, with some worldly or other unsuitable remark. Mrs. Pakenham felt a good deal alone too, and could be companionable if the Baronet could only be seated.

Suddenly out of the gloaming and the shades of the twilight, a carriage bearing two passengers drove up to the hall-door. A ring of the bell quickly brought Bob Hardy on the scene. Two men entered, one a pompous-looking man, enquired "How is Mr. Pakenham?"

"He is very much improved, Captain," answered Bob, recognizing at once his visitors as Captain Martin, and his lawyer.

"Can he be seen, Bob?" questioned the Captain.

"I'll ask him if he can see you now Captain. 'Tis late," and Bob scampered upstairs as fast as his short legs could take him, and immediately returned with an affirmative answer.

"Hello, Pakenham. Glad to see you so well," broke forth from the rotund squatty Militia Captain as he entered.

"Yes, Martin, I am much improved, thank you." There was a haughtiness in Mr. Pakenham's voice as he said so, which the Captain noticed.

"You must forgive me for calling so late, but it

is imperative by my system of business that I should come on the date set on yesterday between us."

"Don't mention forgiveness, Captain. Any time will do me. I am ready."

This reply was very pleasing to the Captain, who turned at once to Skinner—his lawyer—and ordered him to produce the necessary bond, that was to transfer the entire Pakenham property over to him, in lieu of the £10,000 already received.

The signing of this document, the Captain assured Mr. Pakenham was a mere formality between friends of such long standing as they were. "Besides," he added, "how easily it could be nullified by a marriage, which he dared say there would be no objection to."

"Is not my indebtedness to you Captain, £10,000?" and Frederick Pakenham asked the question in a tone, surely not of a man going to sign that bond.

"Yes, Pakenham, only £10,000. It is a long time accumulating."

"I admit it, Martin. Now please write me a receipt for that sum," and Mr. Pakenham rang the bell for his valet as he said so.

If the Hall was shook by a thunder-clap, the pudgy little captain could not be more startled than when the insolvent landlord Frederick Pakenham told him to write a receipt for that vast sum of money.

Nevertheless, Mr. Skinner, the Captain's lawyer, indited the regular receipt, while Bob Hardy assisted his master in filling out a draft for the required sum. Thus, for the first time in his aristocratic life, Frederick Pakenham breathed a sigh of relief, and looked defiantly in the eye of the man who, and his father before him, were receiving exorbitant interest out of the Pakenham estate on money spent on riotous living.

"Now, Captain, I think you feel a disappointed man," said the signer of the £10,000 draft. "You calculated I was in your power just now, and not alone me, but my only child, my beautiful Frances. You have overreached yourself this time, Martin, and as a parting shot let me bid you leave Pakenham Hall by the rear entrance, for a Geraldine guards the door you entered by. Bob, show these gentlemen out by the rear alleyway. Good night, Martin."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

PECULIAR DREAMS, PECULIAR THEORIES

THE industrial life of Ireland, at the time this story relates of, was at a very low ebb. On the one hand, there were no avenues of employment for the increasing population, the overflow of which usually found vent in emigration, principally to the United States, then embroiled in a disastrous civil war. On the other hand, the land which, with its many encumbrances; its uncertain tenure for those who tilled it; the capricious powers the law conferred on those who claimed proprietorship, did not appeal very warmly to the agricultural population to produce its best results.

This feeling of stagnation and insecurity inevitably should produce a continuous stream of discontent; and, when generation after generation is thus affected, discontent becomes a principle and to foster it a sacred duty.

Such being the general situation at that time in Ireland, Gourbawn and its vicinity was no exception. Nevertheless, the agricultural population of the neighbourhood did not seem affected by any special under-

current. It was fast busying itself in all the pursuits needful for wresting from a generous soil, the wherewithal for a livelihood. Thus, with no ripple of excitement to disturb the even tenor of their daily lives, since Brian O'Hara's home-coming, there was no valid reason why it should not continue.

It would be saying too much, though, that gossip was not busy while Police Sergeant Duff was away in America to apprehend Davey McMahon for his assault on Mr. Pakenham, and not until that officer's return to Ballytemple was there any cessation.

Of course it would not be to their discredit if the tragic incidents surrounding the singular career of Davey McMahon, their neighbour, should make a lasting impression on their minds, especially as no reliable account of him had reached his family since his last letter from Fortress Monroe. Every other account was indefinite until it became known that he returned and murderously assaulted his former landlord.

This intelligence, which was found to be true by Father O'Mahoney in conversation with the returned police officer, caused that reverend gentleman a good deal of uneasiness, when it will be remembered that Kathleen was then a ward of his since her mother's death, as was also her sister Mary, a little later on.

These children of Davey McMahon's, especially Kathleen, who was fast developing into a comely young woman, were constantly filled with anxiety and fretfulness owing to their father's long silence. They could not understand why it should be so, recollecting his solicitude for them when at their former home in Gourbawn. To avoid making their unhappiness more intense, the good Priest was ever on the alert to keep them ignorant of the many rumours that were afloat

relative to their parent, so the efforts of that reverend gentleman may be well imagined, when the truth had to be concealed too, while the hand of a pitiless law was stretched across the Atlantic for his apprehension.

This vigilance seemed to be carrying out the object in view, when on one of the mornings of the first week of May, of the current year, 1863, Father O'Mahony was startled by Kathleen saying to him (she was then assisting to prepare his breakfast before going to school), "I saw you last night, Father John."

"Where, Kathleen?"

"Oh, indeed I did, as plain as I see you now, Father."

"What time of the night, Kathleen, and where? Tell me," said the Priest in a tone of impatience.

"I was dreaming, Father, you know, and I saw you in the dream," and Kathleen McMahon certainly looked haggard at the time.

"Tell me about your dream then, Kathleen. I suppose you thought you were carried away by the good people?" (the fairies).

"Indeed no, Father, but I thought I was in some place far away out of Ireland, and the place all around me looked to be woods. There was a very fine house near me—Oh, finer than any house in Ballytemple. There were a lot of houses all around too, and they looked funny, for I thought they were built of wood.

"Out of the woods then, Father John, I saw a lot of men coming, having guns, some of them had grey coats and some of them had blue, and when they came near enough they commenced to shoot one another. One poor soldier (I suppose they were soldiers) was down on the ground, shot, and it was there I saw you, Father. Oh! yes indeed, I saw you with my own eyes,

Father John. You had your vestments on I thought and you looked like hearing his confession; soon you raised your hand and looked up. Then I began to cry and Mary called me. Of course she told me I was dreaming. Wasn't that a quare dream, Father John?"

"Oh, Kathleen, you must not pay any attention to dreams," answered he, deprecatingly and enquired, "Was that all?"

"No indeed, Father," Kathleen answered, "I went to sleep again, and would you believe it, your reverence, I stood in the same place again, and saw a whole lot of men burying the poor fellows that were killed, I suppose, and they buried the poor soldier too, I saw you standing by. Then they broke his gun and made a Cross of it for his grave, and the men that did that had grey coats and blue coats. Honestly, Father John, it all looked to me so real I thought, didn't I make Mary say a prayer with me for that poor soldier, when I woke, and for those that buried him, both blue and grey. What do you think now, Father John?"

"Kathleen," said the kind Priest soothingly, "you must be working too hard, or studying too hard, that you are fatigued so much. Dreams come from fatigue of the mind you know. Will you think of all that for Doctor O'Leary? He'll be here tonight."

"Indeed I will, Father, and I'll think of it as long as I live."

The Parish Priest of Ballytemple, ever a contemplative man and a sound theologian, could not reconcile the oddness of this dream with the fundamental teachings of his religion, which prohibit any belief in the like, so with an effort to dismiss it from his mind, he proceeded with his breakfast while Kathleen and her sister scampered off to school somewhat late.

The companionship of Father John O'Mahoney and Doctor O'Leary was a notable feature in the everyday life of Ballytemple. All their recreative hours were spent in one another's company; and, it was no unusual sight to see them dine together at one another's table; consequently it attracted no neighbourhood-gosip when such occurrences took place.

It was late that afternoon when the Doctor arrived at the Parish Priest's residence. It was evident "his reverence" was awaiting the arrival of his visitor with more impatience than usual, for he walked around his diminutive dining-room with hands behind his back in the moodiest of moods. He had not a word for Kathleen, who, since her return from school, was a close assistant at all the operations of the regular housemaid, and she wondered why Father John was so changed.

There was a genial abruptness in the Doctor's manner as usual as he entered, but that gaiety soon vanished when Father O'Mahony in a most measured voice, broke forth, "Doctor, do you know I was most anxious to see you?"

"Why, Father? It has not been so long since we parted. Has anything occurred since to disturb you?"

"No, Doctor, but one in my position, when peculiar occurrences take place, which are diametrically opposed to my religious training and belief, they must concern me. Now, Doctor, let me define myself. I do not mean that the occurrences I refer to are hard, palpable facts; they may be delusive, as in dreams, or illusive, as in Brian O'Hara's case, but certainly I am puzzled by a narration of a very fertile dream of young Kathleen's last night. I wish you would hear her tell it, and I told her so. I will call her."

Kathleen McMahon, as she stood beside her pro-

tector at his table that afternoon, with her white apron on, and a healthy rosy glow on her cheeks, she seemed the impersonation of all that makes youth and innocence attractive both to God and man.

"Kathleen, will you kindly tell the Doctor your dream of last night. It is very interesting," and Father O'Mahony spoke most affably.

"Yes, Father John," and then this picture of purity and innocence narrated every detail of her dream of the night before, as she had rendered it to him at the breakfast table.

"Well, Doctor," questioned Father O'Mahony, after Kathleen had disappeared to join her brother and sister in amusement in the kitchen, "what is your explanation of this truthful girl's delusion, illusion, dream, or whatever modernism terms it? I cannot reconcile it with the rigid doctrine of my calling."

"I don't propose explaining it, Father John," replied the doctor, amused somewhat, "but I propose adding to the interest which attracts your attention another dream of like import, and which you might say contains those features of such peculiar resemblance as might identify one with the other. Call Johnny, please, Father."

Johnny McMahon, as he appeared before his proteges, one as much interested in him as the other, was the semblance of the bright-eyed, clean-featured youth that any day can be seen coming out of a country home in Ireland; and as his manly attitude told for him, so his words verified the confidence Doctor O'Leary had, when he told Johnny to relate to Father O'Mahony the dream he had one night two weeks previous.

To summarize it, Johnny dreamt he saw one man shot down in a wooded avenue by another. Then he

saw the fallen man as if imploring. What struck Johnny much was the agonized features of him who was standing as if yielding to the fallen man's plea. This dream made such an impression on the Doctor's mind, when Johnny, in their confidences, disclosed it, that he was curious to look for something coincidental.

"And I found it, Father John," firmly asserted the Doctor, when Johnny McMahon had left the dining room. "The night that boy had that dream, his father was after attempting the life of Frederick Pakenham. That boy's dream tells the whole occurrence as vividly at Mr. Pakenham himself told it, in his sworn information, which Sergeant Duff took to America for Davey's apprehension.

"It is a very singular phenomena, Doctor, I admit," replied the studious Priest thoughtfully, "but I think it can be explained this way. No doubt these children have been very much worried lately as to what has become of their father; consequently when they go to rest at night, their overburdened minds, being unrelieved of their anxieties, and cannot enjoy sufficient relaxation, creates, so to say, living beings to people the parts that love's imagination plans. These impressions on the mind being vivid afterwards, are so transferred to the canvas of human belief, that they are endowed with a mysticism difficult to be explained away, except in the faith of their utter unreliability."

Doctor O'Leary seemed doubtful of the solution of the McMahon children's dreams by the Priest's theories; and being unable to advance a better one, said, "Father, would we just dismiss the dreamy subject and attend to the substantial things of life which our friend Kathleen is fast providing, and let time tell the truth."

"Doctor, I always gave you some share of credit for being a practical man, but now I give it to you in full, by agreeing with you," and Doctor O'Leary satisfactorily laughed at Father O'Mahony's approval.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BROODING NEMESIS

It has been stated in the previous chapter that the population around Gourbawn had settled heartily down to all the calls of agricultural life after the Brian O'Hara episode and bonfire. There is always an exception to every generality, and that assertion is made now only on general grounds.

On particular grounds, it must be said the picture of a contented life was not so promising for Mr. Tom Connerty, the land grabber, as that individual was locally styled, especially in the carrying on of his farming operations, which were extensive. It was well known there was a widespread hostility to him on account of his recent act relative to Davey McMahon; consequently it was difficult for him to find labourers when required. Hence any employee that worked for him had to be sought for miles away from Gourbawn.

However, to obviate any difficulty in his farm-work, he employed a young man named Bill O'Donnell, paying him a large yearly wage. This man or servant-boy, as such are socially called, was to help young Tom in all the duties following horse-work, especially the most laborious, as the "young master" was not expected to do too much menial labour, when the Connertys were becoming "big people."

This Bill O'Donnell came from a poor home away up in the heather hills dominating Gourbawn. It was his first venture into the world outside his father's influence, and naturally there was some hesitation on the part of his parents to begin to break up their family and let him go. This feeling was amply compensated for by the large remuneration he was to receive at the end of the year, and the "aisy time he'd have" as his employer promised. So the parting of Bill O'Donnell with his parents was effected with the solemn injunction of his father, "Bill, at laisht be honesht," ringing in his ears.

With a great amount of faith in himself, Bill entered into his new life, determined to carry out all the moral obligations of a faithful servant-boy, and above all to remember his old father's parting advice.

He had as his associate in every duty to be performed the aforesaid Tom, which threw them into a companionship at once very friendly, with the material difference, that young Connerty was lavishly supplied with money, and he had sufficient only for his merest necessities. This disparity was of no consequence, for the lavishly supplied youth just as lavishly let go the funds an over-indulgent mother supplied him with, and hence the warmth which an everyday companionship can give, was heightened by the community of funds thus established.

It is possible for a young man away for the first time from the restraining influence of home, to forget the wise counsel given there when he enters the home of another. It is possible also for a young man to forget the value of a good character when his surroundings are sown with the seeds of its destruction, but for Bill O'Donnell, innocent of the treacherous

wiles of evil company, it was a sad day for him that that "community of purse" was established between himself and young Tom Connerty.

Of course, both he and his companion accomplished their due amount of work each day, but their employer cared not how they spent the night. Ballytemple, to young fellows like them was but a step across the fields, and so long as Mrs. Connerty was partial in money matters, so long Ballytemple knew them as constant visitors.

This could not last always. The young spendthrift's mother's resources were oftentimes circumscribed, but the desires of her loved son and his protege, Bill O'Donnell, were not to be limited. So they thought, and thought meant action to young Master Tom, when he picked the lock of his father's barn door, and with the help of the once innocent young servant-boy, took therefrom sufficient corn, the sale of which supplied them with funds for a short time.

Surely this could not last long either. Tom senior had large bank bills to meet every three months. He had also the land agent to meet every six months, and the resources from which he could wring the means to meet these liabilities, were all to be wrought out of the land; and hence he kept a vigilant eye on his barn-door and his dairy.

His young son and heir doubtless had his own ideas too, when away out in the harvest season, himself and Bill O'Donnell, both being out of funds and discredited in Ballytemple, resolved on extreme measures to sustain the reputation of a large farmer's son. "All that was necessary was nerve," the Connerty heir-presumptive said to his associate.

"And you have the nerve, Bill. Let us call to Jack-

son's on our way home. There is plenty of money there. The Parson and his family are at Kilkee yet (a prominent watering place on the Clare coast), and 'tis the easiest thing in the world to get it. All you have to do is to frighten the housekeeper and she'll get it for you."

"Watch for you, eh? Bill, I'd die for a fellow like you," responded Bill O'Donnell's tempter; and the two walked along out of the then deserted street of Ballytemple, and sought Mr. Jackson's residence by the most obscure route.

It might be possible "Master" Tom had studied the working out of this proposition previously, for on their arrival at the parsonage he at once went to a basement window and lifting up its lower part, which allowed free passage to the interior, he turned and said, "Isn't that easy, Bill? Now you go in. There's none there but the housekeeper. You can pretend you are going to kill her and she'll get you all the money in the house. Be sure to take off your shoes before you go upstairs."

"All right, 'Master' Tom. Let you shtay here and keep the window open for me. I won't be long."

With the attention of a student to the counsel of his teacher, Bill O'Donnell soon divested himself of his hob-nailed brogans, and tip-toed up the two flights of stairs which led to the bed-chambers of the parsonage, and then to that of the housekeeper with which he was familiar from a verbal diagram by his tutor.

On entering the half-open bedroom door he found that lady out of bed, reading perhaps one of the latest English magazines at her dressing table. Promptly she screamed, woman-like, but did not faint. Instead, she rushed at her intruder, who immediately turned

and fled. To Bill's surprise, Parson Jackson and one of his sons were home from the seaside on some temporary business, and hearing the housekeeper's screams and the commotion in the hall, rushed out of their bedrooms, though in scanty attire, and gave chase to the midnight intruder.

Down the two flights of stairs fled Bill O'Donnell the robber and the Jackson household. Bill was much in advance, and as he darted towards the raised window his confederate on the outside let it drop and fled, leaving him inside in the hands of his captors.

Reverend Mr. Jackson, with a promptitude worthy of his sacred calling, took in the situation at a glance, and knowing the violent temper of his housekeeper when her privacy at any time would be invaded, insisted on her retiring from the scene, as he and his son held the robber by either hand; and then proceeded to question him as to his identity. In this Bill readily satisfied his captors, but steadfastly refused to disclose the identity of his confederate at the window.

"You need not tell if you like, O'Donnell," replied the Parson, and then sternly said, "That fellow's identity will be easily made known from the look I got of his scared features in the moonlight, but as for you, we'll hold you until the police come from Ballytemple. So come along."

Up those two flights of stairs Parson Jackson and his son led their prisoner, who was fast losing the nerve and exhilaration that liquor gives.

At last Bill found himself an imprisoned robber in the spare room of the Ballytemple parsonage, immediately facing the mountains due west. Were he inclined to admire midnight in its awful dress of infinite depths; its rolling moon of silvery white; its glis-

tening stars here and there dotting the face of the eternal Heavens, he needed but look through the one window of his temporary prison and feast on the sublime scene. In doing so he surely could not fail to observe one lone star-like light, shimmering against the dark heather hill opposite, which could speak to him in a language audible only to his heart. That light was in his father's window, but Bill O'Donnell could not see. He was fast asleep.

Much more need not be told of the unfortunate young man. He was duly tried, convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment with hard labour. But there was a very notable feature in his trial worth noting here. Sergeant Duff, yet in charge of the Ballytemple Police station, gave a remarkably good reputation to "Master" Tom Connerty, and dwelt largely on the baneful company of servant-boys, which, by the nature of their employment, employer's sons are forced to keep.

Bill O'Donnell was then led away a convict, muttering, "A convict only for a while, and then revenge."

CHAPTER XL

A TERMINATION OF MORE THAN THE CIVIL WAR

Around the vicinities of both Gourbawn and Pakenham Hall, which the readers of this story of Irish life are already much acquainted with, time rolled on imperceptibly. One year—yes, two years—passed, and nothing occurred worth noting.

The Civil War in the United States was yet doing its bloodiest worst, consuming human lives like refuse in a furnace, and having an effect on Ireland to a large

degree most disastrous. Ireland, previous to that time had the unique distinction of being the largest exporter in the world of the essentials of new nations, such as the flesh and blood of a hardy, healthy people, in the persons of her sons and daughters—an exportation which the peculiar land laws at that time greatly facilitated.

This exportation, or to use the painless economic word, emigration, being largely bent towards the ports of the United States, any occurrence tending to deflect or retard it, must result disastrously for Ireland, where there were no new avenues of employment for its overflow population.

With this superabundance of a nation's true wealth one might expect some improvement on the face of the land. But no, nothing was visible but knots of sullen, discontented men, gathering here and there discussing the causes that led to this exportation, and verifying Goldsmith's warning words,

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

But there was a perceptible improvement in Pakenham Hall though, since the reader's attention two years previous was fixed on its worn-out looking exterior. Its old-fashioned windows and great hall-door gave place to new wood-work. The wide cantilever projecting from the roof was extensively repaired. The creeping vines and roses which formed a net-work on the exterior walls of the mansion were carefully trimmed and readjusted during the previous year; and the opening of 1865 saw a number of labourers busy in the formation of a narrow avenue or "walk" lead-

ing from the Hall to the little Protestant Church one-fourth of a mile distant.

These improvements and alterations were, it was noted, under the guidance and superintendence of Miss Frances Pakenham herself, who for the two years previous was the exclusive proprietor of the estate her father held. It was noted, too, that occasionally when visitors came to the Hall, that the American gentleman, Mr. Chapman, already spoken of, had a great deal to say about these alterations.

Neighbourhood gossip had it that Mr. Chapman's visits were becoming very frequent, while the avenue to the little Protestant Church hard-by was undergoing completion. In fact, it was noticed, too, that Frances Pakenham was ably assisted in all her improvements by her mother and old Frederick, her father, who had aged very much and limped noticeably since the murderous attempt on his life two years previous.

All these improvements about Pakenham Hall were completed during the early months of the current year, 1865, when suddenly, in April, the startling news was flashed through Ireland and the world that the American Civil War was over; that General Lee had surrendered; that Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, was captured; and at once there was apparent commotion around the old Hall.

It was the May following those notable surrenders, that any of the real motives became apparent that prompted these improvements. And that month of flowers and sunshine beheld in beautiful Pakenham Hall a festive gathering commemorating in a peculiar way the culmination of the American tragedy.

In the procedure of that occasion, one would be

surprised if Bod Hardy, Mr. Pakenham's valet-de-chambre, was not a feature, as he stood rigidly one forenoon "to attention" immediately outside the hall door, as Sir Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Chapman appeared, chatting pleasantly, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Pakenham arm-in-arm. Next came Miss Frances Pakenham, dressed in immaculate white, accompanied by none other than pretty Nellie Creagh from near Gourbawn, whose family and the Pakenhams became intimate since the transfer of the estate to Miss Pakenham. Then followed many friends of the Fitzgerald and Pakenham families, in processional order also, all directing their footsteps along that new-made avenue leading to their Parish Church.

There was an air of impressiveness about that procession, but it was only for a moment, for Sir Edward, on looking backward from his companion, observed to Mr. Pakenham, "No more hostages, Frederick, no more hostages," and then gave a quizzical look at his companion.

"Ned, you are a rare diplomat," commented he, who then remarked to his wife, "Caroline, I shall propose to our Premier that your tall cousin shall be our next ambassador to Washington."

"You would be making a good suggestion, Frederick, for I deem Sir Edward capable of carrying most delicate negotiations to successful conclusions."

"Oh, Caroline, cousin dear, you exaggerate," remarked the baronet who overheard Mrs. Pakenham, "the negotiations were simple for the questions were partly solved. What do you say, Mr. Chapman?"

"I have nothing to say," replied the American, tacitly admitting that he, the representative of a nation of exceptionally clever business people, was un-

able to give no more explicit answer to a question concerning himself so much.

Evidently Frances Pakenham was enjoying the repartee of her elders before herself and Miss Nellie Creagh in the procession, for she blushed and smiled alternately behind a large bouquet of lilies she carried in her hand at the various points made by the speakers, and laughed outright as Mr. Chapman made the foregoing admission.

"Well, Nellie," remarked she at length to her companion, who was utterly ignorant of the drift of the pleasantries, "I do believe if that Kildare cousin of mine were in America he could have prevented the late war."

"Do you really think so, Frances?" questioned Miss Creagh ingenuously.

"I certainly do, for he possesses the power to a large degree of being able to read another's most inward thoughts and reduce them to action; and he also possesses the quaint Irish power, call it blarney if you like, of reconciling extremes to harmony, that really I think if he were in the United States there would not be a shot fired."

At that point in the conversation the procession had reached the little cemetery belonging to the Church by which the new-made avenue wound, when an unlooked-for difficulty presented itself contrary to Mr. Chapman's calculations, who had a large share in shaping the programme of this apparently important function.

His great desire was it should be unostentatious, and should be so quiet as to attract the least possible publicity. Nevertheless, despite all his care, the procession was greeted by a throng of the country folk

which lined each side of the little avenue, or perched on every available point of vantage in the burial ground, aye, even on the roof of the ancient Mausoleum that housed the dead of the Pakenham family for generations.

The scene was amazing to Mr. Chapman's understanding, but he with his companion, Sir Edward passed on uninterrupted, and entered the church by the vestibule door, the rest of the procession following.

It is not necessary to keep the reader in suspense further than to say, there before the aged and venerable representative of the Episcopal Church in Ireland, Mr. Charles Chapman of New York and Miss Frances Pakenham of Pakenham Hall, Ireland, were united in the bonds of wedlock, greeted by their immediate friends and acclaimed by manifestations of the joy of hundreds outside.

To return to Pakenham Hall by the same route though not in the same order after the ceremony became quite a different proposition, for the throng outside the church seemed delirious with joy, and its density impassable. To Frances Pakenham, then Mrs. Chapman, and part proprietor of the Chapman millions in America, as she took the place of Sir Edward Fitzgerald beside her husband, there seemed no difficulty, for she stepped confidently forth, as that beautiful young lady did in legendary days in Ireland of whom Moore so graphically sings in his exquisite poem, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," and the cheering multitude parted before her, giving ample passage way to the reformed procession to resume its return journey to the Hall.

It was not so easy to part with those uninvited partizans in that marriage ceremony. Though joy-

ously boisterous they did not obtrude in the least on the progress of the procession, but kept on with their joyous shouts and expressions until Pakenham Hall was reached again, when a stentorian voice cried out, "a speech, a speech from Mr. Chapman."

That gentleman, seeing the futility of parleying, turned around towards the waiting throng, as his wife hung on to his arm, and said, "Irishwomen and Irishmen, it does do a stranger as I am good to witness such an exhibition of the kindly feelings of one's neighbours as I have seen on the present occasion, and more pleasant still because it was unexpected.

"I attribute this wonderful display of your truly Irish feeling to the esteem in which Mrs. Chapman has been held by you, and in her name as well as my own, I thank you most heartily."

With feelings of well-restrained joy, the throng wended their way along the serpentine avenue homeward, occasionally the din being broken by a vociferous cheer for "the purty lady from Pakenham Hall."

CHAPTER XLI

DEMENTIA HYPNOTIZED

THE destruction of the Confederate privateer, the Alabama, by the Federal man-of-war Kearsarge, in July, 1864, could give Mr. Chapman the release from active duty he wished for (the tracking of such a depradator on American commerce, being largely the result of his vigilance), but his desire to be at his post of duty when civil strife would cease between his countrymen, compelled him to forego his marriage to Frances Pakenham until then.

Not for Mr. Chapman alone was the surrender of General Lee and the capture of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy of prime importance, for many minds and many hopes were bound up in the cessation of that conflict as well as his. Ireland, that ever grasped at every hope, and ever hoped to have them realized, watched for this cessation.

Underneath the placid surface of Ireland's social structure at that time there slumbered the spirit of active resistance to English domination. For years and centuries it had been so, save now and then when any stimulus would awake it to action; and what more stimulating impetus could that slumbering spirit receive than when the thousands of Ireland's sons were liberated from duty both in the Northern and Southern armies, all anxious to give their Old Motherland the benefits of the knowledge they had acquired.

Thus it was in the fall of 1865, that Ireland found herself the Mecca of many tourists and visitors, some apparently looking for health and some looking for recreation, but all in general reserved and dignified.

Of such a type was a Henry Irving who put up at what was called in Ballytemple "the Hotel." He said he was from Virginia, and being considerably run down in health after four years of active service in the Confederate army, he thought the vivifying breezes from the hills yonder, blent with the gentle zephyrs of the lowlands, would produce for him the much sought-for relief he was seeking.

He was indeed a fine-looking man of about twenty-six years of age, tall, dark, but particularly dark of eye, which at times a beholder would think sparkled with a peculiar lustre when talking of the late war. He walked a good deal along the country roads, and

would often hold friendly conversations with any one so inclined, but rarely on topics concerning Ireland.

In his own unobtrusive way, Henry Irving found great pleasure traversing the highways in the vicinity of Ballytemple, often lengthening his strolls around to the neighbourhood of Gourbawn and elsewhere, without anything of moment attracting his attention, until one evening on his returning to his hotel.

It was quite an ideal evening for one unaccustomed to rural life in Ireland, as this ex-Confederate soldier was. The air was not still. A gentle breeze was blowing, bearing on its wings all the perfumes of the flowery fields; the rich odour of the harvested farm-produce; the lowing of the home-coming cattle, all breathing the incense of the dying Autumn. Then, on the crest of the adjacent hills, the red round sun seemed to linger, as if to take a last look on that beautiful plain beneath it, known as "the golden vein," before retiring into the bosom of the great Atlantic.

The oncoming grey of that evening was observable too, at the moment, as the shades of its presence became more intensified by the retreat of the luminous day-god, which gave a weird aspect to both animate and inanimate nature. It was these surroundings that made Henry Irving soliloquize "what an ideal evening."

In the midst of the reverie which such surroundings occasioned, the ex-soldier moderated his ordinary pace and looking before him on the highway before it was lost in a sudden bend of its course, he observed something man-like moving or rather creeping hitherward. The ex-Confederate could not explain the sight. He admitted to himself that he saw many of the living as they lived, and many of the dead as they died, but never a living mortal like him approaching.

Suddenly accents wild and incoherent broke on his ears as if they came from the stealthily approaching object; and as it came nearer, these accents borne on by the evening breeze became more and more distinct until he clearly heard the words:

"We haven't house or home wid 'em,
We haven't a rag on our bones wid 'em,
We haven't a shoe on our feet wid 'em,
We haven't a bit to ait wid 'em.

The man-like object neared and neared, and as it did so, his mutterings otherwise were of such significance that the listener heard Davey McMahon's name roundly denounced because "he shut the dure on him."

The reader, already acquainted in these pages with the personage called Cracked Henry, can easily recognize the object approaching Henry Irving as he stood that afternoon on the highway convenient to Gourbawn; and it is a question which of the personages was the more striking—the wondering statuesque beholder, or the approaching articulating man—wailing and denouncing Davey McMahon.

It was a picturesque scene, but the intensity of its picturesqueness should be at once transferred to the ex-Confederate soldier as he stood gazing on that human being, and what he saw was apparently not much. A man begging for his daily bread; clad in flimsy and torn garb; shoeless, hatless, with hair long and dark hanging down his shoulders.

This soldier of the Lost Cause did not know whether the man was sane or insane when they met; but with a voice the depth and resonance of which could well chill the heart of a less interested listener than the evidently demented waif, called out, "Who are you?" Strange to relate, that human derelict

raised himself from his abject posture, and with eyes peering through his dark locks of tangled hair, answered, "I am Dàn Ryan from the Glen of Aherlow, but every wan call me Cracked Henry."

There was a pause, during which the one questioned gradually drooped his head again. Meantime, during the interval of that pause, the ebon-dark eye of the ex-Confederate soldier commenced to shine with a peculiar lustre, that its increasing intensity impelled the demented creature's head to rise again, and with an apparently intelligent eye looked his questioner in the face.

It may be the magnetism of one mind attracting another, or it may be the dominating power of hypnotism, which can so influence its subject as to render obedience to a master will imperative. By whatever reasoning such abstruse questions may be explained, these two strange beings gazed as if it were into each other's soul on the Gourbawn highway that afternoon.

In this attitude, each stood for a while holding each other as beings of apparent corresponding natures, until the ex-Confederate, with upraised hand, made some passes with it before Cracked Henry's face, and rigidness at once stole over it. The gaze of his eye became fixed, and to all appearances he stood as immovable as a statue.

Henry Irving, seeming pleased with his feat, stooped down to the road-bed and picked up a tiny stone. With his open knife-blade he scratched a peculiar mark on it; and then addressing the hypnotized man, said in a tone of authority, "I demand of you, Dan Ryan, by the power I possess, the most perfect obedience in any order I give you. I command you now to take this stone and put it in the hand of a man

named Tom Hartnett, and tell him he is wanted just here, tonight at 10 o'clock, by Henry Irving. Tell him to shake hands with me and give me that stone again. Now I command you also, Dan Ryan, that you will not leave the neighbourhood of Gourbawn until my mission in Ireland is complete."

While this emphatic language was being addressed to Cracked Henry, not a muscle of his features moved, nor a relaxation in the fixedness of his eyes took place; and not until that tiny stone was deposited in his grimy right hand, and a corresponding number of counter-passes made before his rigid features by the ex-Confederate soldier, did seeming animation return to him. This mysterious process of rendering one obedient to another must be a straining operation, for the health-seeking man seemed considerably oppressed in his breathing when it was over, as he looked after the vanishing form of Cracked Henry, wending his way silently to fulfill his strange errand. Then, with bated breath, he sought the wayside fence to rest.

"By what singular coincidence have I met that poor man," Henry Irving soliloquized after some meditation. "He just suits my purpose at present. The police will never suspect him of connecting me with the other members of the organization. So far 'tis fortunate; but I am convinced there is surely something of a kinship between him and me which I detected by the responsiveness of his nature to mine."

After a pause the puzzled ex-soldier soliloquized again. "No, it cannot be my brother Dan, for when we lived in Kentucky we heard he died of sun-stroke out west in the plains. Even if he didn't die out west, how could a demented man like that poor fellow be brought to Ireland from America."

Questioning himself thus from every aspect of the strange coincidence, the ex-Confederate soldier rose from his seat, and betook himself, much refreshed, towards Ballytemple.

CHAPTER XLII

THE FENIAN RENDEZVOUS

PUNCTUALLY at ten o'clock that night, two men could be seen approaching from opposite directions on the highway leading from Gourbawn to Ballytemple. Each man walked with a decidedly military tread, and as they neared one another, there seemed to be a recognition, for when they met, a warm shake of the hand and a hearty greeting followed.

A rift in the clouds overhead, that were on the occasion rather murky, allowed the light of the round harvest moon to fall full on these men, and disclosed Henry Irving, the ostensible American visitor at Ballytemple Hotel, and Tom Hartnett of Gourbawn, familiarly known as "pope."

Both, as the reader already knows, had military training, and which accounts for their precision of tread at first sight; and at second sight, each looked the soldier, for such a part is never forgotten.

With a boldness one would think unbecoming, Tom Hartnett went directly towards the stranger and shook hands with him, after which the stranger said, "Tom Hartnett, I presume?"

"Yes, Mr. Irving, I got your message."

"I see you did, Tom. I suppose the messenger surprised you?" and Henry Irving laughed discreetly.

"I was never more surprised in my life as when he stood squarely on the road before me in the dusk of the evening, and gave me the stone and message,"

Tom admitted. "Nobody around here ever heard Cracked Henry utter anything intelligent before."

"Oh, he'll be useful to us yet. Now, Tom, I want to talk to you on matters that ought not be discussed on the high road, so it is better for us get in the fields somewhere."

"That's right, Mr. Irving. The police now are getting very vigilant," so saying he led the way across the fields towards a double fence, thickly sheltered on each side with white and blackthorn bushes; and there they rested, safe from outside hearing and observation.

Without further ado, Henry Irving commenced saying, "Tom, I have been sent here by our authorities in Dublin to take military charge of the Fenian organization. They informed me you are the Centre of this district, and that is why I desired to see you, and have made use of my own hypnotic power to do so.

"Now, Tom, this is to be the year for action. All our plans are matured, only, occasionally, they are upset by the Government arresting some of our leaders and finding some of our military stores. This is to be the year for action most decidedly, and we must make ourselves equal to it."

The ex-Confederate soldier thus laid his mission bare to the ex-soldier of the Papal Brigade; the disclosure meeting a hearty reception from the latter, who replied, "Mr. Irving, you are heartily welcome amongst us in Gourbawn. We have been expecting and wishing for that hour a long time, and it can't come too soon for our wishes."

"That's a good spirit, Tom, a good spirit."

"Yes, Mr. Irving, that's the spirit that's here since Davey McMahon's eviction three years ago. The farmers' sons and the labourers will face anything now."

"Ah! poor Davey," said Henry Irving. "Wasn't he from here, Tom. Well, I helped to bury him. I was at the battle of Chancellorsville and at the Confederate

side, the side that won; but Davey McMahon and the men of the Irish Brigade won the admiration of us of the South so much that our chaplain went immediately on the battlefield to minister to the dying. Poor Davey —God be good to his soul tonight," a prayer that brought a hearty response from Tom Hartnett; "was fatally wounded and died after the Priest left him."

"Of course, you know, Tom, on the battle-field when a truce is sounded, soldiers from each army can mingle with one another to save their wounded and bury their dead. I, as captain in a Virginia regiment —largely Irish, too—took a party to help in the work, and hearing of the heroism of the Irish Brigade, we took great interest in the burial of their dead.

"This is the way, Tom, I discovered how Davey McMahon died, and standing over him crying, was his old school-boy friend, Maurice Donoughue of the same regiment. Maurice and I and some more of the boys, both North and South, dug a grave for him; and of his broken rifle we made a Cross for his resting place. Oh! Tom, that was an awful war, but I'll tell you more about it and Davey some other time, so I had better confine myself to our immediate subject of tonight.

"I want to immediately meet your captains, and hear their report of their fitness for a rising; and I would like the meeting to take place where we won't be interrupted." This demand was made with a tone of authority, after which the ex-Confederate added in more subdued accents, "Let me tell you, furthermore, my name is not Henry Irving. My name is John Ryan. I was born in the Glen of Aherlow, County Tipperary, and late captain in the Confederate army, but I must be known to every one here but you as Henry Irving while I am in Ballytemple."

"I thank you very much, Captain, for your confidence in telling me your right name. None shall know it as long as you wish," and Tom Hartnett broke off

abruptly, saying, "Captain, I would suggest tomorrow night for your meeting with the 'boys.' Tomorrow night will be our drill night. We drill on the low fields in the glen out by the waterfall. There is a vacant herdman's house there which will answer your purpose. Will that arrangement suit you, Captain?"

"Yes, Tom, most decidedly. I mean business and we must begin. How am I to reach that place?"

"That will be easy, Captain," replied Tom, "I'll send my nephew, Pat Sullivan, to the hotel at dusk. He will make himself known to you, and you can follow him when ready."

"That arrangement is so far satisfactory, and as we understand one another so well, I guess we ought separate. Our position here is as bad as the trenches on the Potomac." This observation caused a little suppressed laughter until the two had emerged from the double fence to the roadway on which it abutted.

The night after the foregoing interview between the Fenian ex-soldiers of two Lost Causes was dark and gloomy, as usual with the changeable weather in the fall of the year. It was especially so down in the glen of Glenashee, which is a very deep glen through which a river of that name runs, bounding in its course from the upland down a magnificent waterfall to the depth of the ravine. This glen is spoken of as being formed by a fairy, whom St. Patrick was in pursuit of, and hence its name in English, Glen of the Fairy.

At the appointed hour next night, there was no break in the firmament above through which a Heavenly ray might stream to light that Glen's dangerous recesses. Hours of darkness might be a questionable time for operations of busy men, but the busy, panting men who were fast peopling the rocky sides and by-paths of Glenashee that night, and converging towards the old vacant goatherd's dwelling over towards the waterfall, would prefer, too, the light of day for their

purposes, but for reasons which the following will make obvious.

In that vacant goatherd's habitation, then full of anxiously-looking men, there stood two of the number on a temporary dais or platform. They were the friends of the previous night's interview—Tom Hartnett and Henry Irving. All around them was silence save the voice of the incessant rolling waters of the waterfall, as they heaved from rocky ledge to rocky ledge, on their way to the depths of Glenashee.

A stuffing of the crevices in and around the old door and windows to shut out the noise gave Tom Hartnett the opportunity he was evidently waiting for, when he turned from his companion and said in a low voice to the multitude before him:

"My Fenian brothers, I have called you here tonight for a purpose far higher than drilling. We have been years at that business, and every day during those years we had reason to be more energetic through the cruel laws we are under. The time has come, brothers, for that state of things to terminate; and as the minute-hand of the time-piece of Fate is approaching, so is the man; and the man is here now standing by me; a man whose life is dedicated to your service as well as to that of Ireland. I now introduce to you, Mr. Henry Irving, our new commander."

Tom Hartnett could have made a better address on such an occasion if he was not so busy during the day, but such as it was, he was complimented highly by Henry Irving on the appropriateness of what he said, when that gentleman advanced to speak:

"Brothers and fellow Fenians," he said, "I am not here before you tonight a stranger. There is no man breathing the spirit of Ireland a stranger in Ireland. No matter where any son of that land goes, his love for it is not forgotten; nor is a desire to help it abandoned. We have heard its cry of late years, and though

we, Ireland's sons in America, might be in the Northern or Southern armies, our response has been the same; and we now return to give the benefit of our experiences to the motherland from which we sprang."

There would be intense applause following Henry Irving's remarks in that old hut that night, if Tom Hartnett had not raised his hand in remonstrance, which allowed the speaker to continue, "Yes, fellow Fenians," he said, "I have come to tell you what freedom is, and what freedom does. It crowns the individual man with the sovereignty that he was told belonged, by a Divine right, to one particular man or woman. It gives a power to each individual at stated intervals, to do or undo every oppressive law that may bleed him. But you, men of Ireland, what remedy have you at present to shake off the power that has been draining the best blood of your land every day, in every direction. The best and only answer you can give is your attitude tonight; an attitude which is a dedication of your young lives to the freedom of your native land, and a living protest to the enslavement of any other.

"In contemplation of such an attitude, brother Fenians, I must intensify it by declaiming:

"Man with the wrinkled brow,
  Child with the stamp of care,
Cease from your mourning now,
  Pause in your midnight prayer.
A spirit doth move abroad,
  Its bounds are the bounds of the deep;
Its voice is the voice of a god;
  Hark to its wondrous sweep.
It sweeps through the minds of men,
  It moves through the realms of kings,
And thrones are but timber, when
  That voice on the whirlwind sings,

'Man with the wrinkled brow,
Child with the stamp of care,
Cease from your mourning now;
Pause in your midnight prayer.'

"The sentiment underlying the language of that poem, part of which I have recited, is the sentiment of the Fenian Brotherhood, and which I know actuates you from the devotion you have shown these years past in silence and in obscurity, in building up the organization among you, which at present is the only hope of long-suffering Ireland."

Again Tom Hartnett's powerful influence was necessary in stemming the exuberant feelings of Henry Irving's audience. "I may tell you now, my friends," the speaker continued when silence was restored, "we have every hope of a successful stand against the common enemy of our motherland. We have nearly every Irish soldier in the English army in Ireland a sworn Fenian, and we have 200,000 sworn members in our organization, all fairly disciplined and more or less armed. We have, besides, a vast organization in America to supply us with military officers and arms when we begin, so that I stand before you tonight full of hope for our suffering land, which is the plaything of a system that can create famines to order, and drive our people to all parts of the world, menials and beggars, their paths marked by their bleaching bones on the floor of the Atlantic ocean."

This allusion by the Fenian emissary to the famine of twenty years previous, and of which many of his audience had a recollection, so intensified their pent-up feelings, that despite Tom Hartnett's energies, the goatherd's habitation on that night was the scene of unbridled enthusiasm.

This exhibition of such feelings was contrary to the programme of action of such a society as the Fenian Brotherhood. Consequently, the orator on the

occasion felt it was judicious to curtail his further remarks to the needed requirements of placing the organization on a military basis.

CHAPTER XLIII

BILL O'DONNELL'S VOW FULFILLED

Of all the numerous Coercion Acts passed by the British Legislature for the suppression of insurrection in Ireland since the union of the two countries in 1800, that of the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act of February, 1866, was the most drastic and sweeping.

That act empowered any peace-officer to arrest without warrant, and hold without the formality of trial, any person suspected of Fenian proclivities. These were proclivities hostile to British power in Ireland. The consequence of this drastic law was, that four hundred men were arrested in Dublin the night of its enactment, and before it had received Queen Victoria's signature. A proportionate number was arrested in the other large cities, and throughout the Provinces; and a notable feature of these arrests was that no Irish-American escaped.

With such a drag-net set in motion, it was impossible for Henry Irving to escape. He did not seem alarmed though. He was still staying at the Ballytemple Hotel; still taking his usual walks along the country roads in the neighbourhood; and with a passing acquaintanceship with Sergeant Duff and the other constables at the police station, one would think that he, an ostensible visitor in Ireland in search of health, would escape the meshes of that net.

Unfortunately for Henry Irving himself, those apparently friendly police noted that he was very companionable with some of the ardent spirits of Ballytemple and the countryside, especially Tom Hartnett,

Bill O'Donnell, who was long ago pardoned by his class for his infraction of the rules of honesty, and many more. Especially, it was noted, he returned late at night to the hotel,—a fact which was at utter variance with the delicacy of a run-down constitution.

Justified by these suspicions and many more, the Ballytemple police decided on putting Henry Irving under arrest. As usual at the moment, he was on one of his afternoon walks, and a more suitable time for his capture would be, they thought, when he'd return. Sergeant Duff, alone to himself, thought different, and with the vision of those four V's on his sleeve, which would make him Head Constable Duff—the realization of which he considered ill-luck cheated him out of three years previous, when the authorities sent him to America for the capture of Davey McMahon—he kept a lookout for the prey himself.

The hours dragged painfully along for that vigilant official. The sun had set, perhaps on a tired world; but that afternoon it went down for a tireless man, peering through the lights and shades of advancing night behind Ballytemple's single pump-stick, oblivious of other men's chances of promotion.

Not for long did these circumstances fetter Sergeant Duff's activities. He saw his prey coming along the Gourbawn highway, and with true heroic spirit, he advanced to the capture with the exclamation:

"Henry Irving, I arrest you!"

"What for?" questioned the irate ex-Confederate.

"I'll tell you when I lock you up," was the Sergeant's reply.

"That we may be better acquainted then, take that," and the ex-Confederate fired a revolver shot at his would-be captor; then another followed, both only wounding the sergeant. A deadly levelling of that fatal instrument in the hand of one of the Confederacy's bravest soldiers, with the warning words of

Henry Irving behind it. "Go away, Sergeant, or I'll kill you."

A moment later saw Henry Irving a fugitive. He did not return to his hotel that night, but sped towards the near-by hills, with which he was fortunately partially acquainted. In his flight, his way led him by Davey McMahon's former residence. Tom Cassidy's herdsman's dog was barking. Something was gliding away, muttering unintelligibly. The fugitive paused in his flight to see an approaching figure. It was "Cracked Henry." Presumably, he was abusing Davey McMahon for "not letting him in."

For that cool-headed soldier this flight had no terrors. He knew he would be pursued; and he knew what the alternative of his capture would result in. Nevertheless, seeing the demented man approaching, he leisurely called, "Hello, Henry." That well-known demented creature approached the speaker docile-like.

Meeting one another again, as if the voice of the speaker reached to the diminished cells in the brain of the listener, he stood, and the penetrating glance of an unnatural eye, perhaps, dove into the very soul of the idiot-man.

Straight and firm that bent-down figure stood before the piercing eye of Henry Irving. Then those hypnotizing "passes" before the demented man's face were set in motion, followed by the command, "Go tell Tom Hartnett to meet me at midnight, at the goatherd's house by the waterfall, and be there yourself." This command and admonition was not lost on the painfully-walking muttering mendicant, as he trudged away on his mission, while his master struck into the depths of the dark mountains further on.

There was no time to be lost in the capture of the man who dared to shoot down on her majesty's highway one of Victoria's representatives; and forthwith messengers were sent for medical aid for the wounded

Sergeant; also for a squad of soldiers, (a company of whom were recently ordered from the Curragh to Ballytemple, owing to the expected Fenian "rising" in the neighbourhood), to assist the civil authority in the arrest of the now notorious "Henry Irving."

In answer to that appeal, six soldiers arrived in haste at the police barrack, fully armed and equipped for the night's tedium and danger. Then a hurried consultation between the single policeman told off to make the arrest, and the wounded sergeant, whose words "He had been long a secret friend," to the departing constable, were most significant.

This armed party's march took them directly towards Gourbawn; then a short detour where the crossroads at that locality intersected one another, led them by Tom Connerty's residence, where a short stay was made in the shade of a large hayrick in the farmyard, during which the constable in charge of the expedition was absent.

In due time that officer appeared again accompanied by a young man, but his identity was not easily discernible, owing to the darkness of the night. He was very agile, for as the armed party forsook the public roads for the by-ways and short-cuts across moorlands and uplands, it was noticeable he was the master of every impediment.

The interior of that abandoned goatherd's habitation, on the side of Glenashee, towards which Tom Hartnett and "Cracked Henry" were hastening at the midnight hour, presented a strange scene, too. By the sickly glare from a candle in a niche at the further end of the hovel, one could see it peopled with about twenty men, gathered by Tom Hartnett's activity. In their midst stood "Henry Irving," before whom stood the statue-like form of "Cracked Henry," still under the hypnotic spell cast over him some hours previous.

Soon the hums and whispers ceased throughout the hovel, save the muffled voice of the waterfall outside, as the central figure in the drama of the night held up his hand, saying, "I wish to talk to you, boys, before we part. Ye know, I can remain here now no longer. I am a fugitive, but before I go, I must at least lay bare two secrets before ye men of Gourbawn and Ballytemple—secrets in the lives of 'Cracked Henry' and 'Henry Irving' standing now before you."

"Cracked Henry, as you are called," and the piercing eye of the speaker again shot its glare into the vacant-looking ones of the well-known mendicant, and perhaps deep into his unconscious soul, "what is your name and where were you born?"

"My name is Dan Ryan. I was born in the Glen of Aherlow in Tipperary." The language was uttered so machine-like that a listener might be pardoned for thinking it came from some human automaton.

With the fixed glare of the hypnotizer's eye growing more and more in intensity, and at the command of the "master," the "subject" continued: "My father held a farm there, from which we were evicted, and we went to America. When I grew up I left my mother in the care of my brother John, in Kentucky. John was always a good boy. I was very fond of John."

On the utterance of this latter phrase, the frame of the ex-Confederate soldier shook as the thunders of many battlefields ever failed to do; and the eyes, though steadily glaring, moistened perceptibly, even moistened more as his "subject" continued: "I wandered away to the West and got sun-struck on the plains. That is all I can tell."

With a sigh of relief the outlawed man turned to those around him (Tom Hartnett and Bill O'Donnell being at either side), and said in a most dramatic voice and gesture, "Men of Gourbawn and Ballytemple, this is a strange world: This man ye all knew as 'Cracked

Henry' is none other than my long-lost brother. I am John Ryan."

John Ryan, no longer "Henry Irving," had scarcely finished speaking, when the loud barking of a stray dog outside in search of prey perhaps, woke up the wonder-stricken attention of his hearers, and with due caution, a lookout discovered the soldiers coming.

A rear exit in the hovel allowed its inmates to disappear up the hill side, while Captain John Ryan was performing his hypnotic feats of undoing the spell of normal mentality he had flung over the wrecked consciousness of his brother. Slowly and deliberately, he and his two associates, Tom Hartnett and Bill O'Donnell, filed out, one after the other, leaving the demented Cracked Henry to gather himself together as his restored mental infirmity befitted him.

That individual, or half-individual, finding himself possessed of his rags, his beggar's bag and other belongings, and his voice extricated from the mystical power that controlled it, at once commenced to cry out, "We haven't house or home wid 'em," and at the same time he opened wide the door of the old hovel. That moment six bullets buried themselves in the poor fellow's body, before he could finish a complaint that has been heard since around the world.

The glare emitted by the guns of the six British soldiers was not lost on the beholders. Three pairs of wrathful eyes, peering from the end of the abandoned goatherd's habitation, watched it light up the attacking party. But with gruesome vividness it lit up the scar-lined features of the agile civilian, previously picked up at the Connerty residence, and who acted as guide to "Henry Irving's" pursuers.

In a moment three revolver shots rang out from the beholders of that illumination, burying their leaden burden deep in the breast of him who was none other than young Tom Connerty; and in a moment more,

before the soldiers could have re-charged their muzzle-loading rifles, Captain John Ryan and his two companions sought flight along the steep and dangerous footways of Glenashee, resting only to return the firing of the awed soldiers, who sought shelter in the hut, with the cry of "revenge" from Bill O'Donnell intoned by the wail of the falling waters.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE EMIGRANT

The state of Ireland, or strictly speaking, those localities already alluded to, where a strong national spirit was resurrected by such natural-born leaders as were depicted, was for some years after the time related of in the preceding chapter, lonely in the extreme. The majority of the adult male population was either in foreign countries or in prison. Even some having lost their lives in the futile rising that followed, and the spirit of resistance was again crushed into obscurity.

Gourbawn represented such a denuded spectacle. Tom Hartnett, fondly and familiarly alluded to as "pope," with Bill O'Donnell and "Henry Irving," were indicted for the murder of Thomas Connerty, junior, on the night the well-known mendicant of that time, "Cracked Henry," lost his life by "accident;" but the three above named were in America and beyond British law, as political refugees.

Tom Connerty, senior, was finding the difficulty of procuring farm-help to carry on his industrial operations increasing day by day, owing to the unenviable notoriety his son attained, when he lost his life guiding the British soldiers in 1866 to the Fenian rendezvous, away back in the glen of Glenashee.

"Uncle Pat" McMahon had a lonely time going to and from big Ned McCarthy's farm, where he worked;

his old companions of the fields were gone. His burden as provider for his brother Davey's children was then, fortunately, considerably lessened, being relieved of all except young Pat, who was much attached to his old grandmother—Father O'Mahony having got them into the Sisters' Convent as they grew up.

It was noticeable that Kathleen McMahon, who was at that time fully grown up and matured, and yet with Father O'Mahony as his prospective housekeeper, was not like young girls of her age. On the contrary, she was silent, thoughtful-looking, even melancholy, which Doctor O'Leary told his "reverence," Father John, more than once, that a marked change came over her since she had that peculiar dream of the battlefield years previous.

"Action is a God-send to melancholy, or incurable nervousness follows," was his dictum, when the Priest informed him Kathleen was leaving, and wanted to go to America to find the truth of her father's end. "She had heard so many conflicting stories about him," he said, "that she is determined now to know the truth, and she had notified him of it."

"Well, Father John, it is better for you to let her go in good courage. The young girl is wise beyond her years; and with her natural discretion, and the religious training she imbibed while with your reverence, there will be no fear of her in America."

"Yes, Doctor, Kathleen is one splendid Irish girl, and I agree with you, it is better to let her go and end her melancholy," and Father John O'Mahony was evidently distressed, resigning himself to the inevitable, adding, "She has already secured Tom Hartnett's address in Brooklyn. He was at one time a great friend of her father's."

This discussion terminated Father O'Mahony's opposition to the girl's proposed emigration, and thenceforward every preparation was made for reaching

America with every available necessity for emigrants, abundantly supplied by personages she never dreamt of, such as the farewell present she received from Miss Nellie Creagh, which included every want of a female emigrant, in the ocean liners of that day.

In recounting the incidents of those days, Pakenham Hall could not justifiably be forgotten. It has figured largely in this story of Irish life, from the happenings of recent years, and mayhap its new proprietorship may be interesting to the reader to follow.

Pakenham Hall had not altered since the change was made in its outward aspect, prior to Mr. Charles Chapman's marriage to Frances Pakenham, known all through Tipperary at that time as the "purty lady from Pakenham Hall." Mr. Chapman was one of those rich Americans, whose wealth was only incubating, when the devastating Civil War broke out, but being a true patriot, and possessed of much knowledge of Europe and its sympathies for those who would secede from the union of the States, he was selected by Abraham Lincoln, the then President, to go thence and watch for every violator of international law.

In that mission he became an occasional visitor at Pakenham Hall, as has been related, through the introduction of a mutual friend, Sir Edward Fitzgerald of the great historical Irish family of the Geraldines, and a cousin of Frances Pakenham, in consequence of which the marriage followed at the close of the Civil War.

Frances Pakenham's life, thence afterwards, was a varied one. Together, herself and her husband, spent their seasons of enjoyment between his palatial residence in Fifth Avenue, New York, as well as one in Long Island, and her ancient residence in Ireland, made the rolling seasons suit the desire to enjoy them.

In one of those migratory trips, which might be chronicled here for the continuation of this story,

there was the usual number of Irish emigrants. Of course, they were all steerage passengers, and necessarily were set apart from the other classes. Occasionally a first or second class passenger would, perhaps out of curiosity or otherwise, intermix with those less fortunate ones in the steerage, and on the occasion under note, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, after leaving their stateroom with their daughter Harriet, perhaps three or four years old, and her nurse, wandered on the steerage deck.

'Twas the afternoon of the first day out from Queenstown. The ocean, from being choppy at first, gradually became more disturbed; and when the "Cow and Calf" were lost to view (two immense rocks of unequal size on the southern coast of Ireland), the full force of its violence was felt by every one on board.

To those on board this particular steamship on which Mr. and Mrs. Chapman sailed, the change was quite an experience, for within half an hour the happy, jolly multitude of Irish boys and girls after a tearful parting with their friends on the quay at Queenstown, were stretched prone upon the deck of the giant steamship, convulsing in all the throes of seasickness; and quite unconscious of fine raiment and other accessories of personal adornment. Such was the attitude of the steerage passengers, as Mr. and Mrs. Chapman's curiosity or benevolence tempted them to wander that afternoon along the deck, where such a painful exhibition of the effects of ocean travel on those not accustomed to it was evident. Of that exhibition, pained indeed would be a poor expression to picture the feelings of Mrs. Chapman, as she gazed from one to the other of the stricken victims of emigration, especially on the Madonna-like features of a young Irish woman, whose apparent calm after the agony of the previous moments, made such an impression on her mind that perhaps it was responsible for many after-consequences.

"I would like it very much, Ma'am, if I can find employment."

"You'll find employment in New York, Kathleen, you may be sure," asserted Mrs. Chapman, who before the girl's departure from the lonely-looking emigrant girl, thanked her for taking care of Harriet.

"There are no thanks due to me, Ma'am," assured she. "The dear little thing simply asked me my name as she was passing, and told me her's was Harriet."

"I'll meet you at Castle Garden, Kathleen," observed Mrs. Chapman as she turned away.

CHAPTER XLV

A DREAM AND A REVELATION

SMALL wonder if the sight-seers and idlers, who usually congregate and lounge along the sheltered walks of Battery Park on a summer day, should be surprised to see an open barouche, drawn by a pair of spanking bay horses, driven by a liveried coachman, trot leisurely up to the large exit door of Castle Garden, just as the steerage passengers from the newly-arrived Inman steamship were being admitted inside the portals of the New World, on the afternoon of the day Mr. Chapman and family arrived from their usual holiday trip to Pakenham Hall in Ireland.

Such wonder might be considerably increased by the presence in that open barouche of a splendidly-dressed lady and child of apparently four years of age. After a short wait, during which the full-blooded horses had to be kept in motion on the spacious plateau outside the building, a young woman emerged—an emigrant evidently, from the valise she carried in her hand—on whose appearance the watchful child cried out, "Oh, Mamma! there she is. There is Kathleen."

Immediately the fleet-looking horses were turned

around, and the apparently emigrant girl which the child called Kathleen entered the carriage, beside the well-dressed occupant of it, and were soon whirled away through the tortuous mazes of lower Broadway's crowded thoroughfare until they reached where Fifth Avenue abuts on Fourteenth Street; then away up that splendid driveway to its most aristocratic section, and there alighting, the well-known personages, Mrs. Charles Chapman, once Frances Pakenham, Kathleen McMahon, known yet only as Kathleen; and the little lady, Harriet Chapman, entered.

This was an unexpected experience to the recently arrived emigrant girl as she entered the residence of one of the richest men in New York City, if not of America; and the democratic man, Mr. Chapman, to whom she was immediately introduced on her entry, was so much at variance with the over-bearing uppishness of the possessors of wealth whom she knew in Ireland, that her wonder was the more.

Mrs. Chapman, with the grace that always characterized her as Frances Pakenham, took Kathleen through the ceremony of introducing her to the other servants of the household, not as their fellow-servant, but as Harriet's governess, and to placate Mary Ann O'Brien's naturally wounded feelings, the tactful lady raised her to a more responsible and lucrative position, thus ending any cause of friction.

The omens of a happy and prosperous future were bright for the emigrant girl in these surroundings; and if there was any element wanting, little Harriet should have made it up by her extraordinary affection, which might be said to be instinctive, since they first met on board the ocean-liner.

Yet, Kathleen McMahon was not happy. Oftentimes Mrs. Chapman noticed her lacking in those qualities of vivaciousness, which usually develop in young people, when the fears of emigrant's reverses are over.

The patient smile was there, ever ready to play over her Madonna-like features, but the thoughtful, far-away gaze in her wistful eyes, could tell a less shrewd observer than Mrs. Chapman, that the sweet, lonely-looking Kathleen's thoughts were elsewhere.

Her duties in the Chapman household were not onerous. They consisted, merely, of caring for the wants of little Harriet, and walking out with her on the broad sidewalk of Fifth Avenue in the forenoon occasionally; besides driving regularly with her every afternoon in Central Park. One should wonder, too, as Mrs. Chapman did, why the new governess did not exhibit on her cheeks the delightful-looking pink, and other rose-hues so usual with Irish girls a short time from the old country, when such light duties are considered. Yet Kathleen McMahon performed them all in such a mechanical way, as to indicate there was no heart in her operating—that there was another thought uppermost.

This apparent depression of spirit became more pronounced towards the end of May following her arrival in the United States. The air, then, was heavy and sultry, and though the room she occupied, being Harriet's bedroom also, was well ventilated, she felt after retiring, an overpowering tendency to unreal fancies and a recurrence of her old-time dreaming.

This propensity often made her very unhappy, especially as she did not believe in dreams having any influence on realities, and in consciousness of that belief, she laid down to sleep one of the nights of the May already referred to. She had merely dozed when her sleepless mental vision swept a wooded country full of armed men, fighting most furiously. She saw men fall, now here, now there, in the clearances, and sometimes many together, corresponding to the issuance of belching smoke from the wooded parts.

On the fall of one man she noted, she cried out in

her sleep, "he is killed! he is killed!" and immediately woke up, shuddering and crying, the tumult of which caused Kathleen's ward to wake up too, and toppling out of the cot in which she slept, rushed over into the bed in which her nearly-idolized governess lay crying.

"Kathleen," entreated the tenderhearted child, with her arms around the crying girl's neck, "what ails you?"

"Nothing, Harriet dear," answered Kathleen, again conscious. "I was only dreaming of a battle; and I thought I knew a man whom I saw fall, that was all;" and she commenced to cry again.

"Now, Kathleen, you must not cry any more about that old dream. If you do, I'll cry too," and the affectionate child wrapped her arms even closer around the neck of her nurse, which retained their hold through the quiet night's sleep that followed for both.

At the breakfast table next morning, both governess and ward appeared more than usually chastened-looking, which Mrs. Chapman observed, and in answer to her query if they had not slept well, Kathleen promptly and candidly replied, "Not very well, Ma'am. I was disturbed by a peculiar dream. I dreamt I saw men fighting with guns and bayonets, and I thought I knew one man who fell, and I commenced to cry. My crying woke up Harriet, and I suppose that disturbed her as much as me."

This candid avowal much pleased Mrs. Chapman, but did not allay her instinct for further enquiry, which was only womanly, when she asked, "Who was the man you thought was killed, Kathleen?"

The query seemed to strike home, for the questioned girl held down her head, as if in tacit admission that she did not like to answer, which made Mrs. Chapman resume the same enquiry, with a pathos that could not be refused. At length, the distressed girl, between sobs, admitted, "My father."

"What! Kathleen, was your father a soldier?" again questioned Mrs. Chapman.

"Yes, ma'am, he was; and it was reported around Gourbawn, where he lived in Ireland, that he was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville. I once saw the place and the battle in a dream, when I was living with Father O'Mahony at Ballytemple, and I'd know the place again if I saw it."

At this juncture in the conversation, Mr. Chapman, who was leisurely scanning his morning newspaper, at once became an interested listener when he heard the word "Gourbawn" uttered; and turning his gaze toward the half-sobbing Irish girl asked, "May I ask you, Kathleen, what was your father's name?"

"Davey, Sir; Davey McMahon."

"What occupation had he in Gourbawn?"

"He was a farmer, sir, but was evicted," answered Kathleen, much affected by the queries.

"Who was the landlord who evicted him?" a further query by Mr. Chapman.

"A Mr. Pakenham of Pakenham Hall, Mr. Chapman," and at once significant glances shot between the two questioners of Kathleen McMahon which the unsophisticated emigrant that she was paid no attention to, but watched the serious-looking listener beside her.

"What happened ye then after the eviction?"

"All the family moved to my Uncle Pat's house, and my father came here, but couldn't find work, so he enlisted, and that killed my poor mother soon after. We never heard directly from him since; so Mr. Chapman, that makes me so desirous now to find truly what happened him."

"Well, Charles," interjected Mrs. Chapman, "is not this a sorry tale of real life, and how very little of such is known to the world."

"True for you, Frances, but eventually it will come out," and Mr. Chapman turned again towards where

Kathleen sat, and asked her, "Did not your father get a bounty, Kathleen?"

"Yes, Mr. Chapman, he did. It was sent to my mother, but she was dead the morning it arrived; and the postmaster sent it back again to the war office. We never heard from it since."

"Oh, that was on account of the confusion of the war. If it is there, I'll get it for you. Tell me, Kathleen, have you any friends in New York or Brooklyn?"

"I have the address of a neighbour. He lives in Brooklyn. His name is Thomas Hartnett, and I am sure he'd like to know I am in New York."

" I want that address, Kathleen, and let me have it before I go down town to business. Is there any other friend?"

"Yes, sir, there is, but I do not know where he lives. He was with my father in the Sixty-ninth. His name is Maurice Donoughue."

"In the Sixty-ninth, eh? I am not surprised, Kathleen, your father would lose his life in that regiment. 'Twas the hardest fighting one in the war."

It would seem the result of all these vital questions had the reverse effect on Kathleen McMahon than on most other constitutions, for she exhibited not the least reluctance to answer all queries during the ordeal; but on the contrary, seemed much unburdened as she tripped upstairs for Tom Hartnett's address.

CHAPTER XLVI

WHEREIN KATHLEEN MCMAHON MEETS AN OLD FRIEND

One would think from the apparently pleasing looks of Mr. Charles Chapman, as he emerged from the great banking house of Chapman and Harmon of Wall Street, that afternoon, that he realized a million dollars in the money market during his office hours of the

day. If he did, it must be confessed his hours of attendance were very few, for the greater part of his allotted time was spent in hunting up Tom Hartnett's address in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, at that time, was a separate municipality, having no legislative connection with New York City, nor any other tie but the numerous ferries that afforded facilities for the travelling public, so that a resident of New York should be, in a large measure, a comparative stranger there. Then its maze of streets running in every direction made the searcher of any address, such as an obscure man's like Tom Hartnett, very difficult.

To the man who could spend three years of his life uncompensated through the harbours of Ireland and England, seeking the enemies of his country's commerce, when that country was in the throes of a dreadful civil war, Brooklyn's by-ways of the time were insignificant.

Of course, Mr. Chapman found the address, but not Tom, he being a car-conductor as his wife informed him, consequently, a definite point had to be watched until his car returned. This necessitated an hour's patient vigil, but Mr. Chapman's pertinacity was equal to the occasion, and Tom Hartnett was a most surprised street-car conductor, when the gentlemanly-looking man who held him in conversation for half an hour, until he took his departure at Fulton Ferry, after which he was heard to utter, "so Kathleen has come to America," and then with studious features proceeded with his car towards the furthest limits of Brooklyn again.

It may be presumed the successful accomplishment of this mission made the banker such a happy-looking individual as he took his seat in his waiting carriage at the great bank's private door; and that pleased look never diminished on the way to his residence, where

he was greeted by his happy-looking wife, as if he had been a month absent.

Mr. Chapman's return only preceded that of Harriet, his daughter, and her governess from the Park where they spent their usual afternoon, and his first expression on the former's appearance was, "Kathleen, I found Tom."

"Did you really, Mr. Chapman?" replied she, a good deal surprised, which heightened somewhat the already increasing blush on her pale cheeks.

"Yes I did, Kathleen. A fine fellow too. He is the picture of rugged health and 'tis a pity to have him on the tail of a horse car, for I think he is fitted for something better."

"Oh, yes sir, Tom has been well educated, and was intended by his father for a profession, until they lost their land."

"How did they lose their land?" enquired Mrs. Chapman, who seemed interested after disentangling herself from the caressing arms of Harriet.

"Old Mr. Hartnett displeased his landlord on some trifling election, ma'am, and he having no lease of his land, was evicted in consequence."

"Well, well, wasn't that awful? And what became of the Hartnett's then?" observed Mr. Chapman.

"Only to become labourers, sir, agricultural labourers."

"So then, Kathleen, it may be concisely put that the agricultural labourers in Ireland today were the farmers of yesterday."

"That's just it, Mr. Chapman," and Kathleen McMahon, as she thus acquiesced in her employer's definition of the agrarian trouble in Ireland, moved, as if to take her charge up to their dressing-room to prepare for dinner, when Mr. Chapman suddenly remarked, "by the way, Kathleen, your friend Tom is to come to see you tonight."

"Oh, my. I am so glad to see him: he was such a friend of my father's."

"When he comes, mind, Kathleen," commanded her mistress, "you are not to keep him in the dining-room downstairs. You are to bring him up here. From what Mr. Chapman says, Tom, I mean Mr. Hartnett, must be an interesting character."

"How did you like Brooklyn today, Charles?" quietly observed his wife, as both she and her husband sat down together apparently impressed by like thoughts.

"'Tis extensive enough, anyhow," replied he with a laugh, "plenty of churches there; and plenty of space to build more when the natives become wicked enough."

"Oh, fie, Charles, Brooklyn people are no better nor worse than those of New York," and then, as if desirous to learn something that concerned her more, enquired, "Did you travel far to find Mr. Hartnett's place?"

"Far," repeated her husband, "so far, I thought I'd never stop and yet I was in Brooklyn; but I'd go as far more to connect with the mystery that brings the McMahon family again into our lives."

"I'd like it too, Charles, dear," replied his wife affectionately, "but do you know, the more I think of it the less embarrassment I feel, as I imagine 'tis urging me on to further developments."

"Very well, then, my sweet fatalist, you shall have them if you approve of an idea of mine," and before her husband could make known his idea, Mrs. Chapman anxiously enquired, like any hasty woman, "What is it, Charles?"

"It is this. Next Sunday will be Decoration Day. I propose that you and I, with Kathleen and Harriet, go down to the battlefield of Chancellorsville, in Virginia, and look for the broken rifle that marks the grave of Kathleen's father."

"Do I approve? Why, Charles, the idea is beautiful and I will request Mr. Hartnett tonight to accompany us. Of course, there will be a lot of old Federal and Confederate soldiers there, decorating their comrades' graves, perhaps they will forget the poor Irishman's."

"No fear any Irishman's grave will be forgotten day after tomorrow in any battlefield, for they are to be found where danger was thickest. Meantime, yourself or Kathleen might bring a wreath along."

Scarcely an hour had elapsed after Mr. Chapman's arrival home from the bank in which he was partner with a Mr. Harmon—an elderly bachelor, whose young life was spent in pursuit of wealth, and thereby, it may be presumed, escaped the pursuit of Cupid—when a voice from the basement called through a speaking-tube leading to the nursery up-stairs, "Miss McMahon is wanted. A gentleman desires to see her." "Immediately," came from above in reply, and forthwith, Kathleen guessing who the "gentleman" was, proceeded down a rear stairway to the basement, accompanied by Harriet.

True to her expectation, the "gentleman" was Tom Hartnett looking the same old "pope" she knew at home in Gourbawn; and when, on her approach, he said, "Kathleen," though brokenly, her reply, inaudible as it was, should be in keeping with her action, for she flung her arms around his neck and poured on his breast the tears of affection and affectionate memories. During the interval neither herself nor Tom had the power of resistance to Nature's bursting floodgates, had not little Harriet Chapman's occasional pull at Tom's coat-tails, or at Kathleen's white apron, reminded them of the proximity of a third person.

Thanks to the persistent efforts of the tiny American angel who stood beside them, Tom Hartnett, who was the first to realize the futility of railing against

fate, commenced to stem his unmanned emotions, and by gentle chiding soon restored the almost hysterical Kathleen to somewhat normal composure. Then between occasional sobs she commenced to answer the enquiries on Tom's part, about her Uncle Pat and all her family; about Brian O'Hara and if he and Paddy Gorman were friends yet, not forgetting to tell Kathleen the world-widely known incident that occurred the night of Brian's birth—the big wind in Ireland long ago—which as Brian said, "was not a wind at all, but a battle between the Catholic fairies of the South of Ireland, and the Orangemen fairies of the North."

This incident and many more of a like character kept them between laughing and crying, until Tom thought he had occupied sufficient of the time of Harriet Chapman's governess, and proposed his leaving.

"No, Tom, you are not going so soon, Mrs. Chapman wants to see you," Kathleen informed him, and in this information she was sustained by Harriet herself, who asserted, "Yes, Tom, mamma wants you upstairs, so come along." So saying, the four-year old child caught Tom Hartnett's coat-tail and literally forced him to accompany her.

On entering the splendid parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Chapman sat in expectation of their visitor, the Brooklyn car-conductor presented a very abashed appearance, his coat-tail being still in the possession of their daughter. Presently, both these truly dignified personages rose to greet him, when the advancing Harriet, still holding his coat, cried out, "Mamma, here is Tom." With becoming condescension, Mrs. Chapman bowed and said, "Mr. Hartnett, I am pleased to meet you;" and before the abashed visitor could reply, Harriet cried out, "No, mamma, Tom is not Mr. Hartnett. His name is Tom." "Very well, then, my dear little mentor, "replied her mother, "he will be Tom." Mr. Chapman, at the moment, his face wreathed

with smiles, approached and welcomed the visitor too, with as much warmth as if he were another millionaire like himself, careful that he would not be guilty of a like indiscretion as that which developed the beautiful precociousness of his daughter a moment before.

Small wonder if Tom Hartnett sat down, feeling much at ease with that sublimely democratic atmosphere around him; and more sublimely still, to his mind, when Mr. Chapman revealed his proposed journey to Chancellorsville battlefield on Decoration Day, with the request "that he would accompany them."

"To be sure, Mr. Chapman," he replied, "I'd be only too much pleased to be of any service to you or Kathleen, but I know of one who could serve you better. One of the soldiers who buried Davey."

"Who is he, Tom, and where can he be found?" questioned Mrs. Chapman."

"The soldier is Maurice Donoughue, and he lives in Brooklyn, near me. He carries only one arm now, having lost the other at Gettysburg."

"Well, then, Tom, you see Maurice and get him to come. We will take the early express from Jersey City for Washington, and get from there by the quickest route to the battlefield."

The pilgrimage for Decoration Day being thus decided on, a vast feeling of relief seemed to settle on all concerned, which it may be said, was but the "open sesame" for the introduction of other subjects, especially those relating to Ireland and its troubles. By a singular dexterity, Tom took care not to refer to Gourbawn or Pakenham Hall in elucidating them, fearing, doubtless, he might revive painful memories for Kathleen McMahon. Such must be his motive, for he had no idea then that the lovely wife of his host was a daughter of Frederick Pakenham, the evictor of Kathleen's unfortunate father.

CHAPTER XLVII

DECORATION DAY IN CHANCELLORSVILLE

DECORATION DAY of that year, as on every year since, saw the soldiers' graves, both Federal and Confederate, attended to with almost idolatrous care in the various cemeteries throughout the Union; and the pious task brings to its performance, a large portion of the population of the United States. For the furtherance of this duty of love, excursion trains are run in all directions, and other facilities are afforded for the occasion, so when Mr. Chapman and his party found themselves at the railroad depot in Jersey City they had not long to wait.

Flying would be the proper description to give to their transit towards Washington, which was reached in record time, and which, after a hasty repast, they soon left behind, deferring the satisfying of their curiosity to see the sights of the Capital till their return. From thence, their way led on by slower motion, giving an opportunity to Kathleen McMahon to behold rural America for the first time in the light of that day's glorious noontime. As she passed along, her eye followed the zigzag railing bounding farmers' homesteads; noted the projecting tree-stumps; noted, too, the wooded hill-sides, the thickets of dwarfed oak and scrub undergrowths spreading out to the verge of the horizon along the moorland. All these features of Virginia's varying landscape presented themselves to the girl's scrutiny as if to say, "Can Ireland show you better?"

On the other side of that railroad carriage after it crossed the Potomac, Mrs. Chapman could behold a resemblance of the same panorama but from a differ- [illegible] standpoint. She that was nurtured and reared [illegible]d palatial surroundings, how could she view Nature

in all the rudeness of uncultured development without answering Virginia's challenge, "Can Ireland show better?"

All these scenes of variegated nature, clad in primal or modern habiliments, passed unremembered before the gaze of the two observers, as also passed unheeded Virginia's unuttered challenge, for their minds, though far from their bases of action, by the laws of altruistic tendencies should soon converge.

Chancellorsville was reached in the early afternoon. Thousands of living Federal and Confederate sympathizers thronged the scene, and it may be safely asserted, upward of 20,000 victims of the terrible strife were mouldering beneath the soil they trod.

To Mr. Chapman's eye it was an awful scene of death, but to Maurice Donoughue it was one he was evidently familiar with, for he guided without a qualm the New York party along the ranks of the serried graves of his old associates of the Sixty-ninth, and by the intervening tree stumps until he came to the rude Cross with two fresh wreaths on its extended arms, saying, "here is where we buried him."

Kathleen was seemingly taking mental measurements from the old Chancellor residence away in the clearance, as if she recognized it, and was on the point of making an observation of some nature, when the one-armed guide used the foregoing language. She, turning around, exclaimed, "Yes, there it is, my poor father's grave," and throwing herself prostrate on the freshly dressed turf, prayed and cried, and cried and prayed, to the Great Dispenser of Mercy for her distracted father's soul.

The knowledge of the weeping girl's mission to America, and her appearance at the moment made more than Mrs. Chapman join in tearful recognition of sorrows' bitter chalice. Even Maurice Donoughue, hardened soldier that he was, found it necessary even

with his one hand to dry his eyes occasionally till he turned towards Mr. Chapman, who was holding his daughter Harriet in evident restraint, saying, "Was not this a terrible place, Mr. Chapman, for 100,000 men to be pitted against each other in deadly conflict."

"Yes, indeed," replied he, "war is a terrible necessity."

"It certainly is, sir," added the former soldier of the Sixty-ninth reminiscently, "but to realize its horrors, one should have been here during the three days of early May, 1863—the 3d to the 6th. When we arrived here on our retreat from Fredericksburg, there was not a cloud to be seen in the Heavens and around the flowers grew everywhere. The tangled forest was luxuriant in its foliage, and the melody of birds filled the air.

"Beneath that cloudless sky, surrounded by everything in nature that could lure the human heart from destruction of its kind, 100,000 men were posted here, sheltered by the dense jungle, sworn to destroy the Union that should cement both North and South.

"Then, Mr. Chapman, followed three days of almost bloody hand to hand conflict, when men, forgetting all ideas of discipline, fought like savages until the Heavens above intervened.

"Yes, sir, it certainly did intervene," and Maurice, to add to the force of his assertion, stretched out his single hand as if to emphasize his words, continued, "It was for our luck too, Mr. Chapman, that the Heavens seemed to open with thunder, and lightning, and rain, during which the Union army made good its retreat across the Rappahannock, where Meade's army was entrenched."

This brief and picturesque account of the battle of Chancellorsville by one of its participants so absorbed the attention of Mr. Chapman that he did not miss the presence of his daughter Harriet, whose hand

he thought he held, until, on looking round, he beheld her assisting her mother in arranging Kathleen McMahon's dishevelled hair and garments. With the same glance he also took in Tom Hartnett's attitude, which was one of eager scrutiny, as a party of Confederate holiday-makers came from the direction of the Chancellor residence further on in the distance.

It was not much of a party in point of numbers, but its lack of quantity was amply compensated by the quality of the material that composed it, for some of its members had only one leg, others had only one arm, and nearly all had some memento of the rage that possessed their souls some years previous.

Turning abruptly along a lane that swept by the serried graves of the Confederate dead, and between the giant pines that flourished there, Tom Hartnett, thinking he recognized a familiar face, cried out, "Hello, Captain Ryan. Hello, Henry Irving;" and at once one man who had the use of all his limbs, left that Confederate group of holiday-makers, and approached where Tom stood by a fallen tree.

A few steps only sufficed to prove the accuracy of Tom, "the pope's" suspicions, for him whom he hailed was none other than the Henry Irving, well known in Ballytemple in 1866, and whom Tom had not seen since they participated in the memorable and victorious battle that took place afterwards at Ridgeway, Canada, between Fenians and British troops.

One can imagine how two men of such peculiar characteristics as Tom Hartnett and Captain Ryan of the disbanded Confederate army were possessed of, met on the Chancellorsville battlefield that afternoon, the pride and glow that lit up Tom's face could tell it, as he introduced the captain to his New York friends, especially enquiring of Kathleen McMahon if she remembered the captain's stay at Ballytemple some years before.

"Yes, I do," replied Kathleen, who was then fully recovered from her recent prostration, and as if to give point to her remarks she added, "I knew Sergeant Jim, too."

"How is the sergeant, Miss McMahon?" enquired the captain sarcastically.

"Oh, the poor man he was paired for the mess he made in trying to arrest you single-handed," and, for the first time, Kathleen was known to smile since she came to America. She did it on that occasion, a fact which led to the detailing by the Confederate captain to Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and Maurice Donoughue of his stay in Ballytemple as a Fenian emissary under the name of Henry Irving.

During Captain Ryan's recital, Maurice Donoughue's eyes never left surveying his person, until at its close he enquired, "Captain, have you and I not met before?"

The challenge brought out all the latent energies of the ex-Confederate captain, and after a swift and piercing glance of his lustrous eyes at his questioner, replied, "Yes, we have. You and I met here on this spot before, and together dug the grave for Davey McMahon's body. Together, also, we manufactured the unique cross that yet marks it, and were assisted in our prayers around this mound afterwards by what remains now of my company of soldiers."

This dramatic outburst of Captain Ryan, which startled his hearers, was quickly followed by a more dramatic incident when he turned towards where his companions of the day were yet awaiting him, and making a yell peculiar to the soldiers of the Confederacy, was answered by another, and forthwith there streamed along the narrow avenues that separated the homes of the dead, the spectacle of a dozen men, some on crutches, some with wooden legs, some lacking the right or left arm. In all there was not a whole human

being among them; and, as they stood around their former captain in various attitudes, the spectacle was awe-inspiring indeed.

When the formality of introducing his companions was completed, a sort of brotherhood seemed to settle over all, and conversational groups were formed, the chiefest of which had for its centre the broken rifle and the burden of wreaths that hung from it. These wreaths had quite a fascination for little Harriet Chapman, for, while her governess or mother were conversing with some one-legged or one-armed survivor of the civil strife, she was endeavoring in her own childish way to decipher the legends on them.

In this she was in a peculiar way successful, for as she turned them over one after another, a crutch-supported ex-soldier whose assistance she solicited, read out, "From Richmond's Confederate Veterans," "From a Friend," "Father;" and thus was able to learn the mystery the big letters contained. From her assistant also she learned that the Richmond wreaths, which she first turned over—that day's tribute from Captain Ryan and his companions—was but a repetition of what was done by them since Decoration Day was instituted; and as for the other two, Harriet Chapman informed her assistant that she saw them with her mother and Kathleen on their way hither from New York that morning.

The afternoon was then considerably advanced. The time for the train from the South was fast approaching, and with reluctance, Mr. Chapman had to inform his new-found acquaintances they had to separate; and as if by a sudden impetus, the assembled representatives of a common humanity knelt at the Irishman's grave, breathing a prayer to God for him whose body was lying beneath them in the clay of Chancellorsville.

This parting was as reluctant as it was sudden;

and regret was expressed by the disabled veterans from Richmond that it should be so, most of all by Captain Ryan, who was seated with Tom Hartnett on the fallen tree before-mentioned, reminding each other of incidents in their escape from Ireland until they met again at the battle of Ridgeway in Canada.

CHAPTER XLVIII

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS

SUMMER, with its influx of heat and depressing atmosphere, was felt much that year throughout the United States, particularly so in New York, where wealth is so much at the disposal of those who desire to escape from the disagreeable situation. Then usually commences the hegira to more salubrious climates so characteristic of the rich of that city.

Mr. Chapman became quite a votary, too, of that practice since his marriage. Though he had a palatial home in Long Island for his week-ends when his Fifth Avenue one became undesirable, he was such a husband of rare feeling that his wife's desire was a command to him. Consequently, these migrations were a set programme for him and his family.

For Mrs. Chapman herself these migrations were not frivolous or unwomanly. Her mother, whom she almost idolized, yet lived in Ireland at the ancestral Hall of the Pakenhams in Tipperary. Her father, old Frederick, being dead some time, it was to her a pilgrimage of love to visit that mother during the summer months, when all the scenes dear to her would be in full bloom again; and bring back mental impressions of them perhaps for use in her studio.

It should be like the realization of a dream to Harriet Chapman's governess to revisit Gourbawn and Ballytemple so soon. To see her Uncle Pat and brothers and sisters, besides Father O'Mahony, her

venerable guardian, would be a pleasure indeed she little anticipated; and she thought if she could communicate to Mrs. Chapman her desire to have the pleasureable feeling satisfied as soon as possible, after arriving in Ireland, it would fill her cup of happiness.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was yet in ignorance of where Mrs. Chapman was to visit in Ireland; and in explaining to that lady the direct route inland from Queenstown, she added, "Ballytemple is only a short distance off the direct road from Cork to Limerick."

"Certainly, Kathleen. We will call at Ballytemple first. I have acquaintances there I'd like to see. Do you know the Creaghs of Creagh Park?"

"Oh laws, sure, ma'am, I do. Miss Nellie drives into town every day. I knew her well," responded Kathleen, somewhat surprised, and more surprised still when Mrs. Chapman volunteered the information that "Nellie Creagh was my bridesmaid when I was married to Mr. Chapman."

"Do you tell me so, Mrs. Chapman. And so you are the daughter of Mr. Frederick Pakenham who evicted my father," and the girl looked directly and sternly into the features of Mrs. Chapman as she said so, but the latter being in a measure prepared for such a climax, quietly said, "Now, Kathleen, be calm and hear me. I know all about that painful transaction, but before I go into it for you, let us sit down;" and Mrs. Chapman drew the partially shocked girl toward two camp chairs beside the bulkhead of a stairway, continued: "I assure you, Kathleen, my father never had a thought to disturb ye in Gourbawn until Connerty came to the Hall and offered a large sum of money for the possession of your father's place.

"My father, at that time, was in the power of a money-lending shark—a Captain Martin, and in other difficulties besides; but Martin was the worst, for his object was to entangle my father in as much debt as

his property was worth, for the purpose of demanding me in marriage.

"This was the situation, I assure you, Kathleen, my father was in at the time your father was evicted," and Mrs. Chapman's features pained-looking beyond description as she spoke, made her words more convincing. "Nevertheless, though my mother knew of these circumstances, she cautioned father against disturbing ye," and added, "She is, thank God, alive yet and will be able to tell you the same as I tell you now."

Kathleen McMahon's face was a study during these revelations. Sometimes a look of bewilderment would flash across it, apparently freezing up the fast-rising flush of vigorous animation, and again in a moment it would change to admiring pity for Mrs. Chapman, whom she knew was as much pained as herself from her pleading looks.

"Mrs. Chapman," at length broke forth from Kathleen, "I believe all you say. Connerty, the tempter, was the cause of all our trouble. God forgive him this blessed day. I will try to forgive all for the sake of the angel you have been to me."

"Oh, Kathleen, 'tis too good of you to say so. I have done nothing but what you have earned from me, so you are not in my debt at all. Now, cheer up, Kathleen, Queenstown is near. There is the harbour steamer approaching to take us off."

During this heart to heart discussion between the female members of the Chapman party, Mr. Chapman, himself, and his daughter Harriet, were out about the prow of the steamship, Harriet watching the come and go of the placid water as it struck against the big ship's side, while her father watched the nearing outlines of Ireland, with "the tips of her toes in the water," as John Locke, an Irish poet, figuratively describes the southern coast of the Island in one of his excellent poems.

Cork, with its quaint streets running along a hill side, was soon left behind, and at a wayside junction from thence to Limerick they took the train to Ballytemple, which was reached that afternoon, and soon that quiet but fast rising town was in as much ferment when it became known Kathleen McMahon was back again, as when Brian O'Hara, years before, returned home after his arrest for the assault on Mr. Pakenham.

This commotion was amusing to the American, who, though acquainted with Ireland during the Civil War in his country, could not realize why there should be such clamour over the return of a mere Irish emigrant to her native town. In the excitement of the moment neither he nor his wife observed, on their way out of the railway station, the Creagh carriage in waiting, if they did, they might have known Miss Nellie Creagh was in the neighbourhood.

Father O'Mahony's residence, being the Mecca of Kathleen McMahon's desires, was immediately the centre of the self-invited visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were patience personified throughout the ordeal, and bore it with singular equanamity until the latter was the recipient of a missive from her friend, Nellie Creagh, who was present during the demonstration of welcome, inviting all the Chapman visitors to her home at Creagh Park.

Father O'Mahony sat, a happy man indeed, in his arm-chair that evening, enjoying the talk of his life with such interesting persons as Mr. Chapman and his amiable wife, especially so, they being the wards of his late house-keeper, Kathleen McMahon, whom she lauded so highly in her letters to him.

Of course, Kathleen wanted to know of all the happenings in Gourbawn and Ballytemple since she left, and in a general way Father John replied, "Nothing

very serious happened since you left, Kathleen, but the little trouble your brother Johnny got into inadvertently." In explaining to the impatient girl, the Priest said, "One partly dark night last winter your brother was passing through one of the fields of your former home. He had a farming implement on his shoulder, and, on passing he met Tom Connerty. Perhaps Tom had some fear in his heart when he saw Johnny with what he thought a gun. However, he fell dead at your brother's feet. Johnny, reporting the occurrence to the police, was arrested, and Doctor O'Leary, before the coroner's jury, freed him. This, Kathleen, was the only occurrence worth relating since you left, and the only one who suffered most by it was our former Sergeant Duff, now an ordinary policeman, who had to stand all the dark night with the dead body until the coroner came."

This information did not cause any feeling of sympathy from Father John's hearers; and perhaps there would be more in the discussion of the gruesome subject but for the timely appearance of Mr. Creagh's best turn-out at the porch of Father John's residence, which whirled away Mr. Chapman and his party to Creagh Park, after expressing regret at their sudden departure, but promising to return before leaving for Pakenham Hall.

There was an overflowing welcome for Mr. Chapman and his party at the seat of the Creagh family. The old gentleman himself, though no longer able to follow the fox-hounds, was yet hale and hearty, and his help-meet, Nellie, since Mrs. Creagh died, made up largely what her father lacked in entertaining, so it might be anticipated the visitors did not lack the proverbial hospitality of an Irish home.

With such all-sufficiency as Creagh Park House provided for its visitors, the time was happily spent carriage riding around Mrs. Chapman's Gourbawn

Estate, and visiting her tenantry, and any other objects of interest in the neighbourhood. In this way, her itinerary took in Mrs. Tom Connerty's domicile, and certainly it was a confused looking one, with pigs and calves running about the doorway and farm yard. The widow was in a ferment at the time, endeavouring to accomplish the labour of two, and evidently not capable of exertion of any kind.

Mrs. Connerty did not know Mrs. Chapman when she entered, but she knew Miss Nellie Creagh, and, when introduced to her Landlady, she exclaimed, "Yerra, then, Mrs. Chapman, 'tis you that is welcome, but sure 'tis the quare place for a lady like you to come into."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Connerty," replied she, affably, "it is not. It is only the sign of business."

"Bad cess to the business, ma'am. Sure our business was all right until Tom—the Lord have mercy on him—took the farum of Davey McMahon's; an' the divil a day's luck had he ever since. I wish to God it was out of my hands. My husband is dead, my son is dead, the cattle is dyin, an times is bad. So what's the use keepin it."

"So, then, Mrs. Connerty, you wish to give up McMahon's farm in Gourbawn?" asked Mrs. Chapman, seriously.

"That I do, God knows," replied she, vehemently.

"Well, then, produce the lease your husband got from Mr. Pakenham, and the land will be taken out of your hands right away," suggested Nellie Creagh, who, it may be surmised, knew the feelings of Mrs. Chapman.

"I will do that too, Miss Nellie," said the irate woman, and she proceeded to an inner room and returned with a ponderous document. "Now," said Nellie, as she produced a fountain pen which she always carried, "Just you sign across it, 'Surrendered

by Mrs. Thomas Connerty, 29th September, 1872.' " This being done, the judicious Nellie turned to her companion and said, "Please Mrs. Chapman, put your signature underneath, with the word 'Accepted.' "

These formalities being completed, Nellie Creagh, with a deft sweep of the pen, added her own name as "Witness" underneath all, which completed the surrender of Davey McMahon's old home in Gourbawn into better hands perhaps than Frederick Pakenham's.

In discussing the main features of Mrs. Chapman's and his daughter's adventure into the Connerty history with Mr. Creagh, on their return to the Park, the old gentleman remarked, "Now, Mrs. Chapman, that you have the surrender of the McMahon home in your possession, and can make the 'crooked straight' again, perhaps Gourbawn and its vicinity would be happier."

"Yes, Mr. Creagh, as far as will be in my power, I'll try to remedy every wrong that has been done in our name, and the 29th of next September will see one wrong righted when Davey McMahon's son takes possession of his father's old homestead."

Feeling that she was somewhat instrumental in producing such a happy result, Nellie Creagh was quite jubilant that day, and thinking it would be a crime to keep such information from Father O'Mahony and Doctor O'Leary, she proposed taking her customary trip to Ballytemple, accompanied by Mrs. Chapman.

Their way thence was by Gourbawn crossroads and past Uncle Pat's cabin, which Mrs. Chapman particularly noted, and would have entered but feared rousing slumbering feelings. A little while brought them to Dr. O'Leary's on the outskirts of Ballytemple, where they found him in his usual pleasant mood.

With a good-natured brusqueness peculiarly his own, he rose from his seat and extended his hand, said, "Glad to see you, Miss Creagh," shaking her hand

warmly and enquired, "who the lady was that accompanied her." On being informed he invited them to two convenient seats, and then Mrs. Chapman revealed to him the burden of her mind and the methods she proposed to ease it, ending with the query, "Is not Davey McMahon's son John with you, Doctor?"

"Yes, he is, Mrs. Chapman. As good a boy as lives today."

"I am glad he has such a reputation, doctor. Now I have a strange proposal to make and I hope you will agree with me," continued Mrs. Chapman. "I have a farm of land adjoining Pakenham Hall demesne which is operated by ourselves. If John McMahon cares to take it he can have it. The rent can be part paid by his superintending the work on the demesne, and acting coachman to mother. The man who is acting in that capacity now is growing too feeble. Bob Hardy was father's body-servant some years ago, so I want now to retire him on pension."

Mrs. Chapman, through this astounding proposal, looked at the good-natured doctor's wondering features while she spoke, as if she was expecting a direct negative every moment, and was much relieved when he said, "Mrs. Chapman, you do really surprise me. I would not be surprised if an angel from Heaven made such a sublime proposition, but for a mortal it is beyond my comprehension," and taking Mrs. Chapman's hand in his, with tears in his eyes, all he could say was, "God bless you, your proposal is accepted."

"Oh, this is all too good without letting Father John know of it," broke from Nellie Creagh, as she rose from her seat to put her words in execution.

"For God's sake, Miss Nellie, don't go. The good news would kill him. Father John has heart disease and none but myself can tell him of it;" and like a man half delirious, Ballytemple's dispensary doctor strode about his parlour uttering "the McMahons reinstated in Gourbawn. 'Tis a miracle."

CHAPTER XLIX

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK

It is doubtful if ever a party of tourists returned to New York so self-satisfied in mind and conscience as the Chapman party, on the season which saw young Pat McMahon reinstated in the old homestead in Gourbawn and his brother John an occupant of a better one in Tipperary; and, doubtful, too, if that party found throughout Europe, where they visited, more real enjoyment and invigorating air than in the surroundings of old Pakenham Hall in Ireland.

Yet, it was refreshing to them to be back in New York, and especially to Mr. Chapman, who always desired to share the labours of office with his partner, Mr. Harmon. In such spirit the latter was addressed on the afternoon of their arrival when at dinner.

"Don't mention the trifle, Chapman," Mr. Harmon responded lightly. "I'll have all your delinquencies redoubled when I take my vacation."

All those around the table smiled, including Kathleen McMahon, with her pink cheeks (no paint) and fresh complexion, when the staid bachelor, Henry Harmon, threatened his partner in the great banking house of their name in Wall Street, with reprisal.

"I'd be pleased, Harmon, if you would take an extended one, but for goodness sake take in Ireland; and, get a good Jarvey there like I got in Limerick, one who can tell you as you go along through the country, about all the ghosts and fairies and poetry of the peasantry. That, with the invigorating air of its peculiar climate, would do you more good than all the attractions which Europe boasts."

"You forget the three-leaved Shamrock, Chapman, and the pleasure of digging it from its native

bed on Saint Patrick's day," observed Mr. Harmon, adding, "that's invigorating, too."

"'Tis true, Harmon; the three-leaved shamrock was a favourite pleasure to root out on that day some years ago, but a four-leaved shamrock is what people now-a-days are looking for," and Mrs. Chapman laughed as Kathleen McMahon and the other special guests did likewise.

"Do you know, Chapman," observed his partner, who was not embarrassed in the least because those around the table in a measure applauded the witticism, "that, though the three-leaved shamrock may be indigenous to the soil of Ireland, the four-leaved shamrock can be found elsewhere?"

"Your contention is quite correct, Harmon," Mr. Chapman admitted as their audience became interested. "I found my three-leaved shamrock in Ireland," and before the speaker could complete, Mr. Harmon interjected, "and Mrs. Chapman found her four-leaved shamrock grew in America."

"Quite true," said Mrs. Chapman in a pleased way. "Where they are plentiful."

"And, Frances, you might add, where they are wasting their fragrance too long." This slight touch of personal point by Mr. Chapman was felt by his guest, who laughingly replied, "Give them a chance, Chapman; give them a chance."

The whole play of pleasant banter and wit on the part of these otherwise taciturn men was the more interesting to their listeners, because none expected Mr. Harmon could become so convivial. Perhaps it arose from all the evidence of renewed health and vigour he saw around him; in Kathleen McMahon's rosy cheeks; in Mrs. Chapman's vigorous eyes. In Charles Chapman himself he saw the picture of renewed manhood, not to mention the splendid complexion of little Harriet.

All this evidence of awakened animation was not lost on the Wall Street magnate, for, looking from such angles at human life, he ejaculated, "Chapman, I shall surely take a vacation trip to Europe next summer, and won't forget seeing every interesting place in Ireland, not forgetting the City of the Violated Treaty—Limerick—where one of my ancestors came from."

This sudden outburst on the part of the usually silent banker, and his promised departure from his accustomed routine even for a season, though astonishing to his hearers, did not disconcert the humourous flow that characterized their conversation, for his partner replied, "Then, Harmon, you'll do as I did. You will return with a three-leaved shamrock."

"No, Charles. My shamrock I believe is in America;" and, as Mr. Harmon said so, he looked around the dining-room table in an absent-minded way, as if to say his thoughts were far from New York.

There was one at least at that table who thought that glance was not as vacant as it presumed to be. That person was Mrs. Chapman, who, by instinctive deduction of her own, reasoned that that glance indicated something besides vacancy, as it swept by her daughter's governess, Kathleen McMahon, and should be a contradiction to the banker's faraway expression.

These impressions the lady kept to herself until next day before Kathleen drove to Central Park with Harriet. Then they were alone, and laughingly she observed, "Kathleen, I think dreaming is contagious. You are quite a dreamer and I am fast becoming one, too."

"Really, are you, ma'am? I don't dream now as often as I used to," and Kathleen was serious as she said so.

"My dreams are good, though," said her mistress, "and they generally turn out true. I dreamt last night

you got a communication of some sort that annoyed you at first, but afterwards it made you happy."

"Oh, dear me, ma'am, they say in Ireland dreams go by contraries;" and the laughing girl taking her charge, Harriet, disappeared down along the flight of brownstone steps that led to the waiting carriage in the avenue.

Her suspicions kept Mrs. Chapman's mind active all day until her husband came home in the afternoon, when almost the first question he asked was, "Where is Kathleen?"

"She has not returned from the Park yet with Harriet. Why do you ask, Charles?" Though enquiring so, Mrs. Chapman did not expect the following reply, "She has been the principal topic all day with Harmon. Every other subject was in the shade. Oh, she was such a sweet young woman," he said, "and all that. I am certain, Francis, he'll propose for her."

"That's my suspicion, too, Charles. Though she is a poor girl, she is good enough for any man in the world."

"Well, let him go ahead. He has shamrocks on the brain, anyhow," and Mr. Chapman sat down with a smiling face, thinking of his partner's subjugation.

Late in the afternoon a special messenger brought a package for Miss Kathleen McMahon, which was opened in the presence of her mistress. In the package was a gold four-leaved shamrock, encrusted with diamonds. A note also was enclosed, which, when read, fairly astounded both recipient and mistress.

The note was from Mr. Harmon and read as follows:

MISS KATHLEEN MCMAHON:

Dear Madam. Pardon the liberty I take in presenting you with the enclosed emblem of American Ireland. It is not much, but believe me, it comes from a hand

and a heart that are ready for your acceptance if you so wish. Believe me to be,

Your most respectful admirer,
HENRY HARMON.

Dazed would be a very poor description of Kathleen McMahon's state of mind when she read the note, and her first impulse was to cast both it and the gold shamrock aside as lures for a poor emigrant girl scarcely twelve months yet in the land of her adoption.

"I would not throw them away like that, if I were you, Kathleen," remarked Mrs. Chapman, when she saw the contents of the package from Mr. Harmon tossed away. "Mr. Harmon is a gentleman and means what he says, and you are thinking unworthily of him if you deem him otherwise."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Chapman," said the confused Kathleen. "I do not think ill of Mr. Harmon, but I think of my own unworthiness in the light of what he contemplates."

"Oh! Have sense, Kathleen. Have courage. Mr. Harmon is coming here tonight. So he told Mr. Chapman today at the bank; and I am sure he is a gentleman, for he wants our opinion of his action."

"I'll try to, ma'am," Kathleen responded, as she went about her ordinary duties.

Usually Kathleen's stay in the nursery and the schoolroom, educating Harriet in the intricacies of being a little lady as well as the rudiments of the three R's, was oftentimes lengthened, but the evening in question her stay from the supper table was longer than usual, until the imperative call of Harriet's mother made itself heard.

Mr. Harmon, to the embarrassment of "sweet Kathleen," as he called her that day to Mr. Chapman, was present as she made her appearance, and without further ceremony he, in the most disingenuous

manner possible, advanced towards her as Mrs. Chapman entered from an outer room and said, "Did you receive my present, Kathleen?" To which the blushing girl replied:

"I did, sir. I think it was extravagant, but beautifully expressive."

"Oh, not at all; not at all, Kathleen. Did you read my note?"

"I did, sir, and I think that extravagant too, and what, I make bold to say, you cannot mean."

"I mean it, Kathleen, I assure you, I mean it, and the world knows Henry Harmon's word is his bond," and the middle-aged banker spoke with much emphasis. Then, extending his hand, he said, "there's my hand, Miss McMahon, as a further pledge."

Mr. Harmon, finding the Irish girl still unreceptive to his appeal, requested from Mrs. Chapman one of the rings she wore on her finger, and calling his partner to witness his action, he took Kathleen McMahon's hand, and put the identical ring that served a like purpose years before in Pakenham Hall, on her finger and exclaimed, "Now are you satisfied, Kathleen?"

"Yes, Mr. Harmon, I am."

Kathleen McMahon's feelings can be better imagined than described as she retired to rest that night, after making her little ward comfortable in her nearby cot. Doubtless, she thought she was suffering from another of those perplexing dreams, that her first friend, Father O'Mahony, told her were only mental delusions; but, a look on the splendid diamond ring on her finger, was positive proof that she was awake in a world of realism, as strange as any dream her good friend ever condemned.

Perhaps the thoughts of that Irish girl that night wandered away to her old home in Gourbawn, which once heard the shrieks of herself and her brothers and sisters, when the evictor's battering-ram burst into

their dwelling. That home to be occupied again by her brother, her Uncle Pat, and her now decrepid grandmother, surely should be, to her mind, that in the broad noon of every-day life, human affairs are moulded as mystically as the most fantastic dream can picture.

There was no monopoly of serious reflections around her pillow that night, for, in an adjoining room, another was busy treading with spirit feet the mystic past whose every step was on some memorial of the evicted McMahon family of Gourbawn. That person in the flesh was Mrs. Chapman, the evictor's daughter.

For long Frances Pakenham was given to study the many episodes in her young life, which had a bearing remotely on that tragic event; and, the more she studied it the more her mind was convinced that the mysterious hand of Providence would yet shape the tangled affairs of that ruined family, and that she may be the human instrument, was her silent prayer.

CONCLUSION

Further interest in this tragedy of Irish life surely must be forbidden to both the author and reader, for the sacredness of domestic life ought to be inviolate from the prying gaze of each; but, it may be told as characteristic of those most concerned in this story, there hangs today in Mrs. Harmon's palatial parlour —she who was Kathleen McMahon—a picture doubly framed, and doubly glazed, painted from memory by Mrs. Chapman—the picture of Uncle Pat's Cabin.

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